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THE NEW YORKER

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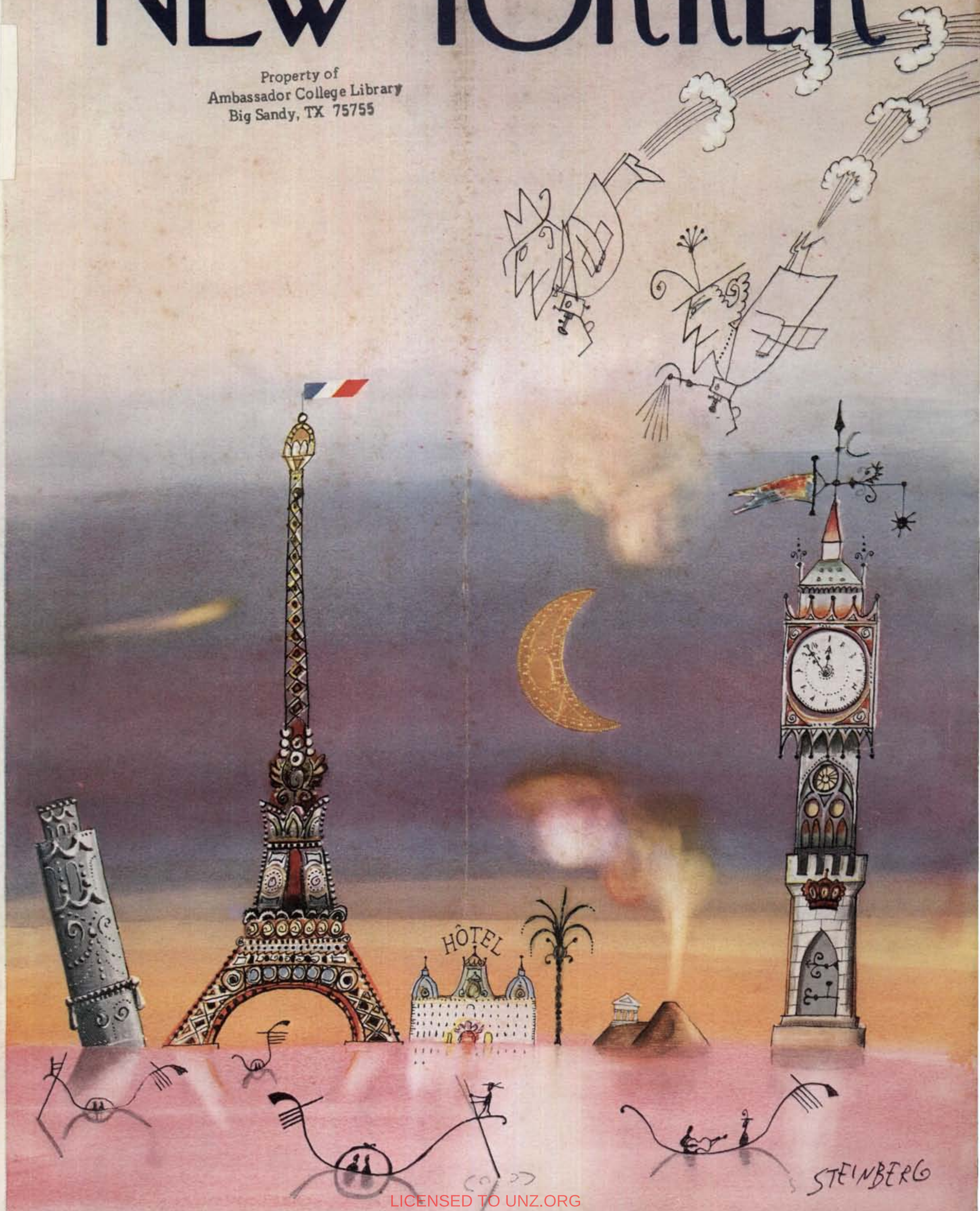
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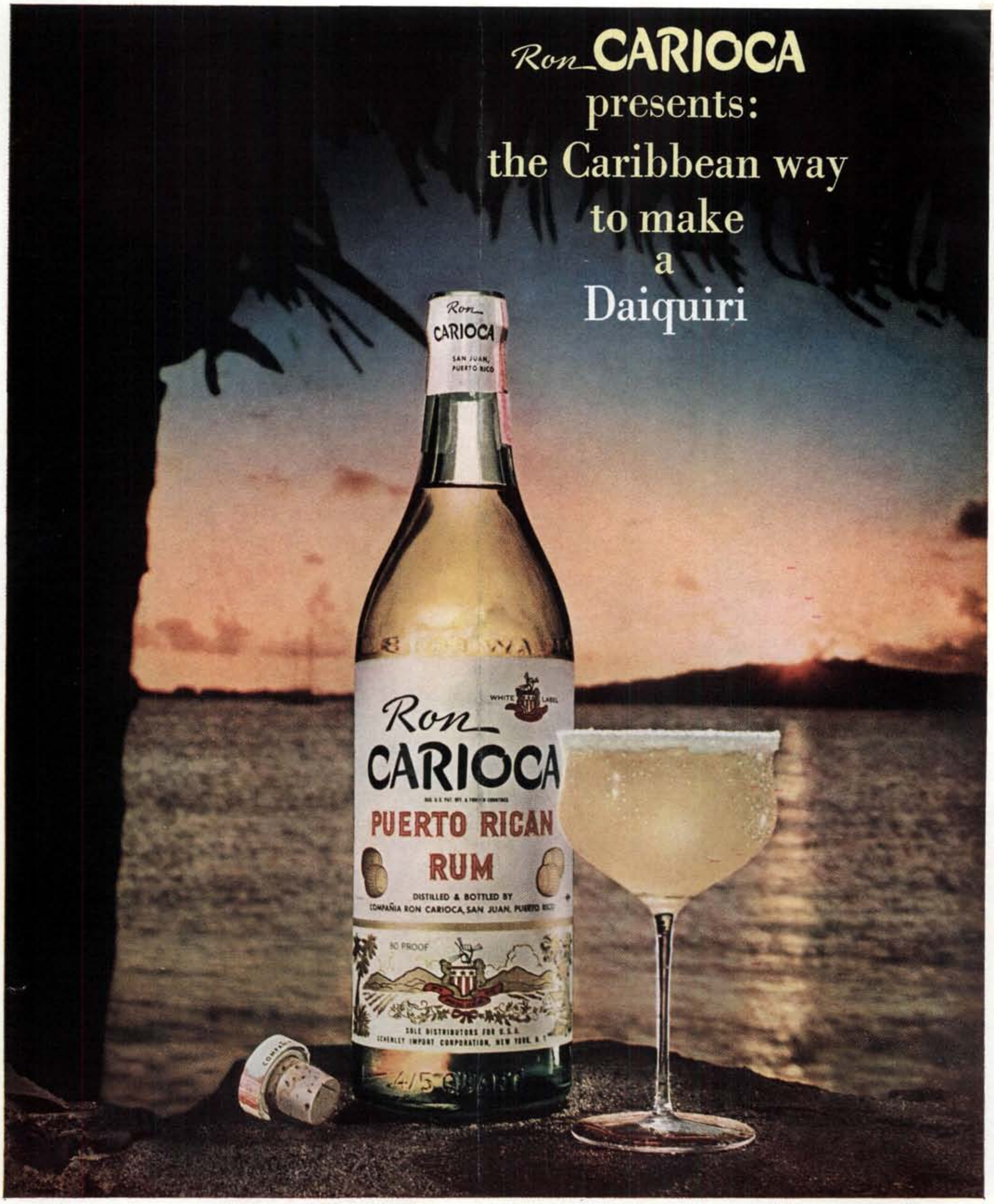
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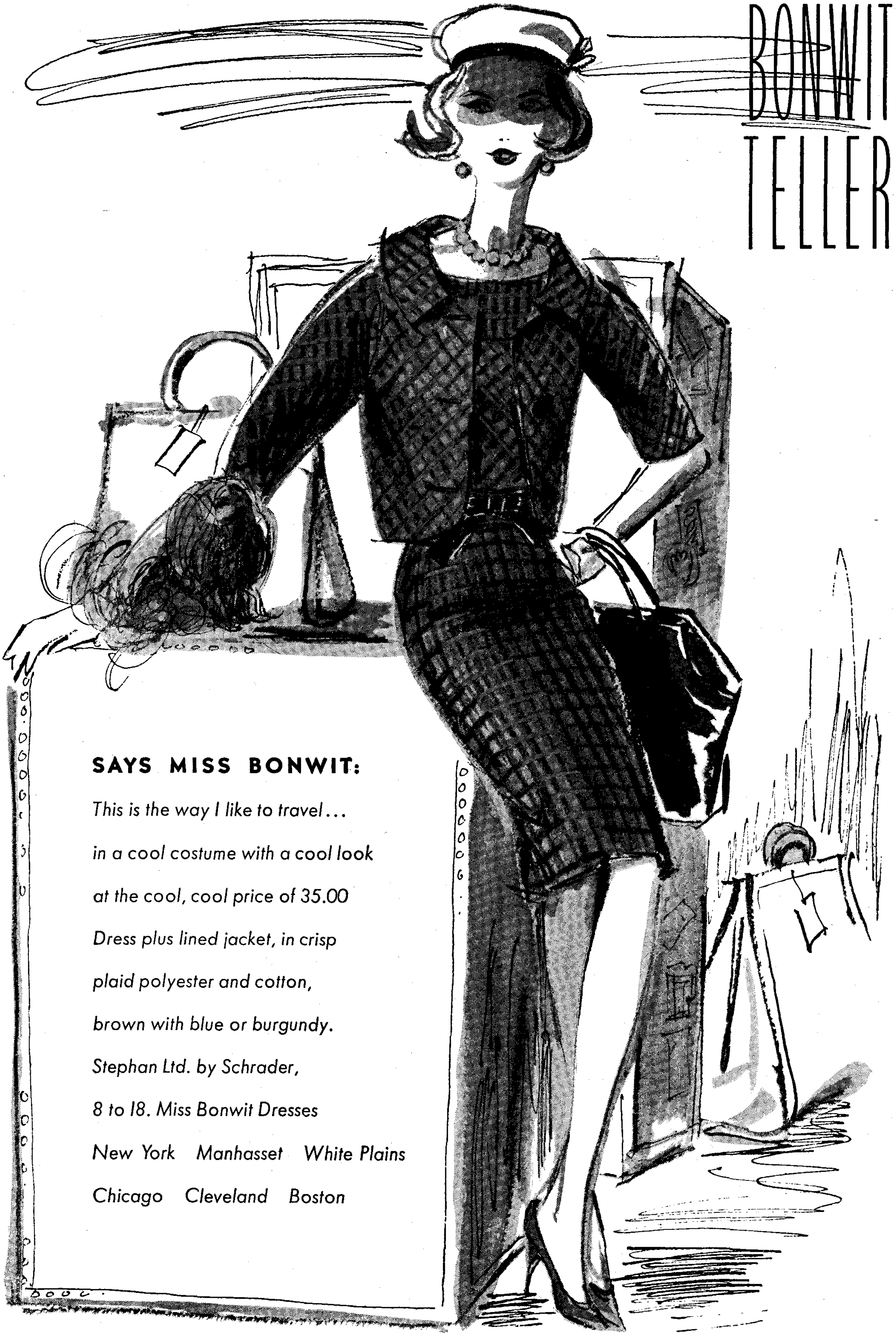

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

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PLAYS

All the Way Home—Tad Mosel's tender and touching adaptation of James Agee's novel "A Death in the Family." Lenka Peterson, Arthur Hill, Aline MacMahon, Lillian Gish, John Megna, and Tom Wheatley are notably effective in the drama. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Big Fish, Little Fish—A comedy by Hugh Wheeler in which a number of seedy types who have cut off their lives at the roots swarm around a flaccid textbook editor who is a patsy for failures. The dialogue is primitive and aimless, but the performers—Frank Overton, Hume Cronyn, George Grizzard, Martin Gabel, Ruth White, Elizabeth Wilson, and Sandor Szabo—know their business, and the direction, by Sir John Gielgud, is professional and astute. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, June 10.)

Come Blow Your Horn—Neil Simon's comedy about the gay doings of a pair of youths in revolt against their father, who wants them to forget about girls and get busy in the artificial-fruit business. The drollery is very limited, and Hal March, Warren Berlinger, and Lou Jacobi, playing the sons and father, respectively, are only sporadically amusing. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

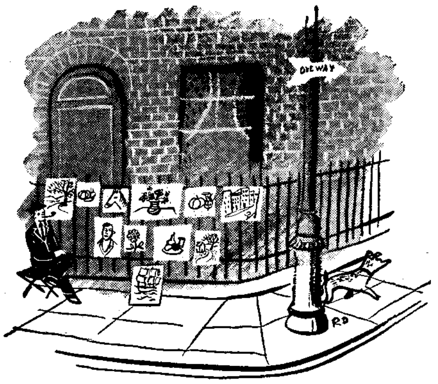
The Devil's Advocate—A confused and labored attempt by Dore Schary to make a religio-mystery drama out of a novel by Morris L. West. It has to do with the adventures of a dying priest who has been sent by the Vatican to a small town in southern Italy to investigate the career of a late resident whom the natives consider worthy of sainthood. Leo Genn and Sam Levene head the cast. The play was directed by Mr. Schary. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

An Evening with Mike Nichols and Elaine May—A felicitous and funny divertissement in which two highly original comics spoof everything from modern drama to the P.-T.A. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3. Special performance for CORE (Freedom Riders) Sunday evening, June 11. Closes Saturday, July 1.)

A Far Country—Freud doing his first work as an analyst. Since it is quite evident from the outset that he is going to solve the psychosomatic situation of a young lady who can barely walk because of a traumatic experience, the piece has no suspense, but the actors, particularly Kim Stanley, Steven Hill, and Sam Wanamaker, are interesting to watch. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mary, Mary—A lot of good jokes are sprinkled through this comedy by Jean Kerr, and the acting—by Barbara Bel Geddes, Barry Nelson, Michael Rennie, Betsy von Furstenberg, and John Cromwell—is top-drawer. The plot, though, which concerns the vicissitudes of an estranged couple making their way back to the old nest, isn't long on originality. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Rhinoceros—All kinds of droll and perceptive observations about the human race by Eugene Ionesco, who doesn't approve of conformity of any kind and establishes his case with enormous ingenuity. Zero Mostel and Eli Wallach stand out in a remarkable cast, and Joseph Anthony, who directed the show, and Derek Prouse, who translated it from the French, are also to be highly commended. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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11	12	13	14	15	16	17

A Taste of Honey—There are some strange characters on view in this drama, but its author, Shelagh Delaney, has certainly infused them with life and put them into a convincing setting. The cast contains only five performers—Hermione Baddeley, as a prostitute getting long in the tooth; Nigel Davenport, as her protector; Frances Cuka, as her daughter; Billy Dee Williams, as the daughter's colored seducer; and Frederick Combs, as the girl's sympathetic homosexual pal. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**the best man:** A *drame à clef* by Gore Vidal, which deals with the backstage maneuverings at an unidentified Presidential convention. With Frank Lovejoy and Lee Tracy. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the miracle worker:** Some seventy years ago, an Irish girl called Annie Sullivan taught a blind deaf-mute named Helen Keller how to communicate with the world. William Gibson wrote the script, and his leading players now are Suzanne Pleshette and Karen Lee. (Playhouse, 48th St. E. CI 5-6060. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

MUSICALS

Camelot—If it's scenic beauty you're after, you'll find plenty of it in this account of King Arthur and his court, but the play itself is rather slow-moving. Richard Burton, Julie Andrews, Roddy McDowall, and Robert Goulet head the cast. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:35.)

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Carnival—Anna Maria Alberghetti plays a young orphan girl who falls in love with a group of puppets she encounters while wandering in southern Europe. She and her associates—James Mitchell, Pierre Olaf, Jerry Orbach, and Kaye Ballard—are first-rate, and the whole thing has all the innocent charm of the tent shows you saw in your youth. The music and lyrics are by Bob Merrill, the book is by Michael Stewart, and the light-footed direction is by Gower Champion. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Donnybrook!—An innocent Irish-American abroad in Erin, where he gets into all kinds of difficulty by falling in love with a colleen whose muscular brother hates a good many things domestic and all things alien. The music and lyrics, by Johnny Burke, carry the thing along with the proper lilt, and Eddie Foy is the agile leader of a generally laudable troop of actors. The production was designed by Rouben Ter-Arutunian, and the book, derived from a story by Maurice Walsh, was put together by Robert E. McEnroe. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Do Re Mi—Jukebox entrepreneurs at work and at play. Not very stimulating, despite the best efforts of Phil Silvers and Nancy Walker. The book was written by Garson Kanin, the music by Jule Styne, and the lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Happiest Girl in the World—Pay no particular attention to the central theme, which is a variation on "Lysistrata," but if you keep your eye on Cyril Ritchard, Janice Rule, Dran Seitz, and Bruce Yarnell, you may have a fairly good time at this comedy, which has a book by Fred Saidy and Henry Myers, lyrics by E. Y. Harburg, and music by Jacques Offenbach. Mr. Ritchard directed the play with quite a bit of bounce. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursdays at 2, and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, June 11.)

Irma la Douce—Using leers as substitutes for laughs, this importation—from France via England—describes the capers of a Parisian tart and her innumerable clients. Elizabeth Seal, an agile type, is the girl about whom the males in the cast keep buzzing. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Unsinkable Molly Brown—A jolly account of the ups and downs of a backwoods Colorado girl who strikes it rich by marrying a man with a silver thumb, goes on to crash Denver and French society with a hell of a bang, and eventually survives the sinking of the Titanic. As played by Tammy Grimes, the lady is a delight, and so, on the whole, is the show. It has agreeable tunes by Meredith Willson, colorful sets by Oliver Smith, and ingenious choreography by Peter Gennaro, and has been lovingly directed by Dore Schary. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Wildcat—Closed for nine weeks; scheduled to reopen at the Alvin Theatre, 52nd St., W., on Monday, Aug. 7.

Long Runs—**bye bye birdie:** Gretchen Wyler and Gene Rayburn in a musical having to do

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

with some people in the orbit of rock 'n' roll. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)... **FIORELLO!:** A period show about Manhattan politics, based on the events leading up to the election of LaGuardia, who is played by Tom Bosley. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MY FAIR LADY:** A musical adaptation of Shaw's "Pygmalion." Michael Allinson now has the part of Professor Higgins, and Margot Moser that of Eliza Doolittle. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **THE SOUND OF MUSIC:** Rodgers and Hammerstein tell us about the Trapp family, who fled Austria in 1938 to evade the Nazis and became well known as singers in the United States. With Mary Martin and Theodore Bikel. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

THE BILLY BARNES PEOPLE—Another Barnes revue from California. B. B. did the music and lyrics, the sketches are by Bob Rodgers (who also directed), and the cast includes Joyce Jameson and Ken Berry. Produced by John T. Pool. Opens Tuesday, June 13. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

NEW YORK CITY CENTER LIGHT OPERA COMPANY—"Pal Joey," with Carol Bruce and Bob Fosse, is the last in a series of four shows by the company. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, July 2.)

THE AMERICAN DREAM and **THE DEATH OF BESSIE SMITH**—The first of these one-act plays by Edward Albee is a masterly horror-comedy about a typical well-to-do American middle-aged couple (Mommy and Daddy), a grandma, and a pair of mysterious visitors, all of whom say exactly what comes into their heads, printable or not. The second play, however, is an out-of-whack contest between some Southern racists and the celebrated blues singer, who is never seen—and never felt, either. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-3951. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

AMERICAN SAVOYARDS—An eleven-week season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday through Sunday, June 8-11: "H.M.S. Pinafore."... ¶ Thursday through Sunday, June 15-18: "The Grand Duke." (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Thursday, June 8, at 8; thereafter Thursdays at 8:40, and Saturdays and Sundays at 4 and 8:40.)

THE BALCONY—Life in a gaudy bordello as seen through the sensitive eyes of perverts. The play was written by Jean Genêt and directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Wednesdays and Sundays at 8:40; Fridays at 9:30; and Saturdays at 10:30.)

THE BLACKS—Jean Genêt again, with a sometimes stunning, sometimes windy sleight-of-hand attempt to depict, in many-layered symbols, the agonies between the Negroes and the whites of the world. The direction, by Gene Frankel, is not all it might be, but the cast of thirteen, an all-Negro one, is superb. A maddening, capricious, and indelible evening. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

EVENINGS WITH CHEKHOV—A triple bill, composed of "The Anniversary," "On the High Road," and "The Wedding." (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 3 and 8:15.)

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THE FANTASTICKS—A pretty little musical comedy, by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, in which the whimsey is as thick as *that.* (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

HAMLET—A practically uncut version that diddles and blurts along for more than three hours, and is notable only for the rare moments when twenty-seven-year-old Donald Madden, as Hamlet, discards his dewiness and gives as good as he takes. The direction, by Stuart Vaughan, puts one in mind of a track meet. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays and Mondays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:25. Closes Sunday, June 18.)

HEDDA GABLER—Anne Meacham, as Hedda, expresses pure bitchery by looking beautiful and snakelike, and by moving as if her part were the prey and she the huntress. Frederick Rolf and Mark Lenard are invaluable, too. David Ross, who loves the days when plays were plays, produced and directed. A superior evening. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. AL 4-7954. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

KING OF THE DARK CHAMBER—An excellent, if occasionally flawed, production of Rabindranath Tagore's 1910 fusion of classic and folk Indian drama, in which we are told, through stylized speech, dance, chanting, and pantomime, how a symbolic king and queen eventually achieve oneness. The cast is both Indian and American, and has been directed by Krishna Shah. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

LEAVE IT TO JANE—A musical period piece, by Jerome Kern, P. G. Wodehouse, and Guy Bolton, which first appeared in 1917 and to which the years have been more than kind. The setting is Atwater College, and among the artists in residence are Dorothy Greener and Kathleen Murray. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

LITTLE MARY SUNSHINE—This benign spoof of the defunct art of operetta doesn't score heavily as parody, but it is very comic just the same. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

NOONTIDE—An adaptation, by Howard Hart, of an early Paul Claudel play (1906), which tells just about all there is to know about love, sin, and God. The language is hothouse poetic, the setting is the Orient, and the cast of four—three men and a woman—is suitably inscrutable. (Theatre Marquee, 110 E. 59th St. PL 3-2575. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

THE THREEPENNY OPERA—President McKinley liked it. In the cast are David Atkinson and Marion Brash. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

UNDER MILK WOOD—A strenuous and only partially successful attempt to supply Thomas's celebrated radio play with faces and forms, which, as before, merely get in the way of the poetry. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays at 7; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Thursdays and Sundays at 3.)

NOTE—A revue without music (partly extemporaneous, always contemporaneous, and, in general, offhandedly diverting) is being presented at the Premise, 154 Bleecker St., a coffeehouse whose method of staging is as entertaining as its spoken words. (LF 3-5020.) The schedule: Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 8 and 10:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

EL MOROCCO, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—Perpetual motion, the secret of which has been in the management's family for two generations, is given a real whirl here. Some of the motive power is Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra. Dancing.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Stanley Worth's polite followers are the dance musicians in the upper-bracket Café Pierre from cocktails through supper. On Monday, June 12, Renato Rossini (presently at the Stanhope Gate) will unsling his guitar here instead. The Worths will stand their ground.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, Ted Straeter's euphoric orchestra and Mark Monte's pack of decisive minstrels issue invitations to the dance that cannot be refused. At dinner and supper, there are notes of cheer from a newcomer named Enzo Stuarti, clearly an opera buff, who is bravura in the best possible fashion. Closed Sundays.... ¶ Leo LeFleur's orchestra plays in the Palm Court for the gin-and-bitters hour (four to seven) and in the Edwardian Room for the *bifteck* hour. No dancing in either abode.... ¶ Gentlefolk who'd rather ring out the new, ring in the old may wish to know that the stately *pied-à-terre* known as the Rendez-Vous is under the benign eye of Charles Columbus, man-about-the-world, whose activities as host give it a lawn-party air. The other airs are offered up by the bands of Charles Holden (another voice of the golden past) and Nick D'Amico. Closed Mondays.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The Grill, which is built around a dance floor large enough for ice hockey, is flanked by Jimmy Palmer's dance band, which lolls along with one eye open. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS ROOF, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—A summer station of rare salubriousness, far above the city's roar. Milt Shaw's and Walter Kay's tiny dance bands go on and on and on all evening. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SAVOY HILTON, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—The Columns, an urban-redevelopment scheme that allows all dwellers plenty of living room, is oriented in such a way that Roman moonlight bathes it night after night. Dinner music begins at seven-thirty and dance music an hour later. Gunnar Hansen's little orchestra does the 3/4 and 4/4 honors, and Marco Rizo's threesome translates direct from the Latin. Closed Sundays.... ¶ There's more room for the improvement of one's peace of mind in the equally spacious Savoy Room, where Ray Hartley addresses a

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

piano from cocktails through suppertime every night but Sunday.

SHERATON-EAST, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Little Old New York, of the days when, is reënacted every evening but Sunday in the Embassy Club, where the founding-father Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Quintero's rumba men keep up a continual badinage, and in the Knight Box, a small *plaisance* served by Jani Sarkozi's violin. Eight to after midnight is the approximate running time in both caravansaries.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The Empire Room is now a summer playpen in which Woody Herman is turning loose his unruly tenor, his clarinet, and his jazz band. Other members of his ménage are Steve Condos, whose feet are as light as they were when the Condos Brothers were active, and Norma Douglas, a pepper mill who has the old way of jazz singing and the old soft shoe down cold. Also present: Frank Gari, one of the best of the bushy-haired, bushy-tailed boy choristers; and a trio led by Ada Cavallo, who is in the manner of Little Egypt, Chicago World's Fair, 1893. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In Peacock Alley, decorated to suggest an Elysian field, a small orchestra confects music that is sedentary from seven-thirty to eight-fifteen, and dance-tune after that, except on Sundays, when the music is all dance-tune, from eight to one.

NOTE—From a windowside seat in the Rainbow Room, at the top of the 30 Rockefeller Plaza ski tow, one can descry the natives of the city beating their painful way through the endless rain forests. There's intermittent non-dance trio and piano during cocktails and dinner. The phone: CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): *"J'y suis, j'y reste"* is the motto, possibly expressed not quite so succinctly, of the inmates of this distinctly Manhattan inglenook. Piano, which will be the work of Marty Berns on and after Tuesday, June 13, begins at eight; in the Plush Room, a tiny and happy spa, Jane Harvey starts singing around ten-thirty. Her last night is Sunday, June 11. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK**, 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): A country store and bar-and-grill for children of all ages except the Age of Anxiety. The play hour begins at five-thirty, when Bob Printz starts a sentimental journey on his piano; at eight, he's replaced by Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders, who alternate on the keyboard until after the theatre, when they burst into a two-man cannonade that turns midnight into midday. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Cy Walter, lord of the manor and of the Steinway, presides on a slight eminence at the west end of as fine a sweep of greenery as the town affords. He's there from cocktails until one in the morning. Forrest Perrin is the Sunday administrator. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A Roman holiday that has been going on, daily except Sundays, for years. No one is more expert at threading the mass of celebrants than Herman Honigsberg's élite corps of ambulatory violinists, who are on the move until all hours. Whenever they cool out, a pair of ambulatory guitarists fills the breach. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): An amiable Florentine pension in which practically everyone wants to go on the stage. The head of the household is Aldo Bruschi, operator of piano, oboe, concertina, and basso profundo. From Tuesday through Saturday, he stages, in miniature, the full-blown murder mysteries for which the likes of Leoncavallo used to write the scores. Additionally, from Thursday through Sunday, he runs a dance group and accompanies the succession of singers who wander in and out of the spotlight. I.e., never a dull moment. Closed Mondays, and small wonder. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): King Henri, the original occupant of the premises, was obviously a merry old soul, to judge by the toy drawbridge, moat, and armor he left behind. The only one of his fiddlers three still extant is Norbert Faconi, whose tableside manner is par excellence. No music Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The Spanish influence on the culture of Argentina and the Dominican Republic is evidenced by the ballet and ballad troupes that now make this their stamping and chanting ground. Closed Sundays. . . . **MALMAISON**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): The style to which we'd all like to become accustomed. The piano in the bar is run by Jules Kuti, who is on from five to eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The House of Lords in a sociable mood. Parlor piano by George Feyer is distributed from eight-thirty through suppertime. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARBERRY**, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): An old-established pump room, rebuilt into a Moorish town house, and a rather handsome one. The bar and kitchen remain American, though, and so does the leisurely music, which is the piano of Conrad Monjoy. This goes on from six to midnight, and a trifle later on Saturdays. No music Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the bouncing Londoner, is at the piano in the bar of the Hotel Earle, displaying his transatlantic portfolio, principally British and New York. He gets rolling at nine. Mondays are his holidays. . . . **LUAU 400**, 400 E. 57th St. (EL 5-6555): The mood is South Seas shopping center, and it's off and running every night of the week. A trio clad in Polynesian resort clothes and music twangs in the refectory; George Summers, a jazzman of sorts, plays piano in the bar every night but Sunday. . . . **LEFT BANK**, 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): The art work on the walls is in general quite up-to-date; the piano and songs of Cal Bostic, who bobs up again and again after ten, are just good old-fashioned whoop-de-do. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): *Trattoria* of style, without being obtrusive about it. The music, which is wandering minstrelsy, is provided by the instruments of casual hillbillies from (where else?) the seven hills of Rome. Their work night is six to two. At eleven-thirty, a freshet of voices, also native (and apt to be different from day to day), dwells briskly on romance. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): A slice of life after dark in Madrid. The illusion is assisted no end by the guitar, soprano, and piano that lurk within. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): First, second, and third Hungarian rhapsodies, sometimes simultaneously. The ceaseless ebb and flow of music is most successfully surmounted by the Old World tenor of Tibor Rakossy. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **STANHOPE GATE**, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): From nine-thirty to one, the guitar of Renato Rossini converts this opulent little bar, a Joan Miró daydream, into a true conservatory of music. Mr. Rossini leaves on Sunday, June 11, but guitar of some kind will be available just the same thereafter, every night but Monday. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Steven Weltner, who keeps making the grand tour from Caracas to Europe and back, is at the piano of the Casino-on-the-Park from six to nine-thirty and from ten-thirty to one. Sunday is his day of rest. . . . **VIENNESE LANTERN**, 242 E. 79th St. (TR 9-7760): *Kaffeeklatsch* time on the East Side, augmented by musicians who never lay down their weapons and singers who never stop vocalizing. Closed Mondays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): A big, wide, wonderful world replete with seven-foot seraphs who do their vigorous setting-up exercises as unassumingly garbed as Susanna on her way to meet the Elders. They're spurred on by Gloria Le Roy, the perkiest housemother you ever saw, and supplemented by a couple of real good offshore variety turns. For Americana, there is Frank Libuse, a pesky comedian whose nuisance value is, paradoxically, his charm, and Mamie Van Doren, a statue of Venus, whose song-and-prance act indicates that she's crazy about show business but not wholly sure what it's all about. Miss Van Doren moves out on Tuesday, June 13; next evening brings on Eleanor Powell, a girl imbued with the wish to sing but who does better at dancing. Dancing for the customers, too. . . . **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): From the

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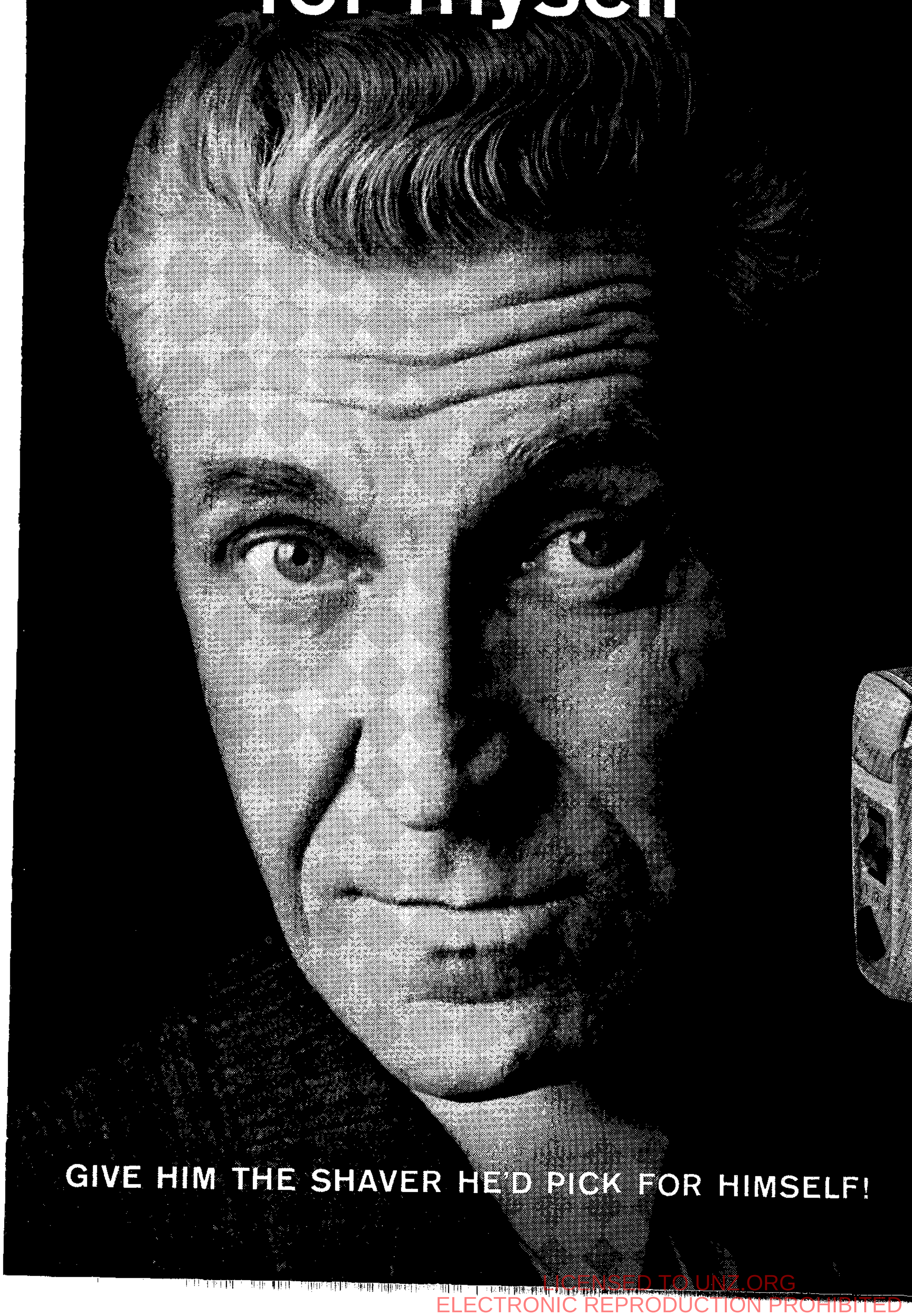

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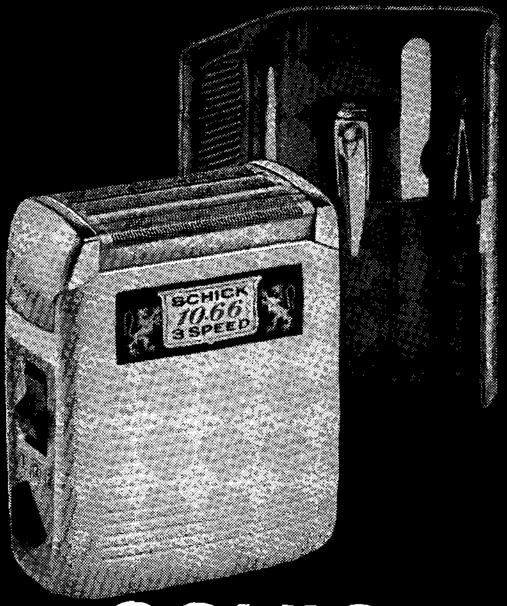

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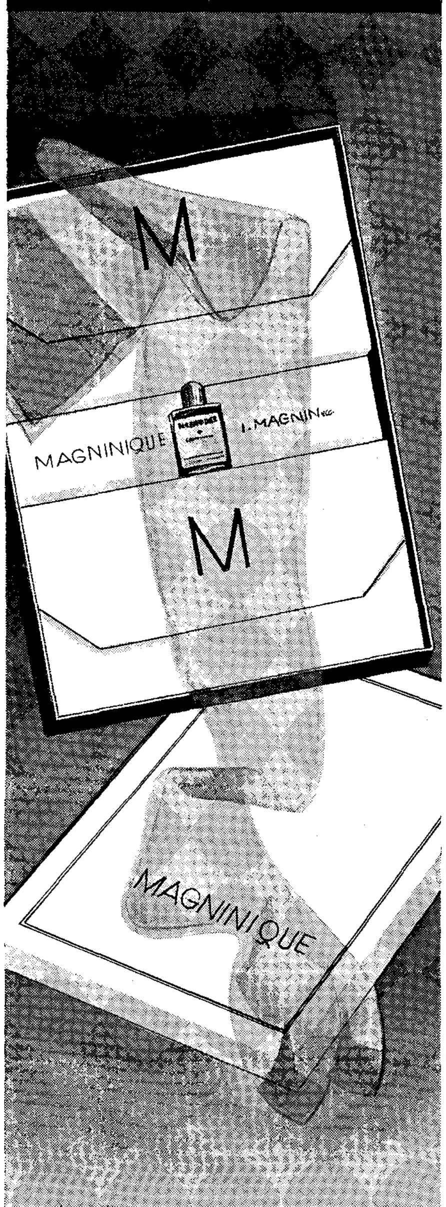

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

circuit that covers the Rip Van Winkle country comes Jackie Mason, whose bland impudence gives his special-reference causeries a considerable charm; from an echo chamber comes Paul Anka, boy troubadour, whose efforts suggest that compulsory attendance in our school system ends a little too soon. They're interspersed with eight new ballerinas, all engrossed in discovering which is their right foot. Dancing. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Mort Sahl, a celebrated minority of one, is pointing out that what many of us consider sublime is really too ridiculous for words—except, of course, his own. His faithful followers, the Limeliters, sing their heads off with good will and good humor. Closed Sundays.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): The Smothers Brothers, a brace of exceedingly young spoofers, are boring from within the folk-music trade in a noble effort to offset the practitioners who are merely boring; the equally young Woody Allen, a stream-of-unconsciousness muser, is on his way to becoming a perfect *vox populi;* Nina Simone, whether playing piano or singing, is on her way to becoming the next Hazel Scott; Roy Benson is an entertaining I-can't-do-it-myself magician. Wednesday, June 14, is the final night for the Smotherses. The background is the volatile Jimmy Lyons trio (Beverly Peer and Joe Puma are his aides) and the garrulous piano of Otis Clements. . . . ¶ In the lounge (except Saturdays), Alex Fogarty's piano recites easy-going tone poems from six to eight, and there are sometimes milkman's matinées of piano and/or trio. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): Brisk, brusque, and brash is the prevailing color scheme of "Dressed to the Nines," this season's Julius Monk progress report on the downfall of civilization. The nimble *farceurs* who take part are Ceil Cabot, Gordon Connell, and Gerry Matthews (Monk veterans all), as well as Bill Hinnant, Mary Louise Wilson, and Pat Ruhl. To the rear, William Roy and Carl Norman make their two pianos sound like an orchestra. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): A novitiate group, the Three Young Men, is a club that's glee in every sense of the word; the worldliness is supplied in exactly the proper measure by Sylvia Copeland, who, in West Indian Spanish, French, and English, sings her praises of the sportive life. Their merriment is bolstered by the keyboard work of Paul Trueblood and Robert Colston, whose variations on themes by Gershwin, Kern, et al. are seventeen-jewel. The pianos begin at nine, the merriment at ten. Closed Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): The main thing is Jorie Remus, busy winding herself into a mortal coil as she propounds her rattlesnake theories about life. The tried-and-true family retainers—Tiger Haynes and his Three Flames, musicians to whom every night is Halloween, and Jimmie Daniels, *padrone* and tenor—are also on hand. For lagniappe, there's another of those miniature Village revues; the outgoing Burke McHugh is involved in this one. Don Evans and Loumel Morgan administer the interlude piano. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAMELOT,** 158 E. 49th St. (EL 5-4135): That old it's-a-quarter-to-three feeling comes around whenever Matt Dennis, who was born with a silver tune in his mouth, sits down at the piano and, with the assistance of two sidemen, really makes a night of it. The scene, which is period-piece hideaway, enhances the mood. Ten is the zero hour. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Traditional Latin lads and lassies thriving on the traditional Latin foot-and-mouth regimen (always go away mad). Pupi Campo's band plays for the guests' dancing. Sundays, the sole event is a tea trot, three-thirty to eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Around ten in a fine little den next door to the bar, the eerie flamenco guitar of Juan de la Mata and the ardent flamenco songs of Domingo Alvarado often persuade the customers to join in. . . . **KING ARTHUR ROOM,** 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): Mabel Mercer, a Bureau of Standards for all girls who aspire to sing in public, goes about her recital with the calm that comes with a few decades of experience. Her dignified mountain fastness, high above the torrential freshet called the Roundtable, is also occupied by Sam Hamilton, her permanent equerry, who is capable of putting any piano into a state of beatitude. Closed Sundays. . . . **LIVING ROOM,** 915 Second Ave., at 49th St. (EL 5-2262): A small but painstaking re-enactment of Babylon, though without hanging gardens. In the midst of the swirl, the doughty Sylvia Syms brings any number of songs to life as she picks them up by their heels and gives them a good hard smack.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Edmond Hall, a cherub of a hundred years' standing, is contributing his mellowed clarinet to a five-man band whose roots are deep in antiquity. Mr. Condon, guitar man and innkeeper, is not averse to occasionally pulling a few strings himself. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Sunday, June 11, is the end for Stan Getz and his quartet, whose geometric progressions are practically disembodied; for Ronnell Bright's trio, which varies from picturesque to pithy; and for Gene McDaniels, a young man with a hit song and a fashion-plate manner. The arrivals on Tuesday, June 13, are a bumper crop—Lambert, Hendricks, and Ross, the funniest thing that's happened to scat singing in a long, long time, and the blithe trio of Bill Evans. The shop is open every night but Monday, and for early risers there is a Sunday matinée at four-thirty. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Don Shirley, who chooses to dedicate his vast technical proficiency on the keyboard to the sweet rustlings of spring, plays (with the help of two sidemen) very pretty indeed for the people. The music begins around ten. No sounds on Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): American history and a dash of jaunty American hysteria. The uproar commences at three in the afternoon, and even at one-thirty on Saturdays and Sundays. The trios owned by Tony Parenti and Johnny Letman handle the day trick; the night job is handled by the Bourbon Street Six (off duty Mondays) and Cozy Cole's quintet (off duty Tuesdays), with Monday, Tuesday, and Saturday assists by Sol Yaged's fivesome. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Maynard Ferguson's band, which delights in emitting one narrow squeak after another, resigns on Wednesday, June 14. Next evening, the rather reorganized Count Basie band and the high-velocity, high-jinks Junior Mance trio go into action. Jam sessions Mondays, when the regular chaps are home. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): That long-term merger of Zoot Sims and Al Cohn, who were in the same class at the new school, is still activating a quintet in this down-to-earth conservatory. Come as you are is O.K. with the owners. Closed Mondays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Rumpus-room night life, which can almost, but not quite, top the trumpet of Jonah Jones, whose quartet is the raison d'être of the establishment. Sundays offer potluck bouts between extra hands. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Some veteran veterans—Wilbur de Paris, Sidney de Paris, Garvin Bushell, and Wilber Kirk—are thumping away, perhaps a bit matter-of-factly, in tribute to yesteryear. Don Frye is the interlude pianist. Mondays, Tony Parenti and Zutty Singleton join Mr. Frye to form a Loyal Opposition. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROUNDTABLE,** 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): Adam Wade, a study in studiedness, gasps his swan song on Saturday, June 10, and Marian McPartland's trio, which represents the sunny side of progress, disappears the same night. The new cast, due on Monday, June 12, is all past master, or antiquarian; i.e., Red Nichols and his Five Pennies, Tyree Glenn and his three outriders. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): The pages of time are enthusiastically turned back by Kenny Davern and his Washington Squares, among whom

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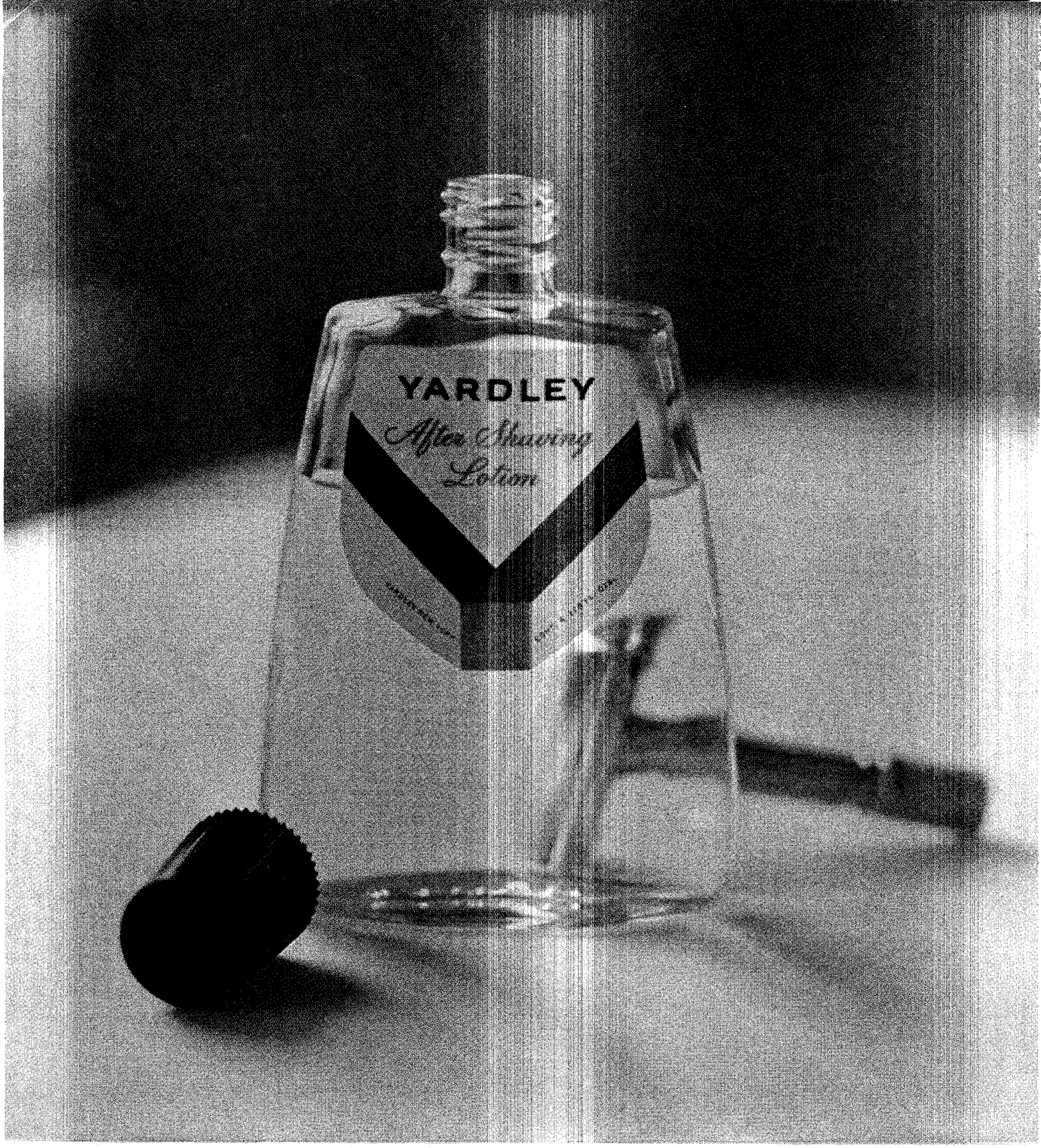

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are Cutty Cutshall, Johnny Windhurst, and Buzzy Drootin. Sundays, there are five-o'clock matinées as well as soirées. Closed Mondays. . . . **JAZZ GALLERY**, 80 St. Marks Pl., west of First Ave. (AL 4-4242): Thelonious Monk, who astounded all Europe by showing up for every one of his piano recitals there, is trying to keep that record intact on the home grounds. His far-out music, which must be heard to be disbelieved, is augmented by three aides-de-camp. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): Helter-skelter barracks for musicians to whom tomorrow is already at hand. The regiment now billeted is headed by Cecil Taylor's trio, which defies convention, and maybe description, too. A new quintet, the Jazz Brothers, is being added on Monday, June 12. The Taylors stay home Mondays, the others Tuesdays. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): What might be called a bar and mixed grill, since comings and goings are often precipitate. Josh White, a bit world-weary these nights, packs up his guitar and folk songs on Sunday, June 11, and Randy Weston's breezy new-era foursome also decamps. On Tuesday, June 13, Cal Tjader's quintet, likewise new-era, will become the main event, and Art Blakey's declamatory fivesome will be added on Friday and Saturday, June 16-17. Closed Mondays. . . . **ONE SHERIDAN SQUARE**, W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. (YU 9-1334): Odetta, who brings to folk music a power and a glory all her own, abdicates on Sunday, June 11; as of Tuesday, June 13, the principal (and only) performer will be the sly Orson Bean, a musician *manqué*, who sings the world's single worst folk tune and tells some of the world's best stories. Closed Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

MANUEL AYASO—Drawings by a young Spanish-born American artist; through Saturday, June 10. (Cober, 14 E. 69th St. Open Thursday evenings until 9:30.)

CHARLES CAMOIN—Paintings by one of the elder figures of the Paris School; through Aug. 31. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

BALCOMB GREENE—An exhibition of European cityscapes with figures that is running simultaneously with his retrospective at the Whitney Museum; through Friday, June 16. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

SATISH GUJRAL—Dark, dramatic oils by one of the leading painters of New Delhi; through Saturday, June 10. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

STANLEY WILLIAM HAYTER—His first exhibition of abstract paintings here in ten years; through June 23. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

HOKUSAI—Water colors and original prints; through Saturday, June 10. (Bayer, 51 E. 80th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

OSCAR JESPERS—Sculptures in bronze and granite, as well as a group of drawings, by a Belgian artist; through June 30. (Landry, 712 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.)

STEPHEN JUHAROS—Oils and water colors; through Saturday, June 17. (Kottler, 3 E. 65th St. Open Saturdays.)

MINORU KAWABATA—Large oils, boldly symbolic in style; through Saturday, June 10. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

ISAMU NOGUCHI—Abstract sculptures; through Saturday, June 17. (Cordier & Warren, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Open Saturdays.)

NUALA (ELSA DE BRUN)—Pastels, mostly of New England; through Saturday, June 10. (Feingarten, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

GIOVANNI BATTISTA PIRANESI (1720-78)—Engravings; through Thursday, June 15. (Rothschild, 27 W. 67th St.)

FRANCES PRATT—A water-color retrospective dating from 1938; through June 30. (Meltzer, 38 W. 57th St. Open Saturdays.)

OMAR RAYO—Intaglio engravings; through Friday, June 16. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

JEAN XCERON—Abstract water colors; through June 30. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

ADJA YUNKERS—Venice is the theme of a series of new lithographs and gouaches; through Friday, June 16. (Emmerich, 17 E. 64th St.)

EARLY MASTERS OF MODERN ART—A private New Orleans collection of French and American Impressionist and Post-Impressionist paintings (by, among others, Degas, Renoir, and Cassatt) never before shown here. For the benefit of the Accessions Fund of the Isaac Delgado Museum, of New Orleans. Through June 30. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

SCULPTURES—At the **ALAN**, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Pieces by Oliver Andrews, Richard Hunt, William King, and Jack Squier; through June 30. . . . **CASTELLI**, 4 E. 77th St.: Sculptures by John Chamberlain and Edward Higgins, reliefs by Lee Bontecou and Salvatore Scarpitta; through June 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **GERSON**, 41 E. 57th St.: Nudes by Degas, Kolbe, Lehmbruck, Maillol, Rodin, and others; through June 30.

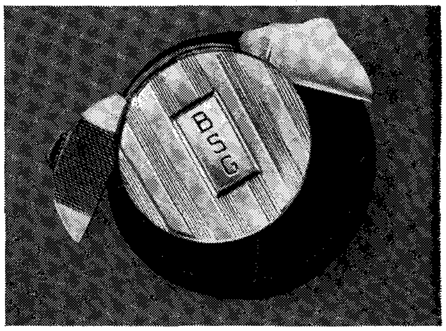
AFRICAN ART—Statues, masks, stools, and implements (in wood, ivory, and metal) from the Baluba, Warega, and other tribes in the Congo; through June 30. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At **DE NAGY**, 149 E. 72nd St.: Oils by artists who have exhibited in the gallery during the past season, including Robert Goodnough, Larry Rivers, and Jane Wilson; through Saturday, June 17. (Open Saturdays.) . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: The spring exhibition, comprising paintings and sculptures by Stuart Davis, Georgia O'Keeffe, William Zorach, and other gallery artists; through Friday, June 9. . . . **GRAND CENTRAL**, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.: Priscilla Roberts, Hovsep Pushman, and Robert Brackman are three of the participants in a showing of oils and water colors; through Sept. 1. . . . **JACKSON** and **ANDERSON**, both at 32 E. 69th St.: "Environments-Situations-Spaces," an exhibit devoted to new art movements by six younger artists, including Allan Kaprow and Claes Oldenberg; through June 23. . . . **JUSTER**, 154 E. 79th St.: Nine painters and three sculptors, among them Riva Helfond, Dorothy Hoyt, and Priscilla Pattison; through July 1. (Open Saturdays.) . . . **KENNEDY**, 13 E. 58th St.: "The Civil War" in paintings, drawings, and prints, by such artists as Eastman Johnson, Adolf Metzner, and Thomas Hovendon; through June 30. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 17 E. 57th St.: The annual season's retrospective of paintings and sculptures by Edward Betts, Isabel Bishop, Raimondo Puccinelli, and others; through June 30. (Open Saturdays.) . . . **MILCH**, 21 E. 67th St.: Childe Hassam, Hobson Pittman, and Leon Kroll are among the nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists represented in a display of oils and water colors; through Friday, June 16. . . . **NEW SCHOOL**, 66 W. 12th St.: "The Creative Process," an exhibit of paintings and sculptures, together with preliminary sketches and studies, by Josef Albers, Jack Tworkov, Jacques Lipchitz, and other contemporaries; through Saturday, June 10. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 8; Saturdays, 10 to 3.) . . . **PERIDOT**, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: The gallery group, including Rosemarie Beck, Tobias Schneebaum, and Morris Brose, in a painting-and-sculpture exhibit; through Thursday, June 15. (Open Saturdays.) . . . **PHOENIX**, 40 Third Ave., at 10th St.: Two drawings by each of the gallery members, among them Francis Jennings, Robert Wiegand, and Stanley Fein; through Thursday, June 15. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.) . . . **RICE**, 1451 Lexington Ave., at 94th St.: An exhibition of paintings, gouaches, and collages by artists of East 94th and 95th Streets—Genichiro Inokuma, Mark Rothko, and Helen Frankenthaler, for instance; through Saturday, June 10. (Daily, 2 to 7.) . . . **SALPETER**, 42 E. 57th St.: Water colors and other paintings in a variety of mediums by Joseph Stella, Ben Benn, Milton Avery, and others; through Friday, June 16. (Open Saturdays.) . . . **WHITE**, 42 E. 57th St.: Ida Kohlmeyer, Kurt Seligmann, Andre Racz, and other painters; through Thursday, June 15. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ZABRISKIE**, 36 E. 61st St.: Works on paper by George Luks, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, George O. (Pop) Hart, and other earlier twentieth-century artists; through June 30.

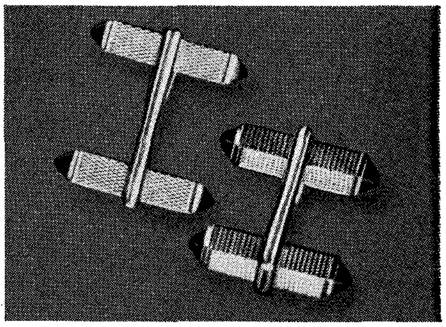
AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **KNAPIK**, 1470 First Ave., at 77th St.: The

For The
U.S. Male
In June

For Father's or
Graduation Day



"Minicure" file and knife in a 14k ribbed gold disc. Leather case. $20.
Three block initials, $1.



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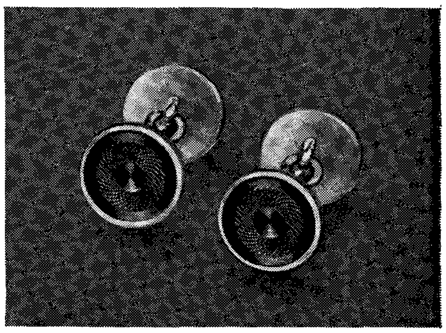

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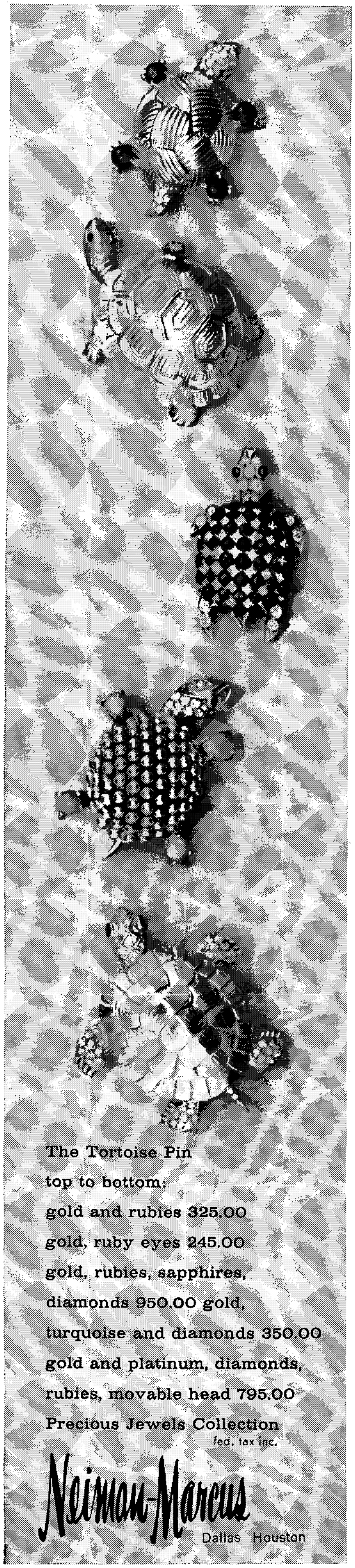

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diamonds 950.00 gold,
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

gallery's introductory show, composed of small paintings, gouaches, and drawings by George L. K. Morris, Miró, and Man Ray, to mention a few; through Aug. 15. (Closed Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 9.) . . . **Kootz**, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.: James Brooks, Georges Mathieu, and other painters, plus the sculptors Ibram Lassaw and Phillip Pavia; through June 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **Lefebre**, 47 E. 77th St.: Pierre Courtin, Martin Barré, and Kurt Sonderberg are among the artists who have works (mainly paintings) on view; through July 29. (Closed Mondays; open Tuesday evenings, 8 to 10.) . . . **Perls**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Pascin, Braque, Calder, and other modern masters; through Friday, June 16. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **Viviano**, 42 E. 57th St.: Such painters as Max Beckmann and Leonardo Cremonini, together with two sculptors—Luciano Minguzzi and Bernard Rosenthal; through June 29.

Note—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibition is on view daily, from 2 until dark; through June 18.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibit in memory of Electra Havemeyer Webb, containing twenty-six European paintings (by Rembrandt, Manet, Corot, and so on) that she inherited from her parents, the H. O. Havemeyers. . . . ¶ "Color in Prints," about ninety examples showing the development of color from Gothic woodcuts to contemporary prints; through Sept. 4. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"America Seen—Between the Wars," forty paintings from the twenties and thirties (by Charles Burchfield, Edward Hopper, Thomas Hart Benton, O. Louis Guglielmi, and others) chosen from the Museum's collection; through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ A survey commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the Italian Futurist movement, with paintings, sculptures, drawings, and collages by, among others, Umberto Boccioni, Carlo Carrà, and Gino Severini; through Sept. 12. A supplementary exhibit of more than a hundred drawings and etchings by Boccioni (1882-1916); through Aug. 9. . . . ¶ A memorial exhibition of thirty paintings from the collection of the late Mrs. David M. Levy, notably works of late-nineteenth-century French masters—Degas, Renoir, Cézanne, Gauguin, and others; starting Friday, June 9. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

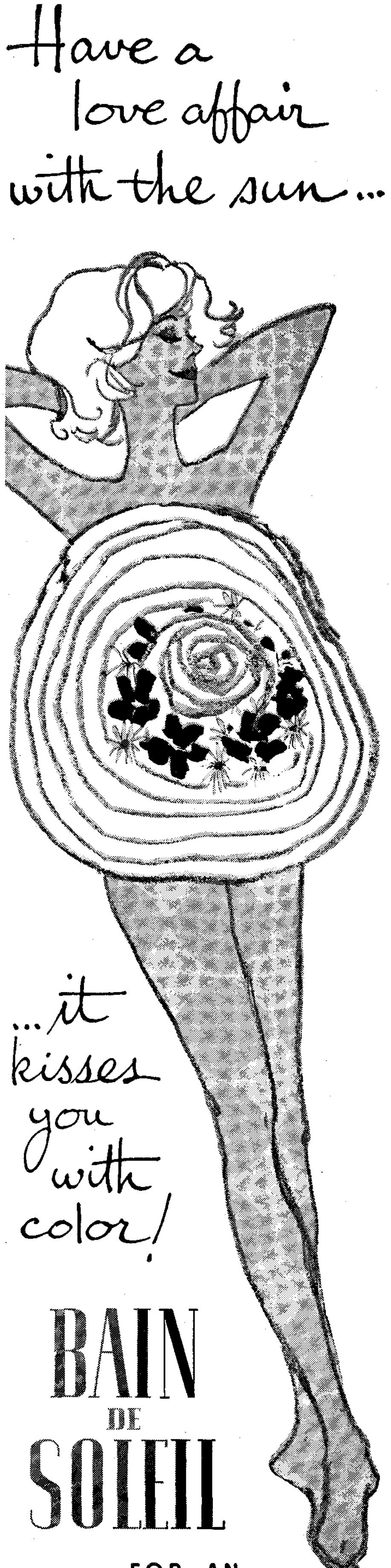
Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Drawings from three centuries (eighteenth to twentieth), from the Museum's collection, by Toulouse-Lautrec, van Gogh, Gabor Peterdi, Chaim Gross, and others; through Sept. 30. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Works by newly elected members and winners of this year's awards and honors. Manuscript scores, original manuscripts, and first editions by, among others, Roger Sessions, Leonard Bernstein, Langston Hughes, and Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. Also paintings, sculptures, and architecture by Peter Blume, Ivan Meštrović, William Zorach, I. M. Pei, and others. Through June 18. (Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—The Romanesque apse of the twelfth-century Church of San Martín de Fuentidueña, on long-term loan from the Spanish government. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A hundred paintings from the collection of G. David Thompson, of Pittsburgh, including works by Braque, Klee, Schwitters, and Degas; through Aug. 27. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Semi-abstract and figural sculptures (in wood, marble, bronze, and granite), together with graphic art, by Peter Lipman-Wulf; through



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FOR AN
ANTOINE
TAN

Thursday, June 15. (Mondays through Thursdays, 1 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 33 E. 36th St.—"Recent Acquisitions," an exhibition of drawings, manuscripts, letters, bookbindings, and printed books; through Friday, June 16. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Artist-Craftsmen of Western Europe," an exhibit of three hundred objects (stoneware, glassware, wood and metal furniture, enamels, stained-glass windows, mosaics, ceramic sculpture, church vestments, rugs, and the like) from Austria, France, Spain, and other countries; through Sept. 10. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"The Traditional Arts of Africa's New Nations," a display of sculptures, ivory carvings, ceremonial masks, and ornamental goldwork from more than twenty nations and covering four hundred years; through Sept. 10. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—"American Painting, 1865-1905," including items by Homer, Whistler, and Sargent; through June 18. . . . ¶ Retrospectives of metal sculptures by José de Rivera and paintings by Balcomb Greene; through July 23. A good complement to the Greene showing is his exhibition at the Bertha Schaefer Gallery, 32 E. 57th St. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Baseball—At Yankee Stadium—Yankees vs. Kansas City, Thursday, June 8, at 6 (twi-night doubleheader); Friday, June 9, at 8; and Saturday, June 10, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Los Angeles, Sunday, June 11, at 2 (doubleheader), and Monday, June 12, at 8.

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, June 10: Archie Moore vs. Giulio Rinaldi, light heavyweights, 15 rounds. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 17: Dulio Nunez vs. Denny Moyer, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

Crew—Yale-Harvard Regatta. (New London. Saturday, June 17; varsity race at 7:15.) . . . ¶ Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta. (Onondaga Lake, Syracuse. Saturday, June 17.)

Dog Show—Greenwich Kennel Club. (Greenwich. Saturday, June 10.)

Golf—New Jersey State Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Forest Hill Field Club, Bloomfield, N.J. Thursday through Sunday, June 15-18.)

Horse Shows—Upperville Colt and Horse Show. (Upperville, Va. Friday through Sunday, June 9-11.) . . . ¶ Helping Hand Horse Show. (Old Westbury. Saturday, June 10.) . . . ¶ Sands Point Horse Show. (Port Washington. Sunday, June 11.) . . . ¶ Ox Ridge Hunt Club Horse Show. (Darien. Thursday through Sunday, June 15-18.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—At **MEADOW BROOK CLUB,** Jericho. . . . **BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB,** Purchase.

Racing—At **BELMONT:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Friday, June 30. The Mother Goose, Saturday, June 10; the Vagrancy Handicap, Wednesday, June 14; and the Whitney, Saturday, June 17. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1, and Saturdays between 11:30 and 1:25.) . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2:30, from Friday, June 9, through Saturday, Aug. 5. (A special train will leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 12:20, and Saturdays at 11:50. Weekdays, a boat will leave Pier 80, W. 40th St., at 11, and be met at Atlantic Highlands by buses for the track.) . . . **NEW WOODBINE,** Toronto: The Queen's Plate, Saturday, June 17.

Soccer—International Soccer League at the Polo Grounds—Sunday, June 11, at 2:30: Karlsruhe (Germany) vs. Dynamo (Rumania), and Bangu (Brazil) vs. Everton (England). . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 14, at 7:30: Everton (England) vs. Besiktas (Turkey) and Dynamo (Rumania) vs. Kilmarnock (Scotland).

Tennis—Church Cup Matches. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Friday and Saturday, June 9-10.) . . . ¶ Sears Cup Matches. (Baltimore Country Club, Baltimore, Md. Fri-

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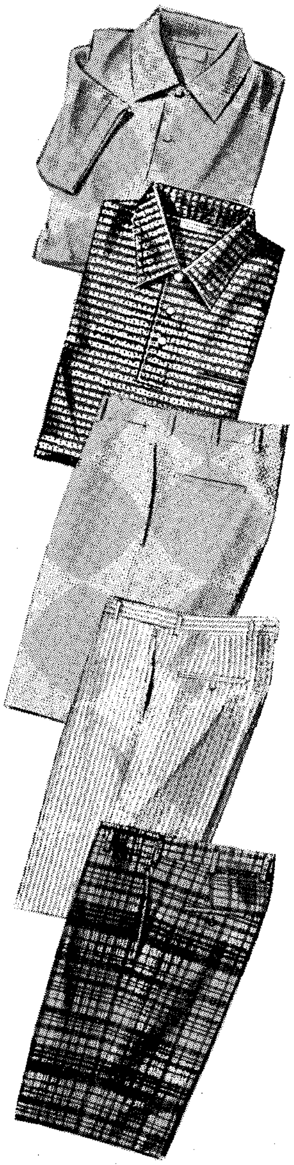

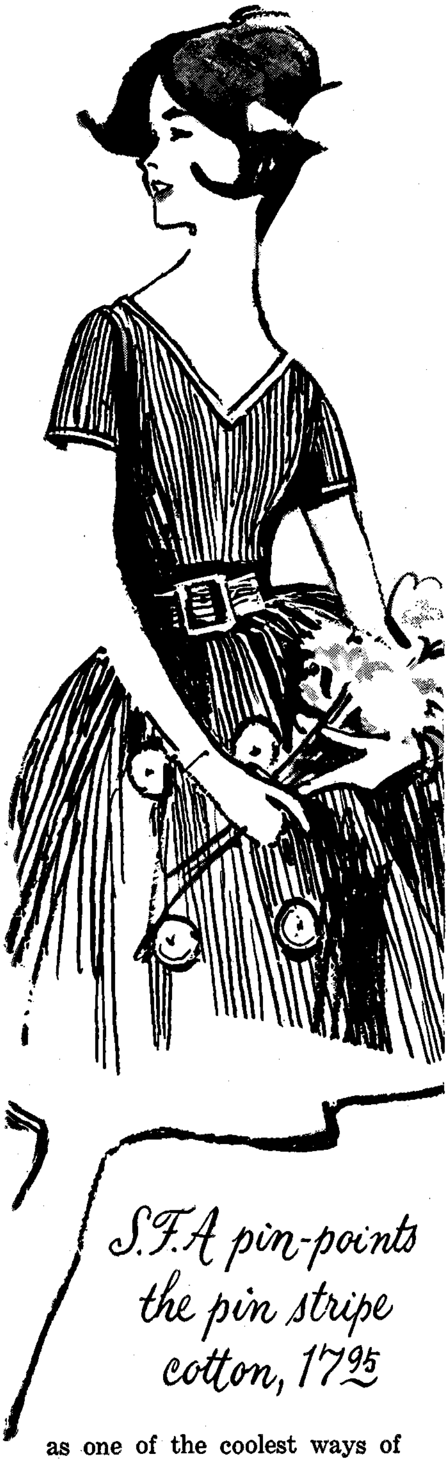

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

day and Saturday, June 9-10.)...¶ New Jersey State Men's Championships. (Arlington Players Club, Kearny, N.J. Starting Saturday, June 17.)

TROTTING—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Saturday, July 29. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 6:51, and Saturdays at 6:35 and 7:10.)... SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 14.

YACHTING—Start of the Annapolis-to-Newport race, Saturday, June 17.

FOR CHILDREN

STAGE SHOWS—By the PEGGY BRIDGE MARIONETTES: "The Exploding Mandarin," plus Leroy the Magician. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. Saturdays at 3. For tickets, call AC 2-3831.)... HORIZONS: "Does Poppy Live Here?" (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. Saturdays at 1 and 3 and Sundays at 1. For tickets, call SU 7-6797.)... LITTLE GOLDEN THEATRE: "Young Abe Lincoln." (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Thursday, June 8, at 11 and 4:30; Friday, June 9, at 4:30 and 8; Saturday, June 10, at 12:30, 2:30, and 4:30; Sunday, June 11, at 1, 3, and 5; Tuesday, June 13, at 4:30; Wednesday, June 14, at 1:30 and 4:30; Thursday, June 15, at 11 and 4:30; and Friday, June 16, at 8.)

CHILDREN'S ZOO—A miniature menagerie, where lambs, kids, ducklings, chickens, and other tame animals can be admired and even patted. (Bronx Zoo. Open, weather permitting, daily 10:30 to 4:30. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"How to Look at Sculpture," an exhibit of more than a hundred works, dating from early Egyptian times to the twentieth century, together with displays demonstrating the sculptor's basic materials and techniques. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "On the Shoulders of Giants," concerns great astronomers of the past; through June 26. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)... ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

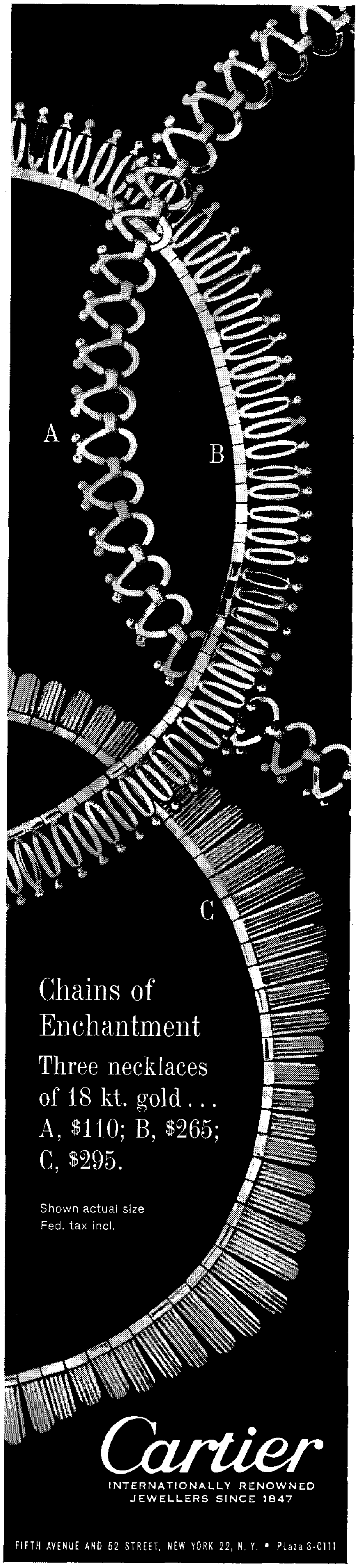
OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend sessions of the Trusteeship Council, periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3 Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

FLOWER SHOW—A display of roses and peonies, presented by the Horticultural Society of New York. (Essex House, 160 Central Park S. Wednesday, June 14, from 12:30 to 4.)

AUCTIONS—Final auctions of the season—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, June 8, at 1:45: French garden and terrace sculptures, furniture, and decorative objects, assembled by Mme. Renée Guibal.... ¶ Tuesday, June 13, at 8: Modern paintings and sculptures by such artists as Renoir, Utrillo, Maillol, and Bemelmans, donated by artists, collectors, and art dealers. For the benefit of the United Jewish Appeal Women's Division. Exhibition starts Friday, June 9.

COMMENCEMENT DATES—Dartmouth and Smith, Sunday, June 11; Yale, Monday, June 12; Princeton, Tuesday, June 13; and Harvard, Thursday, June 15.



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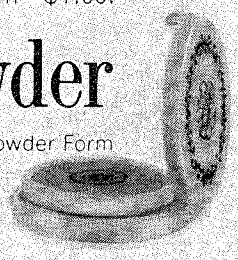

MAX FACTOR

HOLLYWOOD LONDON PARIS

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

The Absent-Minded Professor—In the funniest scene of this funny picture, reminiscent of the golden days of Mack Sennett, a basketball team defeats its opponents by bouncing off the ground and darting about in midair. The secret is a magic substance called Flubber. Fred MacMurray, as the man who concocts it, is a model of academic preoccupation. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting June 11, tentative.... ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting June 14, tentative.)

L'Avventura—An Italian film that records a joyless affair between a young man and woman searching for a girl who has disappeared from a volcanic island. Their search is unsuccessful, and so is the movie. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

The Big Deal—From Italy comes this high-spirited takeoff on the "Rififi" school of melodrama. A gang of untalented petty thieves attempts a crime that fails at every turn, thanks in large part to their inveterate good nature. Among the foiled criminals are Vittorio Gassman, Marcello Mastroianni, and the clown called Totò. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting June 14.)

La Dolce Vita—Modern Rome is the lively, if somewhat jaded, heroine of this beautiful picture, and Federico Fellini, who wrote and directed it, doubles as her doting impresario and severest critic. Marcello Mastroianni, a wonderful young actor, heads a pretty wonderful cast that includes Annibale Ninchi, Alain Cuny, Anouk Aimée, and Yvonne Furneaux. (Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd, BR 9-3970. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Entertainer—The reason for subjecting yourself to this ugly, powerful depiction of English lower-class decay is Laurence Olivier, who plays a corrupt and talentless little music-hall performer so brilliantly that we believe even in the performer's lack of talent. Also in the picture, and also first-rate, are Joan Plowright, Brenda de Banzie, and Roger Livesey. (Nemo, B'way at 110th, MO 6-8210; June 12-13.)

Exodus—Time moves slowly in the Middle East, and Otto Preminger has made no attempt to hurry it along in his almost everlasting film about the founding of Israel. Occasional gunfire fails to interrupt the gabfest among Paul Newman, Ralph Richardson, Eva Marie Saint, Lee J. Cobb, and several dozen other chatterboxes. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées daily at 2. Reserved seats only.)

General della Rovere—A magnificent picture on all counts—subject matter, direction, acting, and photography. The scene is Genoa, the time is 1943, and the story tells of a sleazy Italian collaborator with the Nazis who learns, little by little and half against his will, how to become a good man and, in dying, a great one. The director, Roberto Rossellini, has brought out the best in two great actors, Vittorio De Sica and Hannes Messemer, and the rest of the cast is exemplary. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, YU 2-0990; through June 10.... ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through June 10, tentative.)

One Eyed Jacks—Marlon Brando, of all people, in a Western complete with outlaw, sheriff, deputy, girl, and the other familiar appurtenances. Since Mr. Brando also directed the picture, we can expect the unexpected, and that is what we get. Karl Malden, Katy Jurado, and Pina Pellicer are in the supporting cast, and everyone concerned is very good indeed. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; through June 14.... ¶ R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; starting June 11.)

On the Double—Danny Kaye plays a timid G.I., a British general, and an assortment of Germans in a movie that is purely a vehicle and doesn't pretend to be anything else. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633.)

CINEMA
TO-DAY
Mihaesco

Picnic on the Grass—Jean Renoir wrote, produced, and directed this delightful assault upon practically all the conventions there are, including the convention that a picture should make sense. M. Renoir takes a pagan pleasure in nature and in the human animal in nature, and gives civilization, such as it is, a good drubbing. The scene is Provence, and the chief characters are a stuffy professor and a sexy peasant girl. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through June 13.... ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through June 13, tentative.)

A Raisin in the Sun—Lorraine Hansberry's story about a Negro family in Chicago is somewhat broader, physically and dramatically, on the screen than it was on the stage, but it has its compensations all the same. Among them are Claudia McNeil, Sidney Poitier, and, especially, Ruby Dee. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320.... ¶ Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; through June 11.)

Saturday Night and Sunday Morning—In his first leading role, Albert Finney is very promising as a rambunctious young Englishman who is determined not to let his job in a factory or his dreary surroundings outside of it get him down. The cast includes, among other good actors, Norman Rossington, Rachel Roberts, and Hylda Baker. Mr. Sillitoe has adapted his own lively novel for the screen. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

The Sundowners—A cheerful if somewhat simple-minded account of the joys and despairs of a family of sheep drovers in the Australian outback. Juniors will probably like the crunchy sweetness of the story more than their parents, but all hands will enjoy the wildlife that hops about in the handsome scenery. Fred Zinnemann is responsible for this Technicolor road show, and Robert Mitchum, Deborah Kerr, Peter Ustinov, and Michael Anderson, Jr., are the principal tourists. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through June 13.)

Tunes of Glory—Sir Alec Guinness wins the actor's Victoria Cross for his daring and endlessly subtle performance as an alcoholic colonel who destroys his enemy and himself in a frightening struggle for the command of a peacetime Highland regiment. John Mills is almost as fine as Sir Alec, and Dennis Price, Kay Walsh, and Gordon Jackson also flash their tartans. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting June 14, tentative.)

Two Women—An Italian movie about a young widow who takes her daughter out of wartime Rome to her native village in the mountains and there meets an anti-Fascist, who falls in love with her. Although much that happens in the movie is sad, and even shattering, its effect is anything but depressing. Jean-Paul Belmondo, Sophia Loren, and Eleanora Brown are quite exceptional as the anti-Fascist, the mother, and the daughter, and Vittorio De Sica's direction is perfection itself. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Violent Summer—Eleonora Rossi Drago and Jean Louis Trintignant play a pair of reluctant lovers whose romance is cut short when the war in Italy strikes too close to home. Home is Riccione, a delightful resort on the Adriatic, where most of the action takes place. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454; through June 9.)

REVIVALS

The Battle of the Sexes (1960)—Peter Sellers, Robert Morley, and Constance Cummings enacting a comedy about the introduction of modern American methods into a staid firm in Edinburgh. A British film, derived from a story by James Thurber. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, YU 2-0990; June 11-14.)

Behind the Great Wall (1959)—A travelogue about modern China, made by the Italian documentary expert, Leonardo Bonzi. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through June 14, tentative.)

The Cranes Are Flying (1960)—A Russian picture dealing with a family caught up in the horrors of the Second World War. With Tatyana Samoilova. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 8.)

Fort Apache (1948)—Some high-toned Indians battling United States Army troops in the Custer period. Henry Fonda is the Colonel. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 13.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070.)

Mister Roberts (1955)—Life on a Navy cargo ship, based on the Heggen and Logan play. Henry Fonda, James Cagney, Jack Lemmon, and William Powell are among the diverting tars. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting June 14.)

The Savage Eye (1960)—A semi-documentary that shows what happens when a lonely divorcée takes up residence in Los Angeles. Barbara Baxley plays the heroine. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through June 13.... ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through June 13, tentative.)

School for Scoundrels (1960)—Spirited English fun, based on Stephen Potter's mock-sociological studies of lifemanship and gamesmanship. Alastair Sim, Ian Carmichael, and Terry-Thomas. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, YU 2-0990; through June 10.)

Sons and Lovers (1960)—D. H. Lawrence's 1913 tale about the silver-cord tangle between a Nottingham miner's wife and her artistically gifted son. An English-American production, with Trevor Howard, Wendy Hiller, and Dean Stockwell. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 8.)

Swing Time (1936)—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers dancing away to Kern tunes. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 12, at 7 and 9:30.)

The Young and the Damned (1952)—Luis Buñuel's examination of juvenile delinquency. A Mexican film, with a cast of amateurs. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 9-12.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through June 10: "Out of Darkness" (1955), the last film in a series of documentaries called "The Flaherty Tradition, 1950-60."... ¶ Starting June 11: "Citizen Kane" (1941), with Orson Welles, the first film in a series called "The Cinema of Orson Welles." (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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11	12	13	14			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Young Savages," Burt Lancaster, Dina Merrill.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Atlantis, the Lost Continent," Anthony Hall, Joyce Taylor.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Pepe," Cantinflas, Dan Dailey, Shirley Jones.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Spartacus," Kirk Douglas, Laurence Olivier. (Weekdays at 8:15 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
A RAISIN IN THE SUN.

Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd. (BR 9-3970)
LA DOLCE VITA (in Italian).

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"The Pleasure of His Company," Fred Astaire, Debbie Reynolds.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through June 13: "The Secret Ways," Richard Widmark, Sonja Ziemann.
From June 14: "The Last Sunset," Rock Hudson, Kirk Douglas.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
June 8: "Return to Peyton Place," Carol Lynley, Jeff Chandler.
From June 9: "Wild in the Country," Elvis Presley, Hope Lange.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
ON THE DOUBLE.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
GONE WITH THE WIND, revival.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Last Time I Saw Archie," Robert Mitchum, Martha Hyer.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
EXODUS.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through June 13 (tentative): "The League of Gentlemen," Jack Hawkins, Nigel Patrick.
From June 14 (tentative): **TUNES OF GLORY.**

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (YU 2-0990; evening performances only, except on weekends.)
Through June 10: **GENERAL DELLA ROVERE** (in Italian); and **SCHOOL FOR SCOUNDRELS**, revival.
June 11-14: **THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES**, revival; and "Make Mine Mink," Terry-Thomas, Athene Seyler.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through June 11: "The Curse of the Werewolf," Clifford Evans; and "The Shadow of the Cat," André Morell, Barbara Shelley.
June 12-13: "Operation Petticoat," revival, Cary Grant, Tony Curtis; and "Imitation of Life," revival, Lana Turner, John Gavin.
From June 14: "Return to Peyton Place," Carol Lynley, Jeff Chandler; and "20,000 Eyes," Gene Nelson, Merry Anders.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through June 13 (tentative): **PICNIC ON THE GRASS** (in French); and **THE SAVAGE EYE**, revival.
From June 14 (tentative): **THE ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR.**

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"The Young Savages," Burt Lancaster, Dina Merrill.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
Through June 11: **A RAISIN IN THE SUN.**
From June 12: "Man in the Moon," Kenneth More, Shirley Anne Field.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
TWO WOMEN (in Italian).

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through June 10: "The Curse of the Werewolf," Clifford Evans; and "The Shadow of the Cat," André Morell, Barbara Shelley.
From June 11: **ONE EYED JACKS.**

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"The Cow and I" (in French), Fernandel.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Never on Sunday" (in Greek and English), Melina Mercouri, Jules Dassin.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
SATURDAY NIGHT AND SUNDAY MORNING.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
L'AVVENTURA (in Italian).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Bridge" (in German).

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through June 10 (tentative): **GENERAL DELLA ROVERE** (in Italian).
From June 11 (tentative): **THE ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR.**

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Secret Ways," Richard Widmark, Sonja Ziemann.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through June 11: "The Curse of the Werewolf," Clifford Evans; and "The Shadow of the Cat," André Morell, Barbara Shelley.
June 12-13: "Operation Petticoat," revival, Cary Grant, Tony Curtis; and "Imitation of Life," revival, Lana Turner, John Gavin.
From June 14: "Return to Peyton Place," Carol Lynley, Jeff Chandler; and "20,000 Eyes," Gene Nelson, Merry Anders.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through June 14: **ONE EYED JACKS.**

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
June 8: "Bed and Sofa" (a silent Russian film).
From June 9: "Come Back, Africa" and "On the Bowery" (both revivals and both semi-documentary films).

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through June 10: "All in a Night's Work," Dean Martin, Shirley MacLaine; and "The Savage Innocents," Anthony Quinn.
June 11-13: "Houseboat," revival, Cary Grant, Sophia Loren; and "Ocean's 11," revival, Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin.
From June 14: "The Teahouse of the August Moon," revival, Marlon Brando, Glenn Ford; and "Something of Value," revival, Rock Hudson, Dana Wynter.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through June 14 (tentative): **BEHIND THE GREAT WALL**, revival.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Ashes and Diamonds" (in Polish).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through June 14: **ONE EYED JACKS.**

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through June 13: **PICNIC ON THE GRASS** (in French); and **THE SAVAGE EYE**, revival.
From June 14: **THE BIG DEAL** (in Italian); and "Love by Appointment," revival, Claus Holm.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Romanoff and Juliet," Peter Ustinov, Sandra Dee.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Eve Wants to Sleep" (in Polish).

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through June 9: "Il Trovatore" (in Italian), revival, Enzo Mascherini.
June 10-11: "Marriage of Figaro" (in Italian), revival, Tito Gobbi.
June 12-13: "La Forza del Destino" (in Italian), revival, Tito Gobbi, Nelli Corradi.
From June 14: To be announced.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
Through June 9: **VIOLENT SUMMER** (in Italian).
From June 10: "Frantic" (in French), Jeanne Moreau.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (LT 1-0450)
"White Nights" (in Italian), Maria Schell, Marcello Mastroianni.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"The Cheaters" (in French), Jacques Charrier, Pascale Petit.

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through June 14: **ONE EYED JACKS.**

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
June 8: "The Big Sky," revival, Kirk Douglas; and "Beyond a Reasonable Doubt," revival, Dana Andrews, Joan Fontaine.
June 9: "The Wrong Man," revival, Henry Fonda, Vera Miles; and "Le Plaisir" (in French; also known as "House of Pleasure"), revival, Danielle Darrieux, Simone Simon.
June 10: "Ugetsu" (in Japanese), revival; and "Letter from an Unknown Woman," revival, Joan Fontaine, Louis Jourdan.
June 11-12 (last showing at 2:10): "Pandora and the Flying Dutchman," revival, Ava Gardner, James Mason; and "The Marrying Kind," revival, Judy Holliday, Aldo Ray.
June 12, at 7 and 9:30: **SWING TIME**, revival.
June 13: **FORT APACHE**, revival; and "Angel Face," revival, Robert Mitchum, Jean Simmons.
June 14: "She Wore a Yellow Ribbon," revival, John Wayne; and "Where the Sidewalk Ends," revival, Gene Tierney, Dana Andrews.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through June 13: **THE SUNDOWNERS**; and "CinderFella," Jerry Lewis, Anna Maria Alberghetti.
From June 14: **MISTER ROBERTS**, revival; and "Battle Cry," revival, Van Heflin, Aldo Ray.

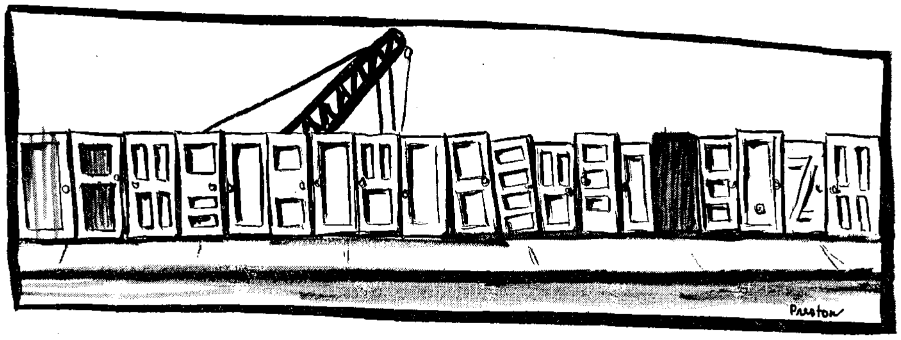
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
June 8: **THE CRANES ARE FLYING** (in Russian), revival; and **SONS AND LOVERS**, revival.
June 9-12: **THE YOUNG AND THE DAMNED** (in Spanish), revival; and "The Blood of a Poet" (in French), revival, a Jean Cocteau film.
From June 13: "Things to Come," revival, Raymond Massey; and "The Man Who Could Work Miracles," revival, Roland Young.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through June 9: "The Big Show," Esther Williams, Cliff Robertson; and "The Canadians," Robert Ryan.
From June 10: "The Curse of the Werewolf," Clifford Evans; and "The Shadow of the Cat," André Morell, Barbara Shelley.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through June 13: **PICNIC ON THE GRASS** (in French); and **THE SAVAGE EYE**, revival.
From June 14: **THE BIG DEAL** (in Italian).

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through June 14: **ONE EYED JACKS.**

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through June 11: "The Curse of the Werewolf," Clifford Evans; and "The Shadow of the Cat," André Morell, Barbara Shelley.
June 12-13: **THE ENTERTAINER**; and "Expresso Bongo," revival, Laurence Harvey, Sylvia Syms.
June 14: "Return to Peyton Place," Carol Lynley, Jeff Chandler; and "20,000 Eyes," Gene Nelson, Merry Anders.



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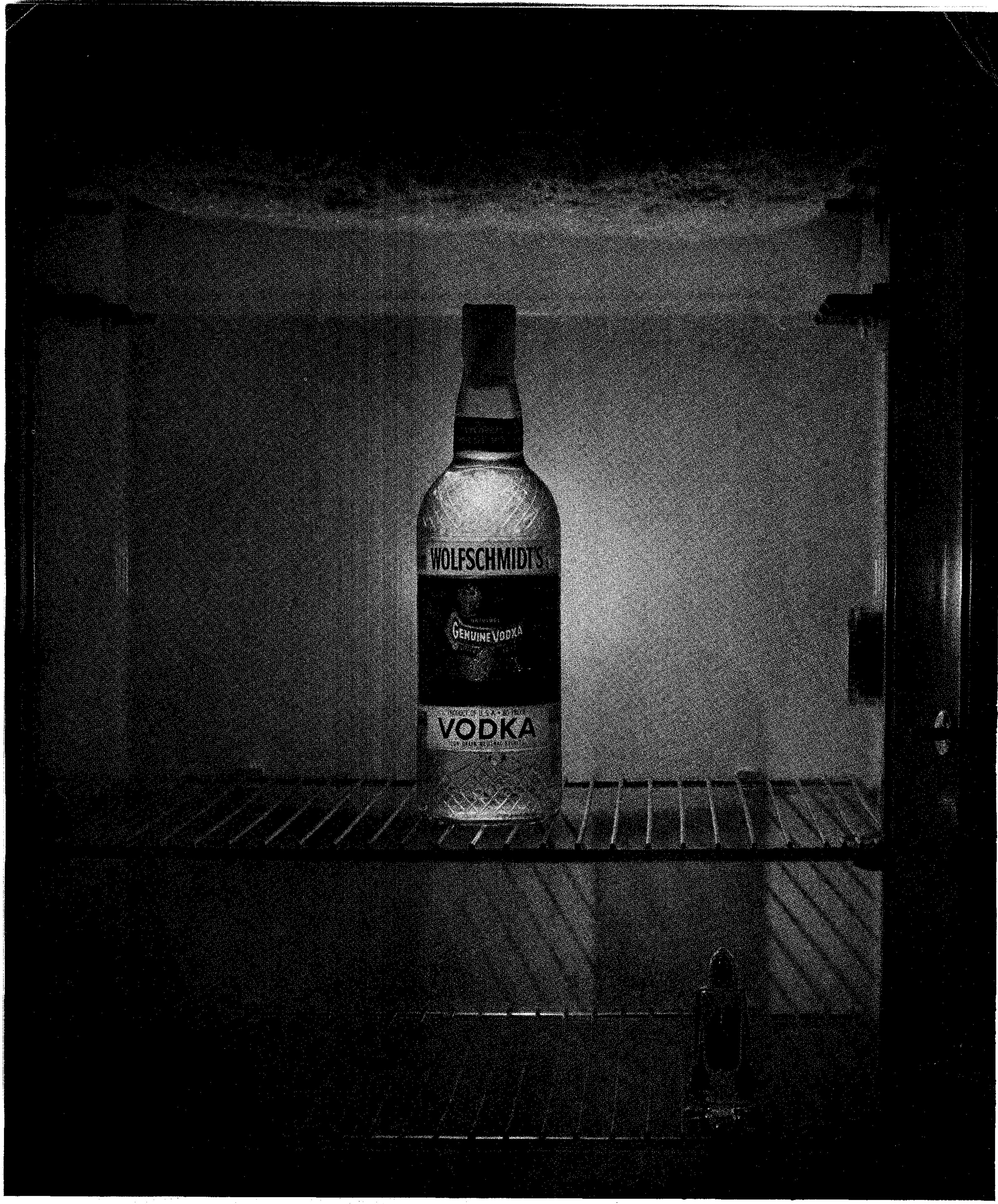

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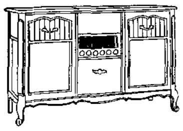

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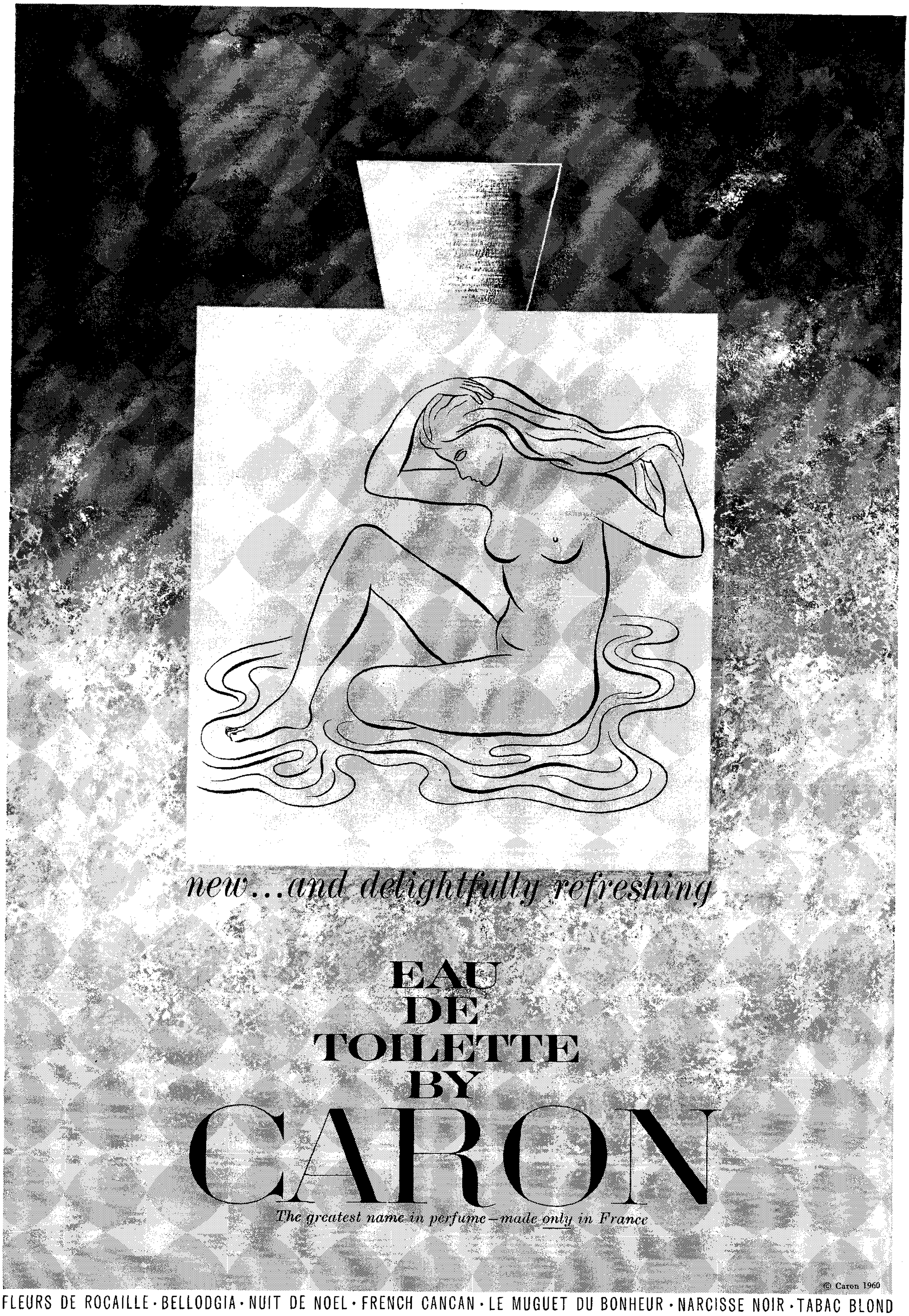
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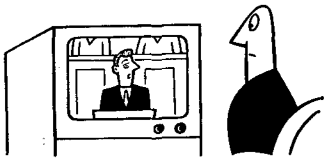
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A COUPLE of weeks ago, we watched President Kennedy, on television, as he made his speech to the joint session of Congress on the state of the Union, and we were startled *into* a reverie—if such a thing is possible—by a sentence that he spoke with conviction but in a most matter-of-fact manner, and that his audience received in the same spirit. Said Mr. Kennedy, "I believe we should go to the moon." Before a backdrop of the impenetrable expressions of Lyndon Johnson and Sam Rayburn, he was addressing a body of men and women who have the power to impeach him and to remove him from office for cause. In the little reverie into which that simple sentence sent us spinning, we imagined that very thing happening if, say, President Wilson had made the same statement of belief, and especially if, like President Kennedy, he had gone on to make a serious request for funds with which to accomplish the project. Or President Harding, or President Hoover. Or, for that matter, President Franklin Delano Roosevelt. It does not demand much in the way of imagination to conjure up the delighted yelps one would have heard in the bar of the Union Club on receipt of the intelligence that Roosevelt had solemnly proposed to the Congress a voyage to the moon, to be financed by the government of the United States of America, and thus had finally perpetrated the *committable* folly.



Miss Wiley's Walk

NATTILY turned out in a sharp brown suit, saucy saucer hat, and foulard blouse, Miss Farida A. Wiley, the peripatetic *doyenne* of the Museum of Natural History and the director of its course called "Natural Science for the Layman, Local Birds, Plants and Animals," led the last of its thirteen spring-of-1961 expeditions into the surrounding countryside on a recent sunny Sunday. We joined her at the Museum's Central Park entrance at 8:20 A.M., ten minutes before a big orange-and-brown Inter-City Transportation Company chartered bus was to take the class to its destination—Ringwood Manor State Park, forty miles northwest of New York, in Ringwood, New Jersey.

"I'm expecting forty-five on the bus," she said as four ladies arrived singly, to swell the ranks of a clump of men and women that had already gathered, and greeted her with affectionate cries.

Presently, a young girl walked up, and Miss Wiley said, "Hello."

"Hello," the girl said, and walked on.

"Oh. She looked just like one of our regulars," Miss Wiley said. She turned to us and asked, "Why didn't you come along yesterday, when we went to McGee's Pond, in Oradell, courtesy of the Hackensack Water Works?"

"It was raining cats and dogs," we said.

"It was a wonderful day," she said. "There were only eight of us, but the lady's-slippers were superb. There were thousands of them. They were right in their prime."

We found a seat at the back of the bus near a young couple and another young man, who had come together. While we bowled down the West Side toward the Lincoln Tunnel, they discussed restaurants in the vicinity.

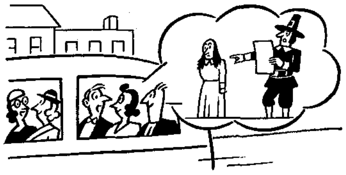
"Vorst's is the best," the girl said as we sighted Vorst's Century Sea Grill, at Sixty-fifth Street and Columbus Avenue.

"How about Kelly's?" said her husband.

Their friend mentioned another eating place. "We got there and they served stale bread," he said. "I sent it back, but they didn't have any fresh."

"L'Escale! Good snails," the husband said as we passed L'Escale, on Ninth Avenue. "*Prix fixe* three twenty-five. It's *clean.*"

Soon we were on the Hamburg Turnpike, and then, as we approached the town of Haskell, we turned onto Ringwood Avenue. "One of my great-great-great-grandmothers was condemned as a witch in Salem," the unattached young man was saying.



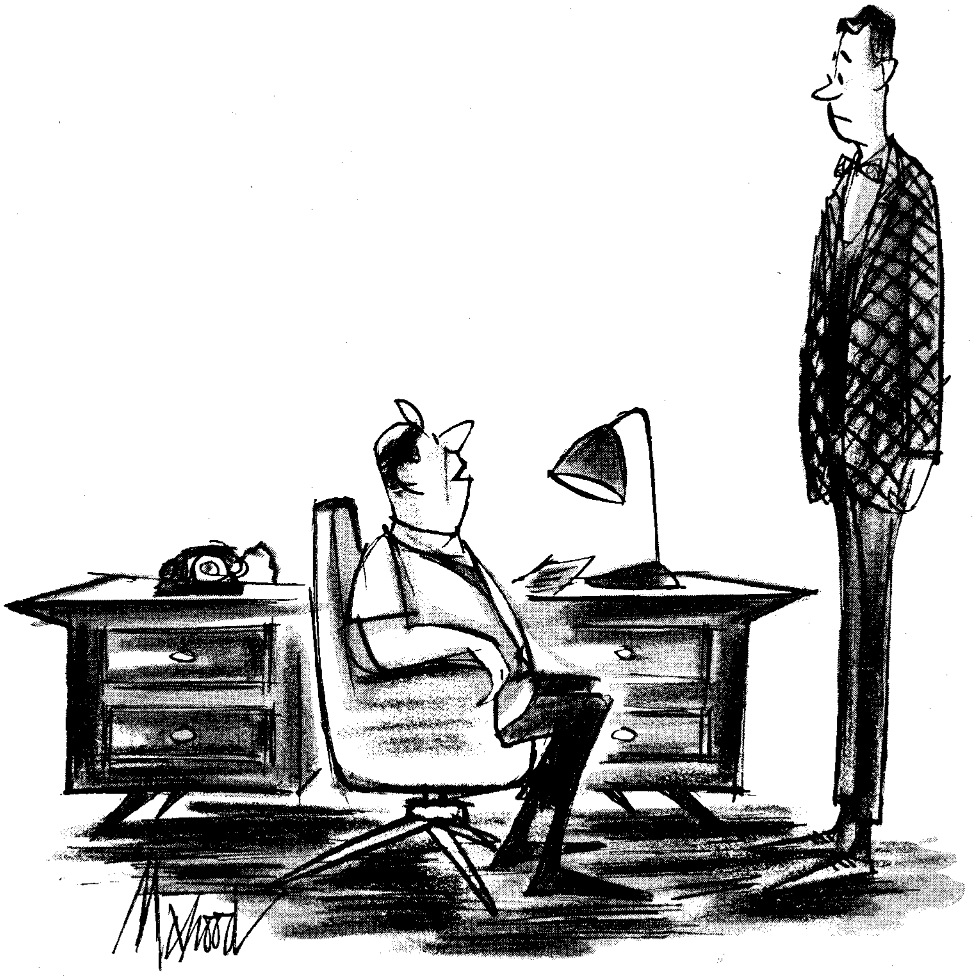
A family of mallard geese and goslings was observed, with appropriate exclamations, on a lake near the park, which we gained shortly after ten. There, as the party disembarked, it was joined by two co-leaders, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Armitt, of Westwood, New Jersey, and, during the next fifteen minutes, by several carloads of laymen from New Jersey, Westchester, and Long Island. While we were waiting, Miss Wiley trained her binoculars on various trees; many of her disciples, similarly equipped, followed suit.

"An osprey and a crow," she said. "A red-eyed vireo singing, and there's a red-winged blackbird. That's a good beginning. And look! A catbird and a towhee."

"That blue jay must have a nest in this tree, all right," said Mrs. Armitt. "He chased a scarlet tanager out."

"The park has a variety of habitats, which is ornithologically productive," we were told by Mr. Armitt, an officer of the New Jersey Audubon Society. "A swamp in back, a lake, fields, and a stream."

"Excuse me, Miss Wiley," a lady



"I'm afraid it's bad news, young man. You're suffering from acrophobia."

said. "There's something calling over there."

The leader listened, and smiled. "That's a tree frog," she said. Everybody laughed.

"Will you all gather over here, please?" she said when the last car had arrived. "Should I say I'm glad to see so many fair-weather friends? [Cries of "*Ooh!*"] O.K. Off we go. . . . Seventy," she said to us, in a pleased way, as the group started its walk. "I've had as many as a hundred. Aren't the trees in this park lovely? Beautiful white oaks, red maples. It used to be the old Peter Cooper place. . . . What's flying over? A starling. . . . And what's calling over there, making all that noise? It's an oriole singing, though I can't see it. . . . That's a female English sparrow. . . . I hear the rusty hinge of the grosbeak. . . . Chimney swift overhead! Two of them! Three of them! Four of them! Half a dozen! A cigar with wings!"

"Baltimore oriole," someone said.

"All right, where has the oriole been?" Miss Wiley said. "Was he here all winter?"

Everybody was silent.

"Don't all talk at once," she said. "Central America. The oriole was named for Lord Baltimore. He has the colors of Lord Baltimore."

Miss Wiley went on to describe a number of plants, and then a chipmunk was sighted. "Does it hibernate?" she asked, and, after being greeted by a chorus of "No"s, said, "Yes, it does."

"Why does it put away nuts, then?" someone asked.

"It likes to have them around when it gets out early in the spring," Miss Wiley replied as a lady triumphantly handed her a small toad.

"A little American toad," its recipient said. "Hatched this spring. It'll be fully grown in three or four years. Its tail is absorbed as food during the tadpole stage. Now it's a lunged animal."

As the group tramped on, past woods and fields, she called its attention to northern lichen ("an alga and a fungus living together, in a symbiotic relationship that works very well for both partners; you never see it near cities, because it can't stand gasoline fumes"); to a house wren, a cardinal, and a hummingbird; and to yellow growths on a cedar tree ("a fungus that goes to apple trees, as apple rust, after leaving the intermediate host; that's why apple growers always destroy neighboring cedars").

A good many crested flycatchers, yellow-billed cuckoos, tufted titmice, and other attractions later an indigo bunting was reported by a pupil.

"You see the blue only when the right light is on him," Miss Wiley said. "There is no blue pigment there. There is also no blue in a bluebird."

"We got a nuthatch building a nest!" a layman shouted from a nearby field.

"Hurray!" said Miss Wiley, and removed an inchworm from our coat. "That's the caterpillar of one of the geometrid moths. Look at this lady fern." She paused, then added, "Like elderly ladies, a little broad in the middle." The laymen laughed.

Dropping back a bit, we spotted a fellow-walker wearing a tie with birds on it and asked him what they were.

"Bronzini birds," he said. "A present. I wear it only on birding trips."

Three hours later, the last two of which we had spent reclining on a boulder near the bus, playing hooky, we were rejoined by Miss Wiley and her tireless cohorts.

"Sixty-two species sighted," she said. "Too bad you missed the cerulean warbler. *Very* rare in the East."

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: Just outside a student cafeteria in New York University's Loeb Student Center, down on Washington Square, a blackboard lists the opening and closing prices of twenty stocks on the New York Stock Exchange.

Home Away from Home

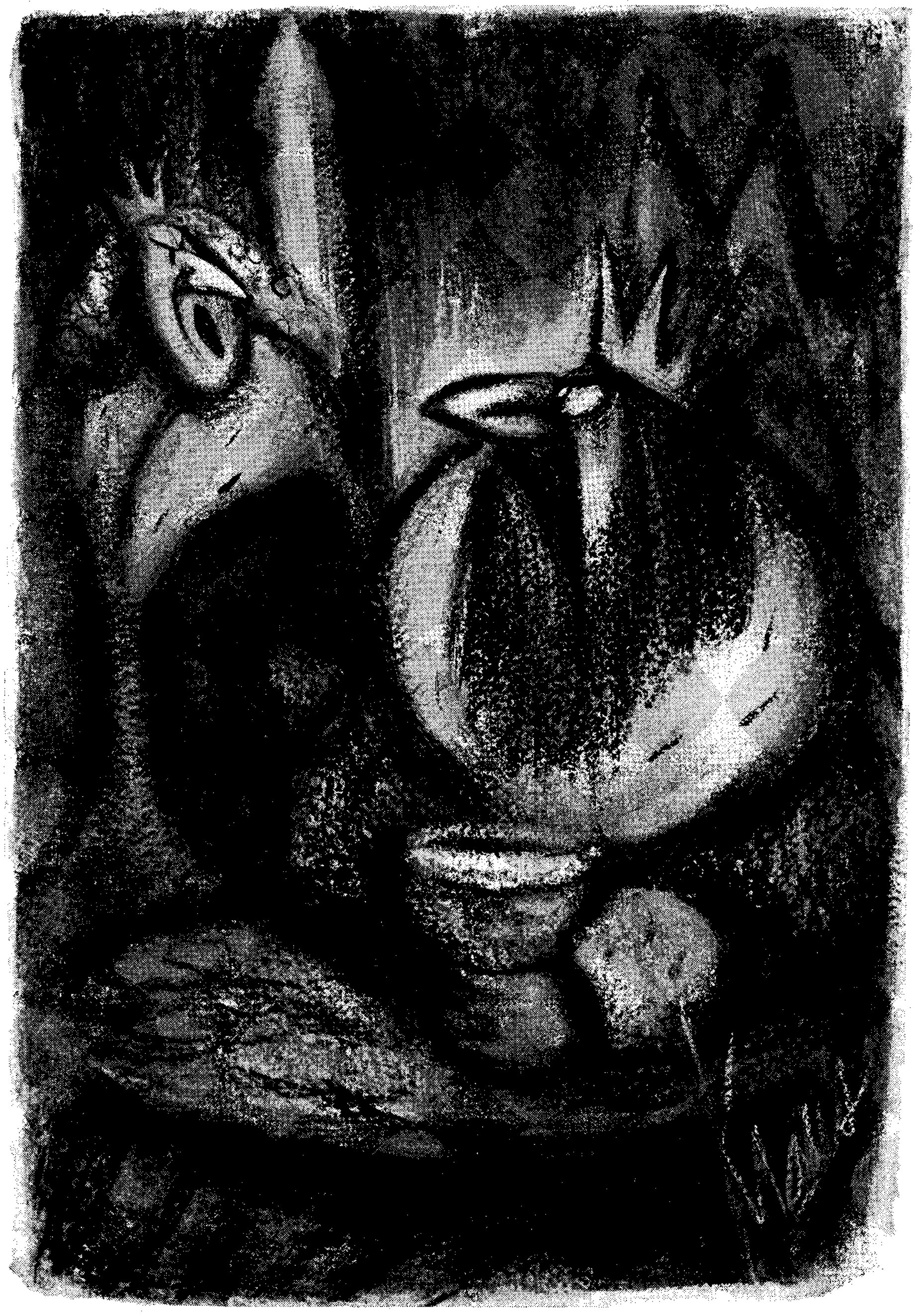
FRENCH cooking is in the air, *assurément.* Even before President and Mrs. Kennedy went off to sample it at its source, the White House, according to the papers, was going in for trout cooked in Chablis, beef *au jus,* and a dessert called Désir d'Avril, and right this minute we are looking at an announcement, printed on a card bearing an engraved rose branch, that runs, "*André Surmain a le plaisir de vous annoncer la Création du Restaurant Lutèce, 249 East 50th Street, New York City, et serait très honoré de vous y accueillir.*" This, along with a smaller card, reading, "*Pendant la Semaine d'Ouverture . . . nous organisons chaque soir un dîner de gala. . . . Dîner au Champagne $25.00. Cravate Noire,*" was turned over to us by a friend whose mail is more glamorous than ours. We missed the Opening Week, but we have since called, in mufti, on M. Surmain, a prepossessing man who, in the bar of his establishment, the whole of which occupies the two lower floors of a newly painted brownstone house extruding two large flagpoles flying the banners of the United States and France, pressed upon us a cocktail and a folder that bore on one side a seventeenth-century map of Paris and on the other a legend, in both French and English, reading (in English):

> Lutèce (from the Latin *Lutetia*, modification of Lucotetia, derived from the Celtic *louk-teih*, "place of the marshes") was the name of a village in Gaul prior to the Roman conquest. It was inhabited by a Celtic tribe, the Parisii, established on an island of the Seine—today's Ile de la Cité.
>
> Early in the fourth century, a stone road marker attests, Lutèce became known as Paris, acquiring its name from its first settlers.
>
> French gastronomy and its appreciation were born in Lutèce. The supremacy of Celtic cuisine was acknowledged even by the Roman conquerors. The Gauls were then unequalled in the art of salting and preserving meats; they particularly excelled in the preparation of hams, sausages and foie gras.
>
> These hardy Gallic pioneers were also viniculturists of the first rank; their wines came from southern Gaul, as well as from the Paris region where vineyards then abounded.
>
> Our restaurant is called Lutèce in tribute both to the ancestor of Paris and to the birthplace of gastronomy.

We asked the Fiftieth Street pioneer how the latter-day Lutèce—which stands, fittingly, on part of what used to be the marsh of Turtle Bay—came into being, and he obligingly took us back to his own birth, in Paris, in 1920. "My father, who was born in Egypt of a Strasbourg family, was in the antique business and then in the perfume business, and he then went into the cosmetics business," he said. "My mother was known as the mascara queen of France. I loved to cook as a child. At eight, I wrote some recipes, including one for Charlotte aux Nouilles. A terrible concoction!"

The creator of this offbeat pudding was in the French Army during the Second World War, was taken prisoner, escaped, came here in 1942, enlisted in the American Army, and served as a paratrooper in Normandy. "After being demobilized, I joined my father as co-owner of Aziza Eye Cosmetics, which he had established here," he said. "'Aziza' means 'darling' in Arabic. I travelled to department stores all over the country as its salesman. In 1954, we sold it to our distributor, who has since sold it to Chesebrough-Pond's. Our sale left me independently well off, but psychologically it was a bad turn; I didn't know what to do next. My wife and I—I had married a girl from Scarsdale named Nancy Eno Wormser—travelled around Europe for six months in a bus equipped for camping, and I then began to recultivate my old hobby of food. In the summers of 1955 and 1956, we took people on a gourmet holiday around France. I bought this house, and in the fall of 1956 James A. Beard and I started a cooking school in it, which ran for a year. I began to sell fancy canned foods to Varig Air Lines, and in 1957 I got the contract for feeding Varig out of New York to Brazil. I'm still an airline caterer—for Aeronaves de Mexico. I was food consultant to the Zeckendorf Hotels for a while—I helped develop the menu for Mon Plaisir when it opened at the Drake—and last year I began to plan a restaurant of my own. It's open for a *prix-fixe* lunch—eight-fifty, without drinks—from twelve to two and for dinner from six until ten, and has eighteen tables, four of them in the garden, seating a maximum of seventy-six. No banquettes. I have an aversion to banquettes. We have candles on every table, chandeliers in the ceilings, and tapestries on the walls; no background music except for the *accordéon musette* in the bar here; and twenty-two in help, including four chefs and a pastry chef. Our tablecloths are hand-woven Irish linen with hemstitching. All our glass is Baccarat, and our silverware is Christofle. We try to make people feel as though they were dining in their own house."

While we were reflecting that home



"Chop my head off. I dare you!"

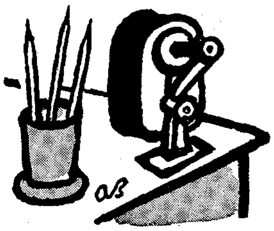
was never like this, M. Surmain produced a menu, thirteen inches by seventeen, with a cover consisting of a color print, framed in a gold-leaf border, of a nineteenth-century painting of French roses, by Redouté. The items listed, ranging from Crème Balzac to Croquembouche (Sur Commande), bore no prices. "Guests are given menus without prices," their purveyor said. "Hosts may receive priced menus."

"What's Le Gâteau de Nancy?" we asked, poking around among the desserts.

"It's a cake my wife bakes for us every day," M. Surmain said.

Within a matter of minutes, M. Surmain had conducted us to a table on the second floor, and there, in candlelight, we consumed a repast that, at our suggestion, he had selected: Demoiselle du Maine, Tournedos Lutèce, Pommes Gaufrette, Purée de Céleri Rave, Plateau de Fromages de France, and Le Gâteau de Nancy, the whole washed down with a *demi-bouteille* of Château Pétrus 1955 Pomerol Grand Cru. The Demoiselle, a young lobster, was followed by a silver fingerbowl in which five rose petals floated, and our host called our attention to vases of roses on the tables, roses on the Victorian marble mantel over the fireplace, and two paintings of roses on the walls. "Our whole motif is the rose," he said. "I have a hundred rosebushes in the garden."

Nancy joined us during the Gâteau and informed us that she had three small children upstairs, all under four. "They make a racket during the day, but we serve lunch anyway," she said.



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OVERHEARD at a Darien cocktail party attended by the immature, one young angel to another: "I used to think he was an intellectual, but he's turned out, you know, to be quite charming."

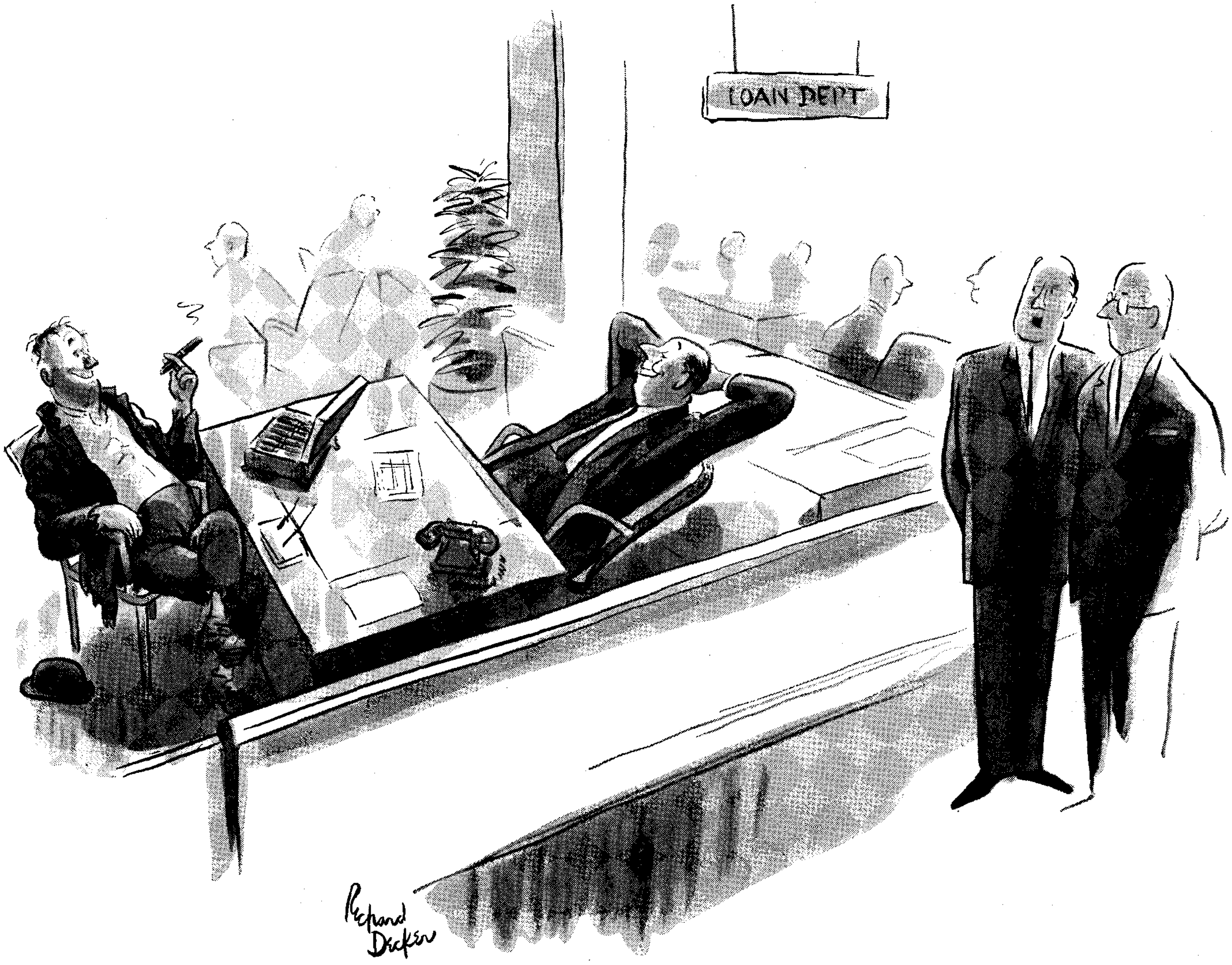
Pastimes

ON being informed by a friend in Washington that Senator Ellender of Louisiana is, in his spare time, a dedicated chef who makes a practice of serving weekly lunches to a dozen or so of his colleagues in a culinary hideout under the Capitol dome, we decided it might be interesting to look into the extracurricular pursuits of our ninety-nine other senators. Well, we scarcely know which is more remarkable—the variety of pastimes that senators pursue or the variety of pastimes they don't. On the one hand, to our astonishment, the United States Senate doesn't contain a single avowed stamp collector, coin collector, model-ship builder, crossword-puzzle solver, bowler, woodworker, or billiards player; on the other hand, it *does* contain a collector of carved elephants (Senator Bridges of New Hampshire), a collector of books about F.D.R. (Senator Anderson of New Mexico), a collector of guns (Hickenlooper of Iowa), and a collector of Chinese artifacts of the T'ang dynasty (Scott of Pennsylvania). If there are no senatorial pianists, there are two organists (Case of New Jersey and Prouty of Vermont), and if there are no regular concert- or operagoers, Senator Mansfield of Montana enjoys listening to Knuckles O'Toole and Joe (Fingers) Carr on hi-fi, Senator Long of Louisiana admires music enough to have invited the Dukes of Dixieland to perform in his office, and Senator Wiley of Wisconsin has said that his only recreation is listening to Mrs. Wiley play the piano.

The Senate lacks ardent players of either bridge or chess, but Senator McNamara of Michigan enjoys pitch, Senator Cotton of New Hampshire affirms that his "major mental exercise" is gin rummy, Senator Randolph of West Virginia carries a small set of magnetic checkers with him wherever he goes, and Senator Long of Hawaii carries a cribbage board. No senators do original paintings, but Senator Magnuson of Washington makes a hobby of copying other people's paintings. It appears that the senators, who have to undertake so much laborious reading in the line of duty—newspapers, periodicals, letters from constituents, and the like—are apt to turn for "light" reading to fairly heavy biographies and historical novels. However, Senator Long (of Haw., not La.) prefers the funnies, Senator Neuberger of Oregon peruses dictionaries, and Senator Kerr of Oklahoma goes for Westerns, while among the detective-story addicts are to be found Senator Cotton, Senator Bartlett of Alaska, and Senator Curtis of Nebraska. Ninety-eight senators read only in silence, but two read aloud as well; Senator and Mrs. Case read to each other in the evening, and Senator and Mrs. Douglas (Ill.) read to each other in the morning. Senator Proxmire of Wisconsin, who recently graduated from a rapid-reading class, is currently amusing himself by reading a book a day. "I can read from twelve hundred to two thousand words a minute," he says. "I go fastest on an easy book, like 'The Call of the Wild.' "

Long before getting to Jack London, Senator Proxmire began treating himself to morning calisthenics (seventy pushups, fifteen knee bends, and assorted stomach exercises) and walking two miles to work. Other senatorial walkers are Senator Cotton, Senator Bennett of Utah, Senators Hill and Sparkman of Alabama, Senator Byrd of Virginia, Senator Pastore of Rhode Island, Senator Cooper of Kentucky, and Senator Holland of Florida. Senator Sparkman is accompanied by three dogs, and Senators Byrd and Pastore by a dog apiece; the rest walk solo. As for golfers, the Senate boasts fifteen: Miller of Iowa, who shoots in the low seventies; Lausche of Ohio, Bush of Connecticut, Symington of Missouri, Goldwater of Arizona, Butler of Maryland, Young of North Dakota, Smathers of Florida, Fulbright of Arkansas, and Schoeppel of Kansas, who shoot in the eighties; Ellender of Louisiana, Kuchel of California, and Saltonstall of Massachusetts, who shoot in the nineties; Senator Bridges, who shoots in the low hundreds; and Senator Long (La., not Haw.), who likes to say, "I play Civil War golf—out in sixty, back in sixty-five."

Senator Pell of Rhode Island prefers running to either walking or golfing, and Senators Thurmond (S.C.) and Kefauver (Tenn.) prefer bicycling. Our own Senator Javits drives to work but likes to exercise in the House of Representatives gym, which he uses instead of the Senate gym because it has a handball court. Some three dozen senators make desultory use of their gym, steam baths, and massage tables, but a small band of ardent swimmers—Burdick (N.D.), Jackson (Wash.), Robertson (Va.), and Kefauver—take a dip practically every night in the Senate pool, which, we cannot resist telling you, is exactly four feet eight inches deep. About a third of the senators are fishermen and/or hunters. However, Senator Fong of Hawaii raises fish instead of killing them, and Senator Smith of Maine feeds birds instead of killing them. ("Birds are almost human in their regular daily activities," the Senator has said. "I think they're much more fascinating to study than people.") Eight senators consider cattle a pastime as well as a business. This group includes Senator Morse of Oregon, each of whose Devon bulls is named jointly



"Isn't Stevens taking this 'you have a friend at Chase Manhattan' thing too literally?"

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after him and one of his colleagues. (The bull Morse Yarborough recently won the championship at the Louisiana State University livestock show. Senator Yarborough of Texas was much pleased.)

Six senators mention tennis among their pastimes, ten mention riding, and five mention gardening. Three senators fly jets by way of relaxation, three go to baseball games, three watch TV, and three take photographs. Senator Ervin (N.C.) enjoys visiting Civil War battlefields, while Senator Humphrey (Minn.) says that when he is particularly tired he relaxes by cleaning house. Fifteen senators claim they are too busy for pastimes. Of these super-diligent souls, one is the oldest man in the Senate—Hayden of Arizona, who is eighty-three. Hayden's Arizona colleague, Senator Goldwater, has pastimes enough for all fifteen of these senators and scoffs at the notion that it's hard to find time to indulge them. "Hobbies are my hobby," Goldwater says. "That's one of the reasons I haven't got old-fogyish. I hunt, I fish, I golf, I hike, I skin-dive, I collect guns, I shoot, I take and develop photographs, I fly, I explore, I write, I read as many as six books at a time, I build and tinker with machinery, I construct hi-fi sets, and I've just finished plans for an automatic flagpole, which will have a motor that, being actuated by the rays of the sun, will haul up the flag in the morning and lower it neatly into a canister at night. I get along on four or five hours' sleep. I could no more sleep ten hours than jump off a cliff. If you wait for time, time never comes."

Cousin Caddie

WE'VE just heard the story of Cousin Caddie, the New York Philharmonic, and the cough drop, and we hasten to pass it along for the benefit of music lovers. Cousin Caddie, as she is invariably referred to by the members of her family, is an elderly lady who for more than twenty years has occupied the same aisle seat in the balcony at the Friday-afternoon concerts in Carnegie Hall and who is said to be the acknowledged Dean of Women in that section of the hall. She always has a supply of throat lozenges in her handbag, and if anybody in her neighborhood coughs, or looks as if he or she might be *about* to cough, Cousin Caddie gets one of the cough drops to the offender in a hurry. On a recent Friday afternoon, a lady sitting about five seats away from Cousin Caddie was seized with an acute fit of coughing. At the first rasp, Cousin Caddie, her eyes fixed on the conductor, dived into her handbag and passed a good-sized tablet down the aisle. The lady promptly popped it into her mouth, and she soon stopped coughing. Only after the performance did Cousin Caddie discover that what she had passed to the lady was not a cough drop but one of those tablets that florists hand out to their customers—a plant fertilizer designed to give flowers a longer life. The lady has not appeared again at the Friday-afternoon Philharmonic, but, as Cousin Caddie comfortably remarked to the members of her family, "she wasn't a regular subscriber anyway."

THE TRIGGER

THEY had decided not to speak to each other any more because all they could say were bitter things. There were long silences between them in which both realized they had nothing to say. Then she spoke and she said the wrong thing and knew it instantly because it made him angry or sad. Then he tried to say something amusing, and it sounded so stupid that both withdrew at once to let that nonsense pass and separate them even more. He knew that she was thinking, But how strange—this was an intelligent man, I admired him, I was caught by his intelligence, stricken, chained to his destiny for years only because of that, and listen to him now. . . . Knowing she thought it, he wished she would say it. The idea of goading her with some cruel remark tempted him, too, and he knew that she knew this and was careful, very, very careful not to say anything unkind. And even though her kindness was like oxygen to him, he felt it was unfair of her to use it as a shield or a weapon. But she was careful even before they stopped saying anything. Oh, how careful she was, how soft her voice became when the moment approached in which she would say, "We have been on the phone for fifty minutes, and I was in a hurry." Nothing of this kind any more, and no complaints, no egotistical remarks of the I-am-in-a-telephone-booth type, or I-am-still-dripping-and-the-windows-are-open. When love is young and strong, one can still treat it harshly; it will not even feel it. But not when it is all cut open and the surgeons have given up hope. They both held the telephone like a revolver with the trigger cocked, each wishing the other would be guilty of shooting. And she knew what he thought: When my work goes so badly and every good idea abandons me, you abandon me, too, instead of helping me. . . . And she knew furthermore why he did not say so. Also, those were the very words her husband had said to her when this man had come along, ten years before, and she had felt so guilty then, and who but this man had provided the answer and the acquittal? "Your husband is a fool. You are not indifferent. You are not an egotist, you are a woman. And by virtue of your feminine instinct, rather than acting like a person with a judgment of her own, you act as a thermometer; you indicate what goes on in the person you are close to. Can a thermometer be accused of cowardice or egotism?"

How she had liked that argument, how it had sustained her when her husband was beside himself with despair, and how quiet and superior this man had seemed. She could never then have pictured him threatening suicide, and behaving so basely, and showing such complete lack of self-respect.

All that was in their silences now, marked by the ticking in the telephone, which helped create the illusion of their sitting together in a cinema and watching some old silent film.

"What is this ticking noise?" she asked.

"A ticking noise, what else? No one is listening in. Thank God. They would think we were insane, to stand here and say nothing for hours."

"I guess they would."

And still the gun was kept on trigger. Recriminations are so useless, he thought. Your fault, my fault, you said this, I did that, I said this, you did that. . . . The eternal theme of right and wrong. Solitude, keep me company, solitude, sing my song. . . . "It rhymes," he whispered to himself.

"What did you say?"

"Nothing."

"Please, darling, tell me. You know women are curious."

That word. That good, good word. He could have put his teeth into it.

"Well? Does it take so long to decide?"

"Decide what?" he asked.

"To tell me."

"Tell you what?"

"What you were whispering to yourself before."

"Oh, nonsense. Why do you have to know?"

"I told you—because women are curious."

"Women? Why do you say 'women' all of a sudden? Are you not a woman?"

"Of course I am."

"Then why not say, 'I am curious'?"

"But what is it, darling? Every word I speak seems to antagonize you. Shall I hang up?"

"If you want to, go ahead."

"Of course I don't want to. But why this hurt tone? What have I said?"

"Nothing. Nothing. Nothing. There was a time you said so many things. Now you never say anything."

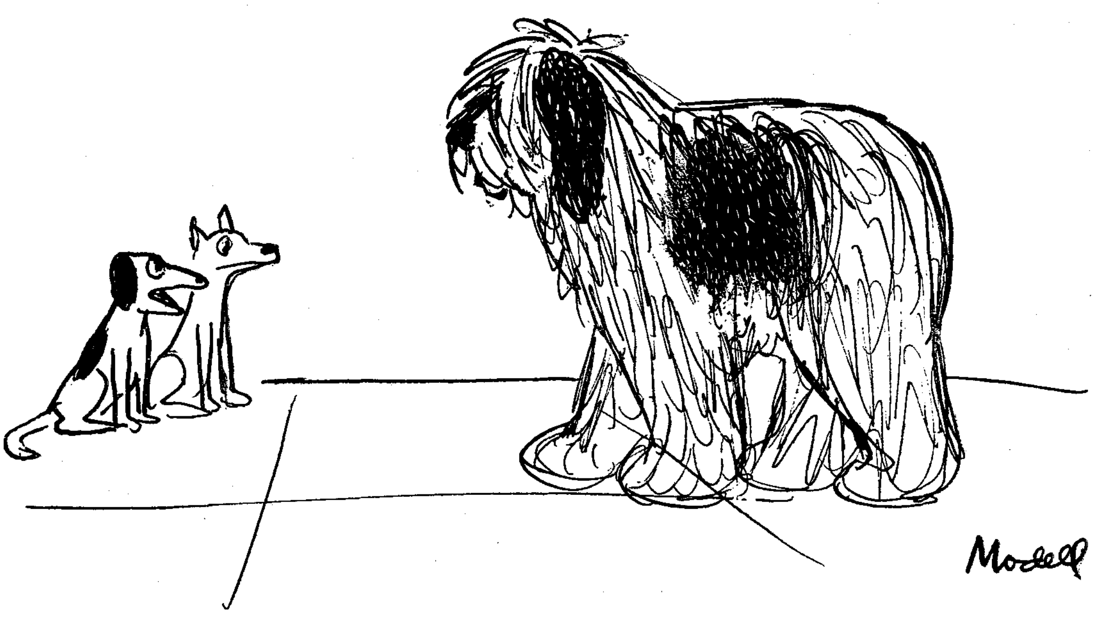
"If this is what you feel, why do we go on talking?"

"Talking, you said? Would you call this a conversation?"

Now the silence was hers, and it seemed painful, probably full of tears. He witnessed it blindly without knowing what he was witnessing, because his certainty came only from his own corner of solitude, in which two feelings, like the red and white lenses of a light tower, lend their color to the beam and announce to the world that it is red or white. When it was love he felt, he knew that she was crying; when contempt, he imagined her cold and contemptuous as he was.

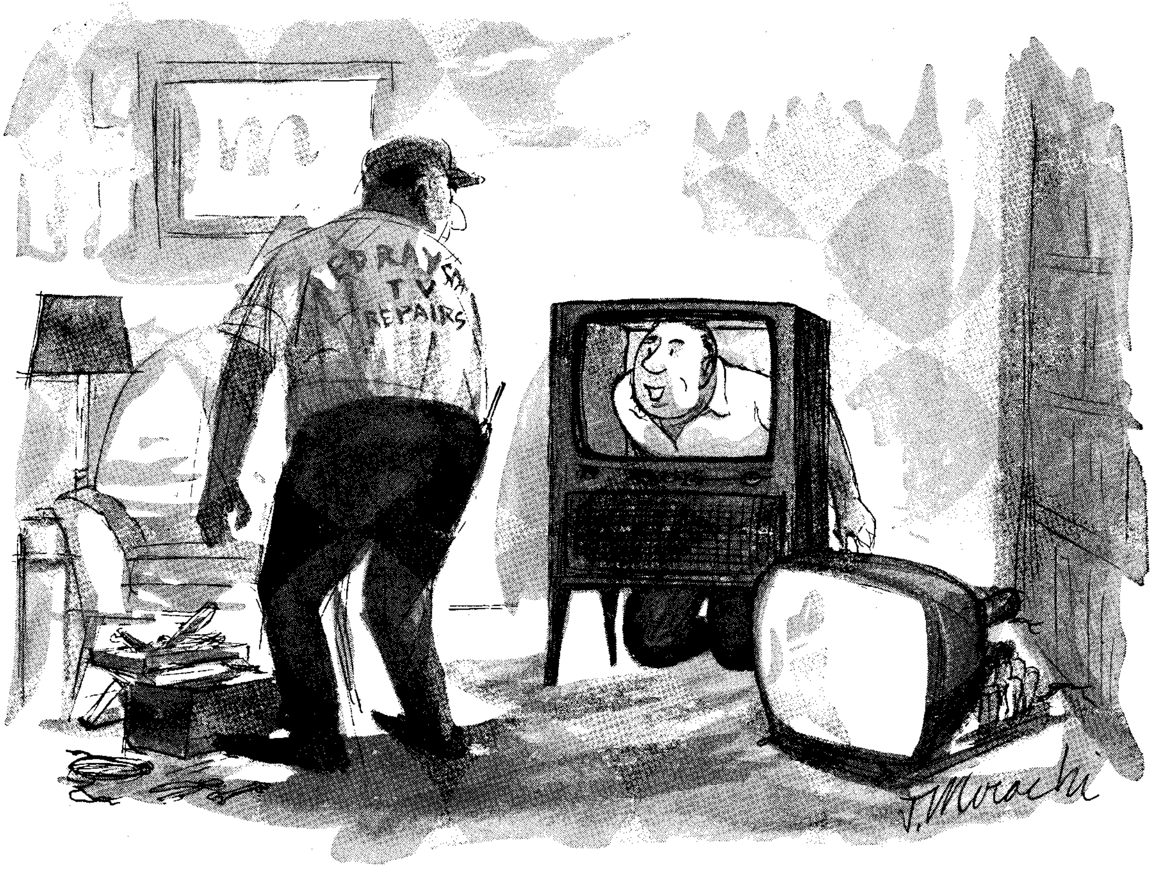
"Well?" he asked, breathing heavily into the telephone.

He thought he heard a sob, but what he knew he heard, a fraction of a second afterward, was the trigger go down, slowly, very slowly, perhaps because she still



"You never know what they're thinking."

loved him too much to go on torturing him so, or perhaps she despised him too much to let him take part in her sorrow. Down it was on her side and down it came on his side, too. "The beast," he said, "the stupid fool!"—not knowing whether he meant himself or her. Because he did not know whether she had hung up on him or he on her. He could imagine her reply, still in the form of a question ("And what else could I do, after what you had said to me?"), to his terrible question, which had been a reply.



"Hey, Ed. Have a happy!"

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A LOVER and a telephone left alone in a room can destroy a whole city. What a charge of artillery, shot through the cables under the street and, up the walls, cleverly calculated and dialled on the black wheel of Fortune, rings into sleeping ears and shatters empty apartments, asking, in that shrill tone, "Where is she now? Where is she? What is she doing away from me? Who sees her cry? Who trespassed on those furrows in her face that I have sown with tears?"

By five o'clock she was still missing from the world, so he took to the bottle. "*In vino veritas!*" he said to himself. Never again shall I be such a fool! It is only when we recapture our own dignity that we know what we have lost or are about to lose. Why love should always bring in its wake this world of calculations, fears, pains and repairs, recoveries and funerals, one never knows, but this seems to be in its nature. First you must think that it will never end, then that it cannot last, and if you don't firmly believe the first thing, you can never even begin to understand the second—as if this were a privilege with the punishment attached to it. Counting the wasted time, the losses and the horrors in which every brief moment of joy came wrapped, the fears of uncertain hope, the pains of certain parting, it seems madness, real madness. Never again!

When *vino veritas* began to fade, he took to poetry. *In veritate vinum!* It was worth it, it was all worth it! Pain was joy, loss was gain, all we must find is the right words—those that will lift the burden from the heart and change it into a bird, a beautiful white bird. Oh, how it glitters in the blue, how it swims in the wind. . . . But then it fell again, because someone had called and it was the wrong voice. Nine o'clock and she was still missing from the world. He went to bed and could not sleep. So he looked at the window and it was crying, crying all the tears of the rain, letting itself be scarred from the right and the left with lines of sorrow that distorted the view. "Who cares?" he said. "Who cares, even if the whole world were to go blind forever, she has not telephoned, the good days of my life are no more, there is nothing worth living for in here, no one's expected." And he went off to sleep.

But then he woke and heard a noise, a strange, hammering noise, and he looked at his window and it was shaking, it was being battered by the wind. "Who cares?" he said. "Who cares if it breaks, if the storm lifts the bedsheets and the carpet, if the papers are scattered and the furniture stained? She has not telephoned." And he went back to sleep.

But then he woke and saw a light—a strange, glittering light that crept under his pillow, as if a whole police squad had come in from the sky to torture him, to question him. So he sat up and looked at the window and it was staring, staring terribly at him with all the whitest anger of the storm imprinted on the dark, and "Who cares?" he said. "Who cares, even if the whole world were to be set on fire? No one hides in my arms any more, so now stare, my poor window, stare and see! See that my blood is dry, see that I'm dead, see that this room is empty!"

—NICCOLÒ TUCCI

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RECITAL

ROGER BOBO GIVES
RECITAL ON TUBA
—*Headline in the Times.*

Eskimos in Manitoba,
Barracuda off Aruba,
Cock an ear when Roger Bobo
Starts to solo on the tuba.

Men of every station—Pooh-Bah,
Nabob, bozo, toff, and hobo—
Cry in unison, "Indubi-
Tably, there is simply nobo-

Dy who oompahs on the tubo,
Solo, quite like Roger Bubo!"

—JOHN UPDIKE

TWO QUESTIONS

BELIEVING that she was dying, and certain she would die before the end of the year, Mrs. Glover told her son Digby to choose the place they—she and Digby and Janet, his fiancée—would go to for their holiday in June. Digby's and Janet's vacation problems were beyond her now; they would have to begin making plans of their own.

But all the decisions of Digby's life, save one, had been made by his mother. Greatly dismayed by the prospect of freedom, the cause of which he had not been informed, he carried a number of Royal Automobile Club maps into his mother's sitting room and spread them on the floor. Crouching, he stared at the black tracings—the winding highways, the names of strange towns. Here there would be mountains, he said to himself, and that was certainly the sea. It seemed to him that he and his mother and Janet had been to every possible country, and had started over from the beginning years before. His hands, shuffling the maps, were aimless and weather-burned; his shrug had something of the adolescent's "Leave me alone." Digby was thirty-four.

"There," he said, having made, he thought, a picture of Western Europe, with most of the pieces in place. He looked up, smiling, with one hand over Spain. He held a cigarette in the other hand, and tried to be careful about the ash; but he was not careful enough, and his mother watched without saying anything as it lengthened and fell.

Because Mrs. Glover never quite asked for anything she wanted, or said plainly what she would like, Digby could not know now that she did not wish to go abroad at all. If this was to be her last June, as the doctors had said it might be, she wanted to spend it in London, listing the furniture and the linen and preparing instructions about the change from summer to winter curtains. He felt the weight of an unexplained silence, and supposed that even though he had said nothing except "There," it had probably been the wrong thing. He returned his attention to the floor and its terrible possibilities. He could not understand these maps, which were so simple when he was driving somewhere and had been told where to go, and so muddy when they presented a conundrum, as they did today. He rocked on his toes, whistled, shifted his hand, saw where it had been resting. He said he expected they could go to Spain.

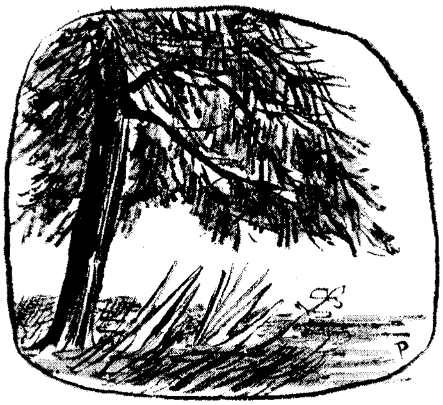
"You and Janet met in Spain," said Mrs. Glover. "Is that why you want to go back there now?"

Digby had forgotten about having ever met her anywhere. He did not say so. He could not always tell where his mother was leading him, and had learned to take care.

"Oh, Janet," he said; or it may have been "*Old* Janet." The tone suggested the second.

Looking down on Digby, Mrs. Glover remembered her death, with the satisfaction of someone whose mouth is obstinately closed on a secret. She knew that everyone, including old Janet, would be shocked and astonished when they heard of her long, concealed decline. She knew they would say that her death was a blessing for Digby and a release. Without his mother to thwart him, Digby would do whatever he liked. But Digby did not want to do anything. Crouched at his mother's feet, he seemed to her as incapable of deciding anything as the day he was born. Murmuring over his maps, burning holes in the carpet, he represented not so much a piece of her heart as one of her last commissions on earth. Mrs. Glover had lived for many years as though expecting to be run over by a bus; her affairs were in order. She believed she could have died in a minute, without a word of complaint, had there not remained two questions of disposal. One was this house in London, which she cherished; the other was Digby, her bachelor son.

The disposal of Digby caused her anxiety, but the fate of the house caused her pain. Digby, though puzzled, would not mourn her long. He would continue driving about in hairy pullovers and gym shoes, and reading publications about motoring, and he would go on contributing to one of them—mostly paragraphs about restaurants in which he had luckily not been swindled. He would say that his mother had gone to a better place, and that he was bound to turn up there, too, eventually. That was the total Digby, in his mother's eyes, except for one unexplained action. One night, seven years ago, in a village in Spain, Digby had become engaged to healthy Janet Crawley, who, with three other girls from her office, was staying at the Glovers' hotel. For a time, Mrs. Glover had feared he might actually marry Janet. She had no great fear of losing Digby but did not want to acquire Janet as well. She had feared he might marry Janet; now that she knew she was dying, she feared he never would.



Digby must marry Janet for the sake of the house. It was a narrow, three-storied house, to which she had given all the obsessive passion she had once felt for India. A perfectionist, she could not really love a human being. Human beings were imperfect, and resisted her. Something in the nature of people—even Digby's nature—said "Hands off." India had been a vast idea, and Indians dying were poetic; but then they tried to trade mystery for politics, and lost Mrs. Glover. But the house was herself. It had not opposed her, and was unlikely to disappoint her or develop a will of its own. She had it on a ninety-five-year leasehold, which was certainly longer than one could ever expect to keep a husband or a son. The lease would not expire until 2032; Digby would fill at least thirty years of the span—forty, if Janet looked after him—and then, unless poor Janet had waited too long to marry, there would be heirs. Until 2032, then, the house must stand. Mrs. Glover's shade would be there, but she could not depend on its powers. Her husband had died, her friends had vanished; she doubted the powers of ghosts.

Digby, still breathing heavily and talking to himself, traced the eastern coast of Spain with his thumb. "We could go where we went that other time," he said, pursuing his bright idea. "Where I met Janet, as you say."

"Did you like Spain?"

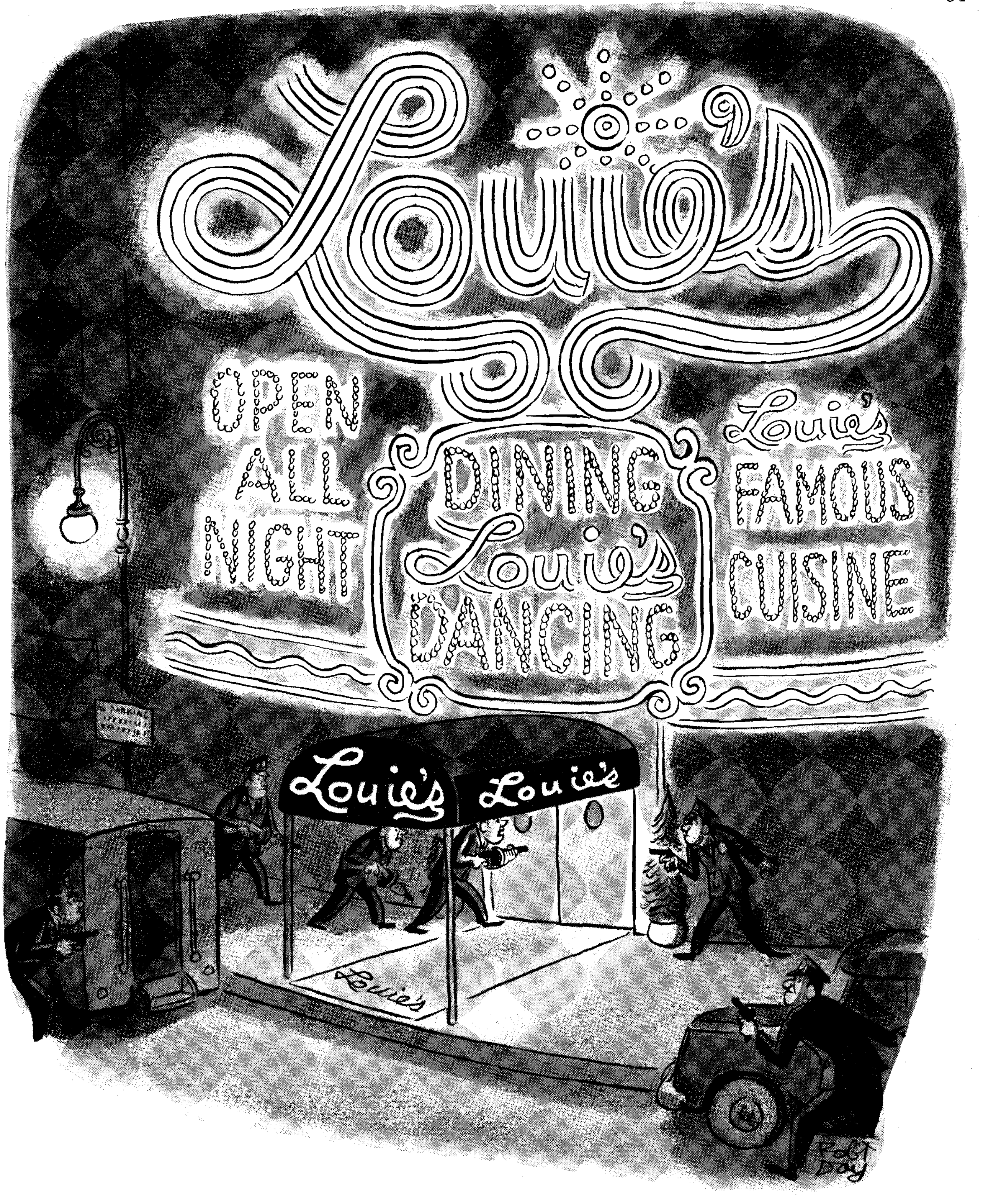
"You don't have to like a place just because you go there for holidays," he said.

"Tell me something else then. Think before you answer. Do you like this room?"

Digby looked around him and said, "It's not bad, but all that pale stuff gets dirty."

"What about Janet? Has Janet ever said anything about the room?"

"*I* don't know. She asked me if all the stuff was ours, once. I mean from our people. I told her no, from antique places and auctions. I told her it was something like Georgian and French. I suppose that was right."


Louie's
OPEN ALL NIGHT
DINING
Louie's
DANCING
Louie's FAMOUS CUISINE
Louie's
Louie's
Louie's
Robt Day

“Come on out, Louie! We know you’re in there!”

• •

“Would Janet mind about its being so pale if she lived here?”

“Janet probably has things fixed the way she wants them at home,” he said reasonably. “Tell me if it’s all right about Spain. I’ve got to fix it up with old Janet and fix up the tickets and all that.”

It was Mrs. Glover’s habit to allow Digby the last word. Looking contented—for he had silenced her, he thought—he rolled his maps and slid them into containers. She wondered what he would say if she were to tell him this was to be her last June, and consequently their last journey abroad. She had refused the operation the doctor had offered; it seemed to her that Digby should know without having been told. But, as always, Digby was unable to see into her mind. He might not have believed what he saw; he might have supposed, with reason, that anyone able to dwell on her own death with so

ZORINI
THE HUMAN CANNONBALL
Alan Dunn

• •

much distance could not believe in it either. In truth, Mrs. Glover realized that she had not yet understood, and she did not believe for a moment that she would not be here, a year later, saying, "That was my last spring."

TOWARD the middle of June, when Janet's annual holiday began, Janet and Digby and Mrs. Glover flew from London to Barcelona. At Barcelona they crossed the city by taxi and got into a bus. Janet enthusiastically recognized it as the bus she had taken on her last trip to Spain, seven years before. Mrs. Glover could not remember anything about it. During the bus drive—ninety miles—Digby sat by himself. He believed himself to be desperately sick in anything moving unless he was at the wheel, and in the course of their long engagement Janet had learned not to argue. She sat beside Mrs. Glover and watched the backs of Digby's ears turn dead white. He would not take anything for his indisposition, would not even eat less than usual before a trip. He refused to roll down the window so as to have a little air. He told the two women to let him alone.

Janet plainly was feeling a little squeamish herself after the bumpy air trip, but she kept up a conversation with Mrs. Glover about the cycles of life. She was accustomed to thinking of older parties first, and feared that if she sat there saying nothing Mrs. Glover would think her impolite.

"Every seven years a new cycle of life begins," said Janet, talking with the clarity of extreme nausea. "It is exactly seven years since you and Digby and the girls and I all met in Spain."

"Digby is being sick," said Mrs. Glover.

They finished the journey in the last hour of the blazing afternoon. The heat inside the bus was stifling; the countryside was as unwelcoming as Mrs. Glover remembered it. At the hotel, they parted with the speechless animosity of people who have travelled badly.

When they all three met again for dinner, Janet carried an angora stole. She declared the holiday officially open. "Oh, lovely," she said, of nothing at all. Their table in the dark dining room had been spread with perspiring tomatoes and garlic sausages. There was a bottle of brackish water, and a lump of bread apiece. Janet smiled and sat down and said, "Yes, every seven years. Digby darling, take that little bit of pepper out of the sausage, it will give you the most frightful tummy ache, especially after what happened this afternoon on the bus. When I was seven, or something *like* seven, Hitler came to power. Digby was nearly seven when his father died."

"Why doesn't he bring us some wine?" said Digby, looking round.

"Don't bother," said Janet. "I'll catch his eye. When I was fourteen—another seven years, you see—I was confirmed. By a coincidence, that was the year the war broke out. There he is. . . . *Vino, camarero, por favor.* Digby, I don't mind drinking that water, and I believe in drinking the water of a country, and smoking the cigarettes of a country, but I imagine your mother might want something better."

Mrs. Glover could not have said just what she had been doing here seven years before. She and Digby had come into a valley, she remembered, and seen a village of white paint and stone. There was a fair, and a grove of chestnut trees, and beyond that the umbrella pines that told them they were nearing the sea. They had driven from the treeless interior, and because of the trees and the anticipation of the sea Mrs. Glover had told Digby to stop. It was too late to drive on to Barcelona that night, she said, and the pleasure of waiting for the sea might be better than the truth of it, which was likely to be dirty and hot. Janet and her three office friends were in the hotel, as if waiting for Digby. They had been victims of a travel-bureau fraud. They had paid for an all-in holiday, had given up their travel allowances, and *look* at the place! Disaster made them bold enough to speak; Digby was tall and English and competent-looking. The four girls fell on his neck.

". . . life," Mrs. Glover suddenly heard. "At twenty-one," said Janet, tearing bread, "I had a tragic experience."

They knew. Her first lover, recovering from a broken ankle, developed pneumonia and died in a day. Seven years later, still inconsolable because unclaimed, she met the Glovers here.

"And now we are all back again, and nothing has changed," said Janet, with a fall in her voice, as if the subject had finally ended. "Nothing has changed. That's what I mean to say about life."

Nothing had changed except Janet, Mrs. Glover thought. The dining room was unquestionably as it had been, and Digby was much as ever; he still fancied himself a sporting figure, in his Tyrolian pullovers. As for Mrs. Glover, her passion for furniture and arranging rooms had led her to resemble a piece of furniture—but had she not always? There were photographs of her taken thirty years before that a clever caricaturist could have turned into something stiff and unremarkable—a Parigiano ballroom chair.

"There is a fair, Digby," said Janet. "I saw it when we were coming into the village this afternoon. I think we might go and look at it."

Janet has changed, Mrs. Glover thought. She is the only one of us who has become someone else.

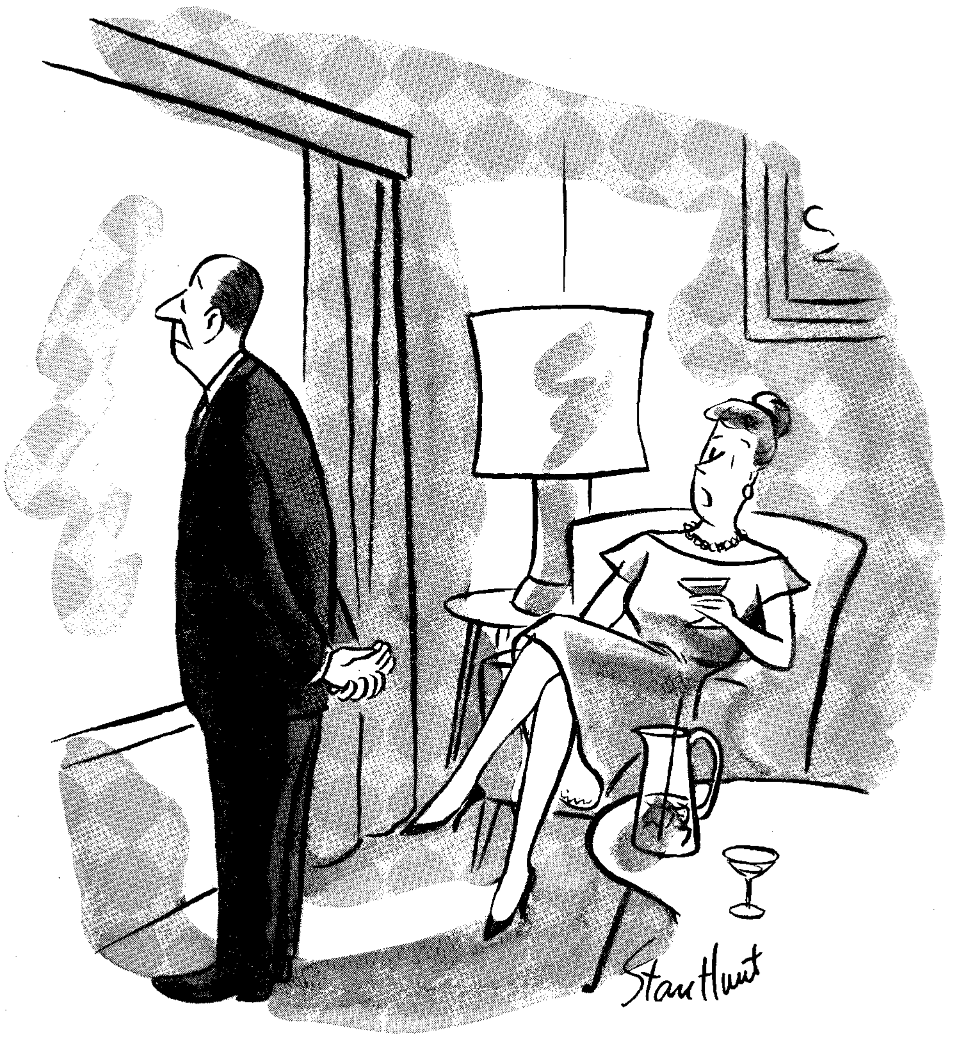
AT twenty-eight, Janet had worshipped Digby across the table with a look that must have been, for him, a new kind of mirror. He stared back at this image, gave orders, and began showing off. Janet could stammer out only the barest facts about herself. She lived with her parents, who were vegetarians. Her father had been a clerk with a shipping line out in India. She had a job; she was not a typist or a secretary but something more important. She really ought to have been farther along than she was, she had told them, blushing steamily, but in her field all the opportunities went to men. To Mrs. Glover, who knew little about jobs of any kind, it sounded astonishing, gritty, and rather hot. She changed the topic and said that Digby, too, had been in India as a child.

"Ah, no, not really?" cried Janet, clasping her hands. Wasn't the world small? You met someone in Spain, in a forsaken village, and discovered you were both in India at the same time. Digby looked modest and felt praised. But Janet became silent when told that Digby's father had not been with the Army, or Shell, or anything like that, but had gone out there with his wife and son because he liked it. Liked doing what? said Janet. Why, nothing, Mrs. Glover said. They liked India; that was all.

Well, Janet had heard some funny things in her life, as they were often to hear her say, but when she heard about Digby's father and mother in India for no reason to speak of, she pursed her lips as if to whistle. It *was* odd. The three girls from Janet's office seemed to agree with her. They glanced at Digby's hands to see if he hadn't a touch of colored blood. Digby at that instant looked questioning, blunt, and plain, as if the most innocent elements of parental behavior had always been a mystery to him, too. To Digby, none of the reasons for choosing mattered; he had never heard of freedom. His mother had taken India up and put it down. She admired India, and then it fell from her personal tree and smashed to bits. Digby didn't care. What he wondered now was, what made people go to hot, dangerous places? Why should his father have died in Madras, where there was cholera, instead of dying in England, of some homely ailment, on a moist afternoon? Janet's expression gave the question form. That night, under the chestnut trees next to a fairground, Digby and Janet became engaged.

The morning after the engagement, Janet took Mrs. Glover for a walk and showed her the place where she and Digby had been sitting. She indicated a rock, but Mrs. Glover looked at the flattened grass beside it. "You had a pretty view," she said, pointing to the pine trees on the opposite bank. But Janet had lost her blush.

The mystery to Mrs. Glover was that Digby had ever got as far as that; he was such an uninspired boy. She wondered if he had followed seduction with remorse, and asked Janet to marry him on that account. In any event, he had got no farther. Janet had brought to life, with one unbelieving expression, part of a total secret he had been wondering about for years, but he had no more questions to put; there was nothing for Janet to answer. They had never married. He lived at home with his mother, and Janet had her absorbing job. Except for one three-week holiday every summer, he and Janet seldom saw each other alone. There was no other way, was there? Not short of marriage. Janet lived with her family, Digby's mother seldom dined out, and women like Janet do not make love in doorways. It seemed to Mrs. Glover, at times, that



"Well, I think it's silly to think of yourself as a failure just because you're so successful."

Digby had a wife in London and that Janet was a girl he took abroad.

Actually, with her clamp hold on three weeks of his life every year, Janet was about as wifelike as anything Digby had imagined. One year, having become dazzled by another girl, a jolly girl who drove an Aston Martin, he tried to put off taking Janet abroad; he hinted. Janet instantly vanished from his life, and returned his ring by registered post. It was a small diamond-and-turquoise ring that had belonged to Mrs. Glover's girlhood, and she was pleased to see it again; all the same, she urged a reconciliation. She was quite certain that Janet and Digby would never marry, while the Aston Martin girl was far too lively to keep, and might be noisy about the house.

"You'd better ring Janet up, Digby," she had said.

"She doesn't expect it."

But in the end he gave in, his mother invented such a moving picture of Janet, puffy and swollen-eyed, not too far from the telephone, not too near: Janet, who had given him the best of her life, starting with twenty-eight. She described, so that it was too real to bear, Janet's mother washing the leaves of the plants with weak tea, while the father constructed a ship in a bottle. It was enough to get Digby to the telephone and urge Janet to come out of there, if only for an evening. Actually, he knew it wasn't as bad as all that; not entirely. The Crawleys lived in Putney, and ate rice, and had a garden and quite a lot of Oriental brass.

"I SUPPOSE," said Janet, with slightly more tension this time, "we might as well go to the fair." She looked meaningfully at Digby; he ought to be helping his poor old mother up the stairs, and suggesting tactfully that she go to bed. He did nothing of the kind. He sent a waiter for his mother's wrap, and they all three set out together, as they had often done the summer of the engagement.

"It's quite a climb," said Digby, looking up at the slope and the chestnut trees and the rising lights of the fair.

"What an extraordinary moon," said Janet. "You can see everything."

Mrs. Glover, possessed by pain that was now silvery and quick, now black and square, said, "Nonsense, Digby, it's no climb at all. . . . Yes, Janet, that is a full moon." On this hill, Digby had proposed to Janet. The lovers passed the place without remembering it, but Mrs. Glover hesitated and saw the rock and remembered the grass. "But where are the pines?" she said. "Those beautiful pine trees." There was no answer; the others had gone on.

Upon a raised platform, couples from the village shuffled and stared. The orchestra consisted of one accordion, one drummer, one horn. Nearby was a life-size cardboard bull, before which one could be photographed. "Fancy," said Janet vaguely, as if she were trying to see herself and Digby and Mrs. Glover having their picture taken with the bull. Mrs. Glover imagined it clear-

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LETTER WRITTEN ON A FERRY CROSSING LONG ISLAND SOUND

I am surprised to see
that the ocean is still going on.
Now I am going back
and I have ripped my hand
from your hand as I said I would
and I have made it this far
as I said I would
and I am on the top deck now,
holding my wallet, my cigarettes,
and my car keys
at two o'clock on a Tuesday
in August of 1960.

Dearest,
although everything has happened,
nothing has happened.
The sea is very old.
The sea is the face of Mary,
without miracles or rage
or unusual hope,
grown rough and wrinkled
with incurable age.

Still,
I have eyes.
These are my eyes:
the orange letters that spell
"ORIENT" on the life preserver
that hangs by my knees,
the cement lifeboat that wears
its dirty canvas coat,
the faded sign that sits on its shelf
saying "KEEP OFF."
Oh, all right, I say,
I'll save myself.

Over my right shoulder
I see four nuns
who sit like a bridge club,
their faces poked out
from under their habits,
as good as good babies who
have sunk into their carriages.
Without discrimination,
the wind pulls the skirts
of their arms.
Almost undressed,
I see what remains:
that holy wrist,
that ankle,
that chain.

Oh, God,
although I am very sad,
could you please
let these four nuns
loosen from their leather boots
and their wooden chairs
to rise out
over this greasy deck,
out over this iron rail,
nodding their pink heads to one side,
flying four abreast
in the old-fashioned side stroke,
each mouth open and round,
breathing together
as fish do,
singing without sound.

Dearest,
see how my dark girls sally forth,
over the passing lighthouse of Plum Gut,
its shell as rusty
as a camp dish,
as fragile as a pagoda
on a stone,
out over the little lighthouse
that warns me of drowning winds
that rub over its blind bottom
and its blue cover—
winds that will take the toes
and the ears of the rider
or the lover.

There go my dark girls;
their dresses puff
in the leeward air.
Oh, they are lighter than flying dogs
or the breath of dolphins;
each mouth opens gratefully,
wider than a milk cup.
My dark girls sing for this:
They are going up.

Here are my four dark girls.
See them rise
on black wings, drinking
the sky, without smiles
or hands
or shoes.
They call back to us
from the gauzy edge of paradise,
good news, good news.

—ANNE SEXTON

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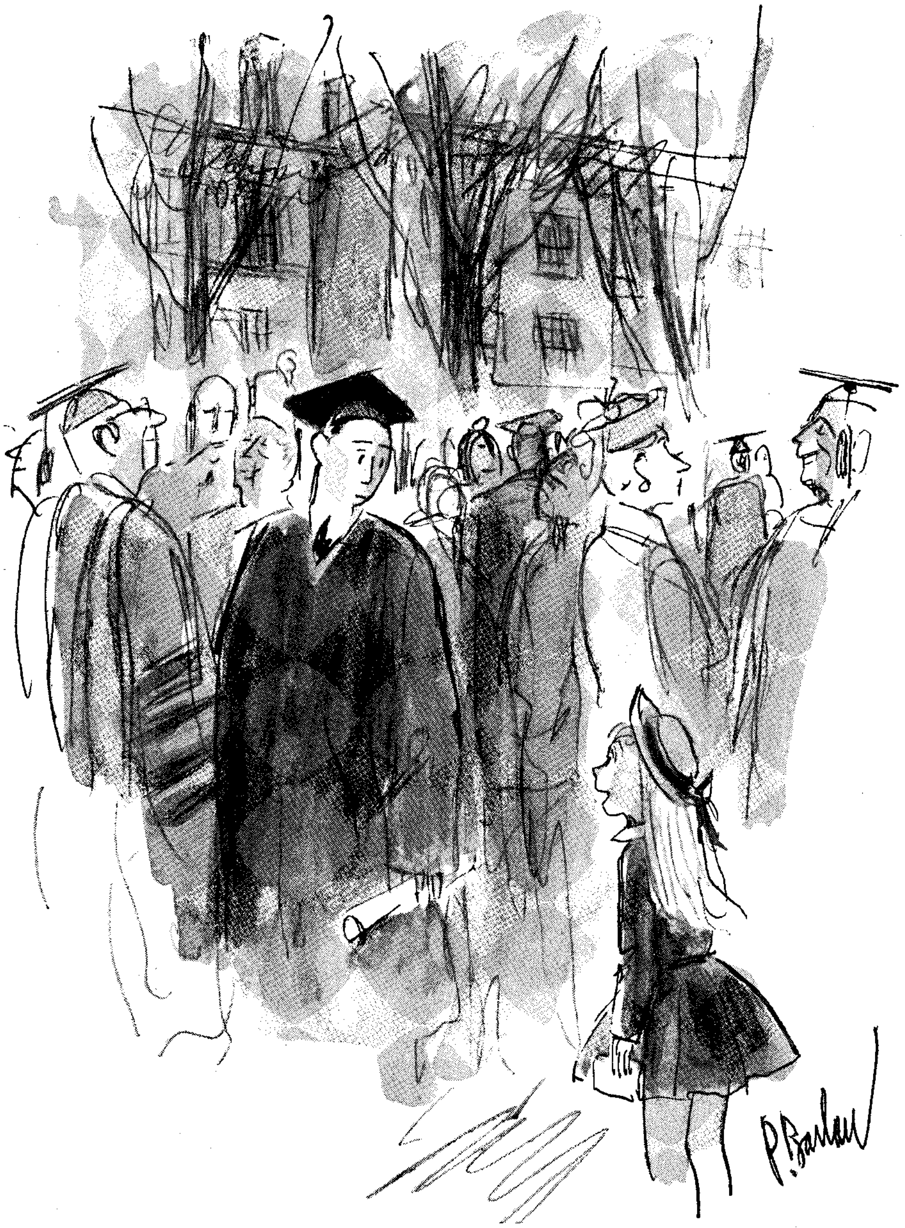


"Name the three largest countries in South America and give the chief export of each."

• •

ly, and walked on. "Be careful, you two," said Janet, for her attention was held by the booths and the dancers, and she feared that the Glovers, without her constant solicitude, might come to grief.

Digby was increasingly fretful. In India, when he had been a funny, jaundiced-looking little boy, his mother had taken him to a fair in the hills where jewels were piled in sea shells; there had been shells of sapphires and emeralds and a large shell full of pearls. One pearl was like the moon. "I want that one," Digby said, and she had replied, "You shall have it," meaning that one got what one wanted out of life.

"Take care, you two," came Janet's voice. She had stopped now to examine the treasures offered in a stall—paperweight guitars, and sombrero ashtrays. She looked gravely at them, considering. Digby wore an expression Mrs. Glover remembered from his childhood. It meant "I am going to be very naughty now." Poor boy, thought Mrs. Glover, and she took his arm. I never understood that you meant what you said about the pearl, and I never said what I meant; is it any wonder you have grown puzzled? . . . She might have told him, "Digby, they say I am dying, and you must marry Janet for the sake of the house," and that would have been saying what she meant, for once, but just then she heard him mutter that it had been a mistake, coming here.

"You're tired," he said.

"I'm not!"

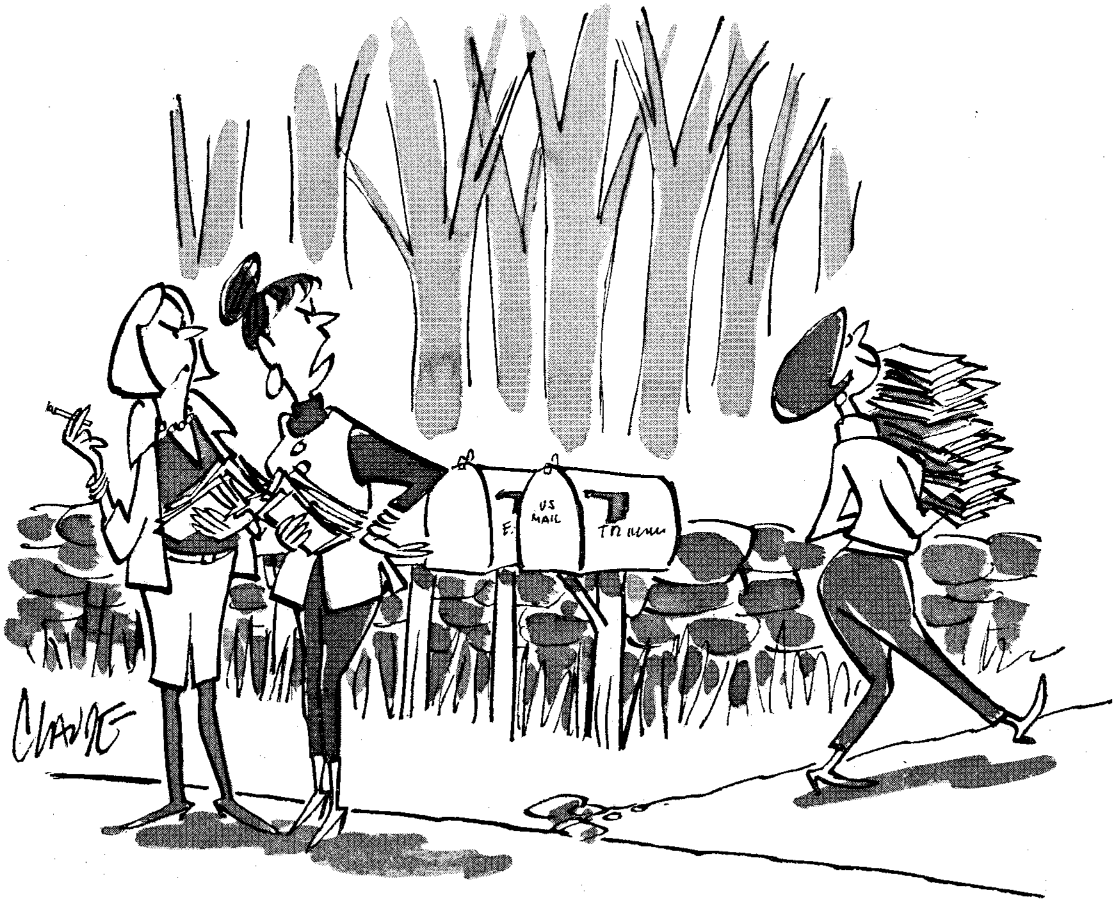
"Well, you're not enjoying it."

"Perhaps Janet is." She looked around, but Janet was lost. "Digby," she said, "see if you can find Janet. I shall be there," she said, pointing, "you see, between the fairground and those pine trees." For that hadn't been the rock, of course; she had been mistaken. The proposal had taken place on this side of the fairground. "I shall sit down on the first rock I come to, and I shall wait. Bring Janet when you find her, and we can all go back. I don't think we're liking Spain."

"You might be cold," he protested. Had he always been this concerned? She sat down, after he had left her, not far from the place where Janet had held out her hand and said "Digby asked me to marry him there." The fair and the chestnut trees were behind her; the pine trees held out their weighted branches on the opposite slope. They no longer gave their promise of the sea. She saw them in the summer moonlight, stripped to the bark, hung with thousands, no, millions, of white cocoons. There, she thought, as if it had never occurred to her until now; everything dies.

THAT night she dreamed the dream that was becoming a common landscape now. It was a long Galsworthy- or Walpole-like family tale, in which Mrs. Glover was not herself at all but a thin, dark-haired girl named Amabel. As Amabel, she journeyed with a young mother, four or five sisters, a governess, and a butler to spend long, sunny holidays beside the sea. She saw the bright rooms of the house, breathed the sea air, touched cups and curtains sticky with it, shook jellyfish out of her bathing costume, saw the morning sun in squares on the bedroom walls, smelled her dream sisters' salty young hair on the pillows. And she knew, waking, that she was being drugged and softened and prepared by this dream so that she would go, without fighting, into oblivion, and she knew that, one night, on a journey as Amabel, with the mother and the pastel sisters and a charming young butler, she would die in her sleep.

Ah, but she had no desire to die that way; not, at least, until she was forearmed. The pleasure of the repeated dream must be stopped; for supposing she did dissolve into Amabel, and then from Amabel into someone else? She would no longer remember the worry of having once been Mrs. Glover, but that still left Digby and the unsolved problem of the house. Those promises from beyond the grave, she thought, the world was full of them: small, tinny



"What I can't stand is her more-junk-mail-than-thou attitude."

• •

reverberations, the only immortality one could trust.

When she descended in the morning, she found Janet in the dining room. Janet said she had hardly slept a wink. She was hot-eyed but calm. Digby had not returned to her at the fair. He had vanished among the dancers. Janet had finally come home alone, and then sat and waited in her room, where she had eventually fallen asleep in a chair. Now she had been sitting hours in the hot, fly-buzzing dining room, drinking foul coffee and making inquiries. She learned that Digby had come in at four o'clock this morning dragging a cardboard bull. The bull was there, behind them; the waiters pointed to it. Instead of looking, Janet took on the high voice of command and ordered Mrs. Glover's breakfast. Protein makes up for lost sleep; she sent up a second breakfast for Digby, with plenty of bacon and a soft-boiled egg.

"Janet, my dear, I'm afraid I lost you, too. I spent some time looking for the pine trees, and then when I saw them they were dead."

"I know," said Janet. "I saw them, too." She leaned her head against her hand, in a pose of classical melancholy. She said, in a tired voice, "They are something called processional caterpillars. They kill everything, but I don't believe they ever become anything much—just a little browny sort of moth. I have to know a little bit about that. You know, it's my job." As though something of the most excruciating intimacy had been said, she turned red—the blush she had lost with her long engagement.

No, Mrs. Glover did not know; but she knew there is control from beyond the grave, if one is careful to establish it in time. Janet must marry Digby because Digby was unfit to stay alone, and because Janet must learn to take care of the house, the pictures, the rugs, the tables, the knives and the forks, the glasses and chairs. Mrs. Glover's unwelcome death must be provided for; Janet must be given time to learn.

"Digby is restless," said Mrs. Glover. This was the first time they had ever mentioned Digby in his absence, and Janet sat quite still. She looked at the stains on the tablecloth and the flies devouring crumbs. She said, "I'm devoted to Digby, of course."

"Devoted" was as much as Mrs. Glover was likely to get. Janet might adore her own mother, or a fine day, or a pretty tune, but she would never be more than devoted to a lover. Mrs. Glover understood it, and was grateful. Understatement made it possible to be both sensible and cruel, and since living often obliged one to be both, it gave the assurance that no one would be harmed too deeply. She was grateful to Janet for being devoted and nothing more.

"I am devoted to Digby," Janet went on, playing with crumbs, "but last night has changed things. If he's going to be that sort, coming in drunk and that, I don't want him."

Mrs. Glover wasted no time thinking this was not true. She saw the tight lines around Janet's mouth; the wretched woman was hopelessly moral where marriage was concerned. She would trail on in an endless engagement as long as Digby wanted, probably accepting some peevish story of mother love, only man of the family, mother would perish; but she would not marry a man who could desert his mother and his betrothed at a public fair in a foreign country and come in at four o'clock in the morning with a cardboard bull. That was the lucky thing about a long engagement, she could almost hear Janet say—it gave you time to find every possibility out.

"Digby is slightly restless, and marriage would settle him," said Mrs. Glover, pitying Digby, who now joined the company of men whose fate had been settled by a pair of women over empty cups.

"It's changed things," said Janet again. "I shall have to think about it now."

"Perhaps there isn't much time," said Mrs. Glover.

"Oh, there's plenty of that," said Janet sadly, as though nothing but time were left.

—Mavis Gallant

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Leon Hoffman, teacher of Russian at Kearny High School, will participate this summer in the Russian Institute program sponsored by the National Defense Education Act. He will spend five weeks in the Soviet Union to study the language and culture of that country.

Hoffman will be one of 40 participating teachers who will attend the University of Indiana for five weeks of intensive study before flying by chartered bus to Russia.

—*Arlington (N.J.) Observer.*

Heads up, Gagarin!

A REPORTER AT LARGE

GOMILLION VERSUS LIGHTFOOT

I—WAITING

ON the afternoon last fall when I arrived for a week's stay in Tuskegee, Alabama—a pretty, once prosperous little city that has assumed a unique role in the struggle of the United States Negro for equal rights—the place, which is set tranquilly in the midst of rolling countryside about forty miles from Montgomery, looked as if there should have been a large municipal "Gone Fishing" sign hung out over Main Street. The grassy square in the center of town, with its inevitable Confederate memorial, drowsed vacantly in the bright sunshine; the stores that rimmed the square and lined Main Street were all closed. The only signs of life I saw as I walked from the Greyhound bus station to the town's one hotel, the Harris, three blocks away, were a couple of Negroes standing beside taxicabs near the bus station, and an elderly, pink-cheeked white man, with a cigar in his mouth and a pop bottle in one limp hand, lounging in a chair on the shady sidewalk in front of the hotel. After I had checked into the hotel, a rather venerable establishment on whose main floor the most striking item of decoration was a stately barber chair (which I never saw used, and which I later learned was only being kept there temporarily), and had been shown my room, with windows from which one could contemplate the red brick solidity of the Tuskegee Baptist Church, I got to talking with the hotelkeeper, a slim, loose-limbed man of about forty, with a flat, slow-paced style of speech. I asked him how the town happened to be so deserted on a midweek afternoon, and he replied promptly, "Bet you think it's because of the nigger boycott. Well, it ain't that. They're boycotting our stores, all right, and it's hurt us, but not all that bad. The main thing is it's Tuesday afternoon. Tuesday afternoon's when we always close up here, like most little towns in these parts do one afternoon a week. So don't you go thinking that the boycott's got us paralyzed. This town's been treated mighty unfair in the way it's been written up. Outsiders don't understand us. You really gotta live with our problem to understand it. We got nothin' against the niggers. They always been treated fine here, real fine. They got their own schools, hospitals—everything—and all just as good or better than white people got. But we just want to be able to have our own town and not be swamped by the niggers. It's no joke, you'll see. I'm glad you're going to stick around a few days, because you'll find that folks here are as decent, fine people as you could ever hope to meet. What'd you do with your bags—leave them at the bus station? I'll drive you up to pick them up. No, it's no trouble—mighty glad to be able to oblige."

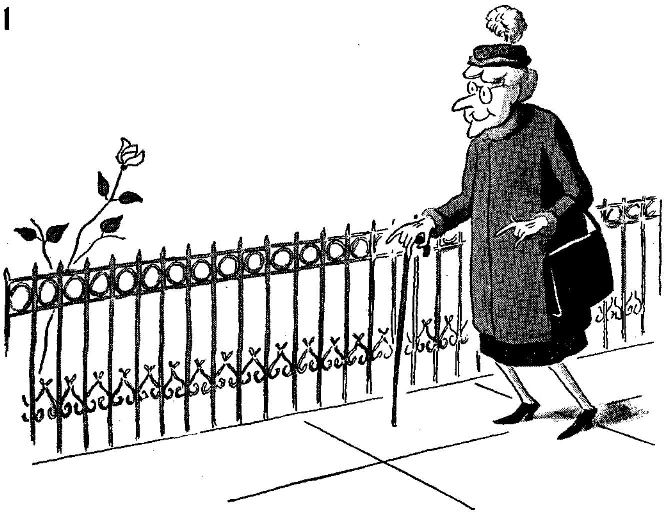
Genial as he was, the hotelkeeper seemed as he spoke of these matters to have something of an anxious, strained look about the eyes—an expression I was to notice on the faces of a good many local white people.

In Tuskegee—which is the seat of Macon County and the home of the famous Negro college, Tuskegee Institute, founded by Booker T. Washington in 1881—Negroes have long outnumbered whites by a margin of around four to one (the city's present population is estimated to be around 6,700). The ratio for the county as a whole

"So *that's* New Jersey!"

is about the same. Since Reconstruction days, the town's way of life has been the epitome of the benign paternalism that white Southerners have usually had in mind when they talked of "good race relations." It was here, during the post-Reconstruction era, that the traditional philosophy of Negro acceptance of white political supremacy was enunciated for the South (to the relief of a North fed up with the issue of equal rights) by Booker Washington when the white supremacists were resuming power and laying the legal basis for the whole present fabric of the segregated society. Washington urged his fellow-Negroes not to enter into a bitter struggle over this but to concentrate on improving and educating themselves, and to have faith that the white people of the South would gladly accord the Negro his due once he proved himself deserving of it. "Brains, property, and character for the Negro will settle the question of civil rights," he said, in one speech; and, in another, "The great thing for us as a race is to conduct ourselves so as to become worthy of the privileges of an American citizen, and these privileges will come."

By now it is no news that things have not worked out so purely and simply. Even in pastoral Tuskegee, the very model and Mecca of the old way, there has arisen a fundamental challenge to the hallowed scheme of affairs, much to the surprise of white Southerners, and of many Negroes as well. In the struggle over equal rights, Tuskegee's role has been without the violent, ugly aspects of white reaction that have been seen recently in Birmingham or Montgomery, and without the dramatic confrontations evoked by the Freedom Riders or the lunch-counter sit-ins. It is a special situation, but, in its way, most revealing. The friction had been slowly developing since the Second World War, when for the first time Negroes began seeking to register to vote in appreciable numbers. (Before the war, there were less than one hundred Negroes registered as voters out of the twenty-two thousand living in Macon County.) Things began to come to a boil in 1954, when a Negro named Mrs. Jessie P. Guzman announced her candidacy for one of the seats on the Macon County School Board. Not since Reconstruction days had a Negro presumed to run for public office in Macon County, where, as elsewhere in the rural Deep South, it had been simply taken for granted that all elective offices were white prerogatives. Mrs. Guzman—who is, incidentally, director of the Department of Records and Research at Tuskegee Institute—lost to her white opponent by a margin about equal to the numerical difference between Negro voters and white voters. ("Y'see how them niggers do," a gray-haired shopkeeper remarked to me one day as he recalled this election. "They'll always vote in a bloc if you give 'em a chance.") For the white community, Mrs. Guzman's candidacy seems to have been a considerable shock, especially since it came at a time of discomforting awareness of changes brewing in the South: the school-desegregation decisions, the bus boycott in nearby Montgomery, and the news that Congress seriously intended to pass civil-rights legislation to guarantee Negro voting rights. There were at the time about six hundred registered white voters in the city and about four hundred registered Negroes. For the whites, the disquieting facts were that just about every one of the white townspeople eligible to vote had been registered, that a lot of Negroes had not been, and that many of these Negroes were not only dismayingly persistent in seeking to register but also, in many cases, dismayingly well qualified—possessed of M.A.s, Ph.D.s, and similar impressive testimonials to their literacy—and were thus a constant embarrassment to local officials conscientiously attempting to protect white supremacy. It even seemed possible that if drastic steps were not taken, the Negro electorate might eventually increase in number to the point where it would play a meaningful, even decisive, part in municipal elections. This was, it seemed, unthinkable. Accordingly, in July, 1957, it was decided to run the Negro voters out of town—or, rather, since, unlike Birmingham or Montgomery, this is a peaceable spot, whose citizens believe in law and order and disapprove of physical violence, to run their residences out of town. The Alabama State Legislature drew up an ingenious new city boundary, altering the shape of Tuskegee from a simple square to a curious twenty-eight-sided figure resembling a stylized sea horse. The effect was to put Tuskegee Institute outside the city limits, along with the homes of all but four or five of the Negro voters, while leaving all of the white voters within the municipal borders. Thus, continued white control was assured in the city proper, where it had been most threatened. Though the ejected Negroes would still be able to vote in county, state, and national elections, there were not enough of them registered as voters to influence the political situation on any scene larger than the municipal one.



The bill that accomplished this was passed unanimously and without debate by the legislature. If, on its face, it purported to be merely a routine redistricting measure, its central aim not only was transparently obvious but was frankly announced by its sponsor, State Senator Sam Engelhardt, Jr., of Shorter, a hamlet twenty miles from Tuskegee, who is executive secretary of the White Citizens Councils of Alabama. He had long advocated the use of the gerrymander as the one surefire way for whites to keep control of the ballot box.

To this day, the local white townspeople profess astonishment at the repercussions their gerrymander set off, and at the attention it drew. (There were comments in journals as remote as the London *Economist*, which called it a piece of "mournful symbolism," in view of Booker Washington's expectations.) "I don't understand why there's been such a fuss made over us," Mrs. Hal Fisher, a plump, housewifely woman who, with her husband, edits and publishes the weekly Tuskegee *News*, told me during my stay. "Surely it's our own business what we wish our town's boundaries to be." There were ample reasons, though, for the episode to attract the widespread attention it did. To those concerned with the American Negro's efforts to improve his lot, it has become evident that the suffrage question is at the very heart of the matter. Once Negroes generally succeed in obtaining the vote, it is felt, many of their present problems

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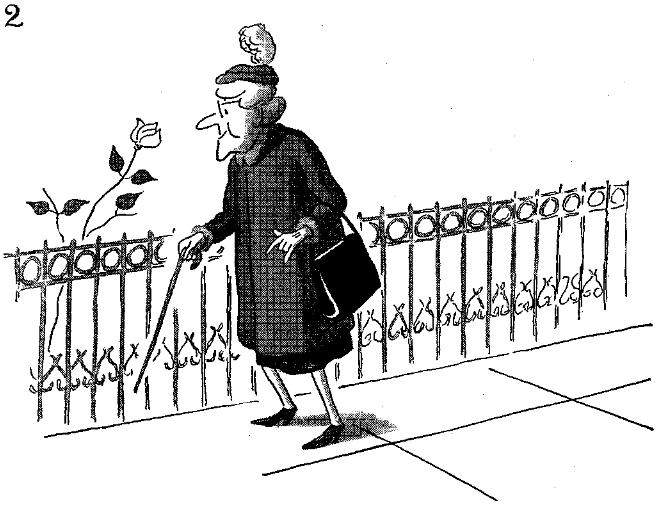

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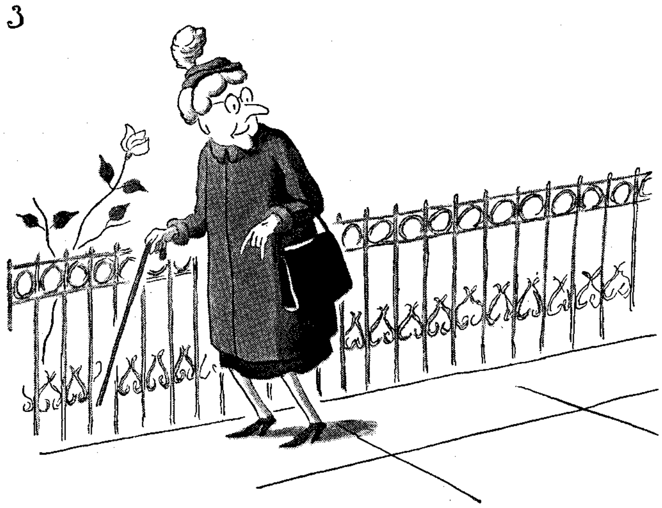

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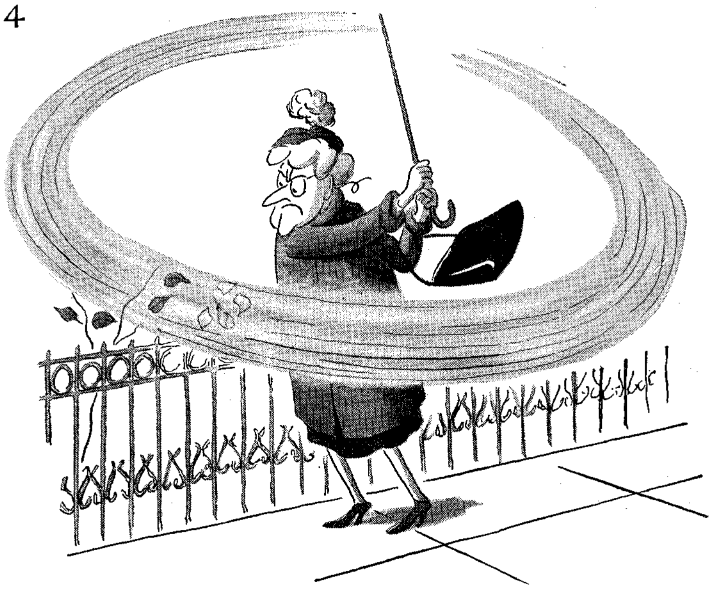

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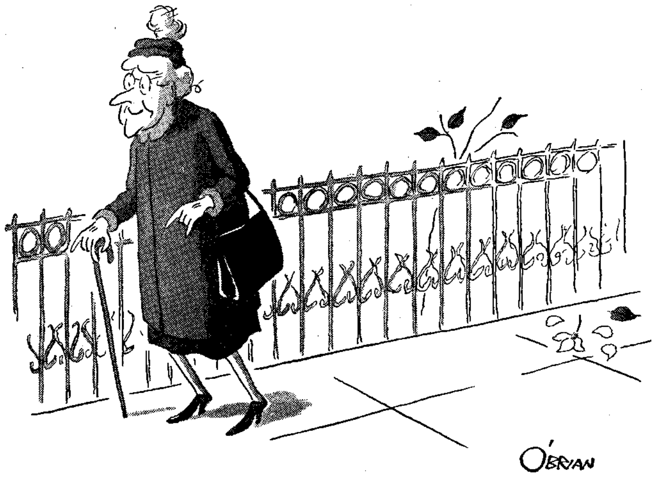

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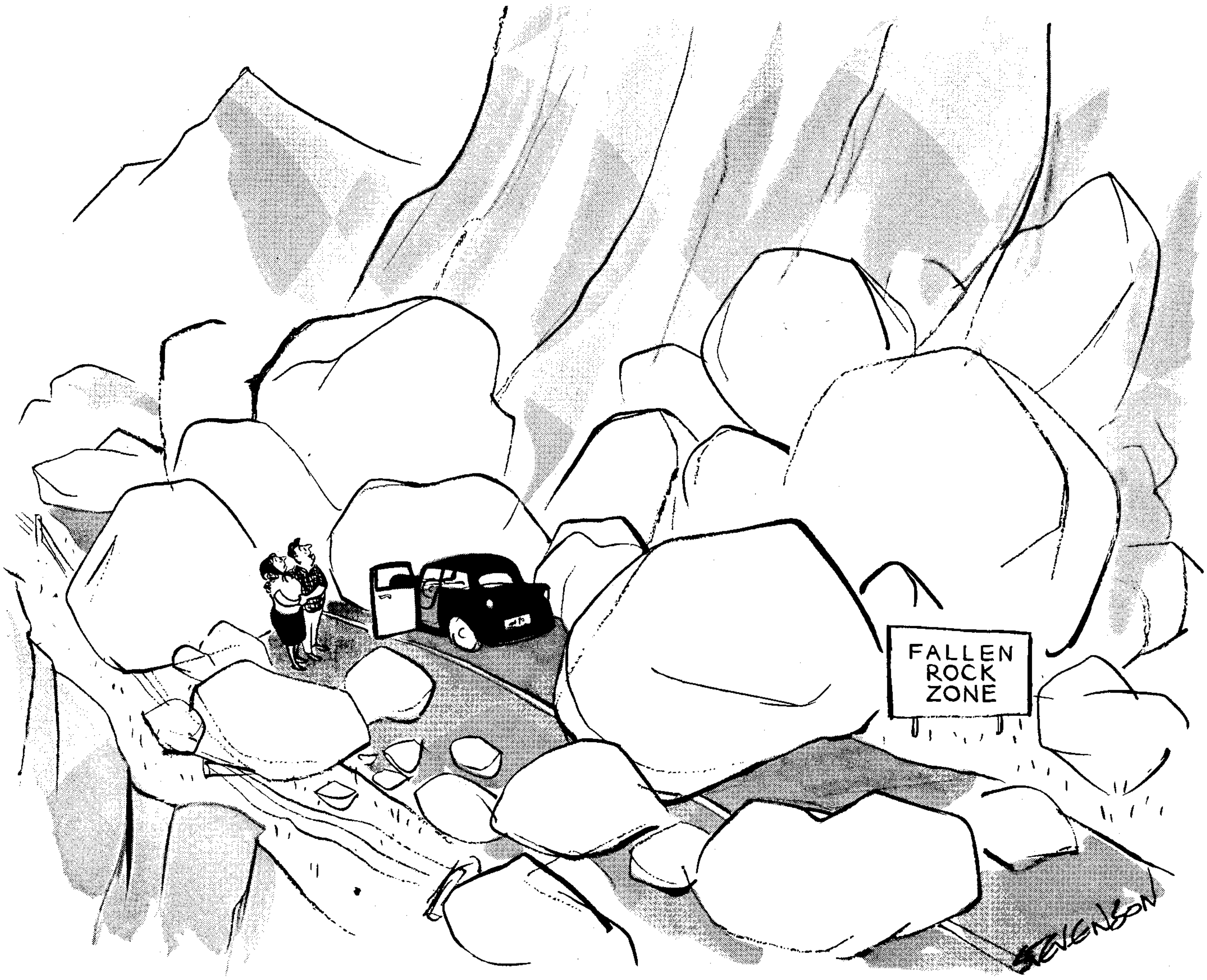
will prove much easier to solve, in accordance with the fundamental social law that politicians are more considerate of people who can vote than they are of those who can't. This is the philosophy of the Civil Rights Acts that Congress passed in 1957 and 1960. But the Tuskegee episode came as a striking revelation of the lengths to which Southern states might be willing to go to vitiate the Negro's voting power when he finally does succeed in obtaining it. At the same time, the affair brought a revelation of how firmly the Negroes today intend to pursue their quest for equal rights. The Tuskegee Negroes, many of whom later told me they had been shocked not so much by the injustice of the gerrymander as by its inexcusable rudeness, responded vigorously, in a wide variety of ways. They went to law to challenge the gerrymander act's validity. Starting in the winter of 1957, when the United States Commission on Civil Rights was established, they sent in to that body a stream of petitions and meticulously documented complaints about the systematic denial of their suffrage rights—more such complaints than there were from any other county in the United States. Many of them stopped trading with Tuskegee's merchants, saying that if the town didn't want their votes, it shouldn't expect their money. This was the start of the boycott to which the hotelkeeper had referred.

I had closely followed the Tuskegee affair from the start, and one day last fall I learned that the lawsuit it had engendered had been placed on the Supreme Court docket. The case, which was known as Gomillion et al. v. Lightfoot et al.—Gomillion being a professor at Tuskegee Institute and Lightfoot the city's mayor—was to be the first one involving a racial gerrymander that the court had ever considered, and during the three years the suit had been in process, making its way slowly up through the chain of federal courts, it had become the center of a whole constellation of constitutional questions relating to suffrage rights, racial discrimination, gerrymandering in general, the powers of the states, and the limitations of the federal judiciary. Since I had become deeply interested in both the legal and social aspects of the matter, I decided to spend several days in Tuskegee looking about for myself, and then go directly on to Washington to see how the issues looked from the lofty vantage point of the Supreme Court.

CONTRARY to my first impression on that sleepy afternoon I arrived in Tuskegee, the townspeople had not all gone fishing. Many of the local businessmen, the hotelkeeper presently revealed, were taking part in a meeting at the City Hall. "It's something to do with a new industry the town's considering," he said. Having planned nothing for the afternoon, I thought I might as well look in on this gathering, so after a bit I walked up to the City Hall, a small, plain building tucked modestly

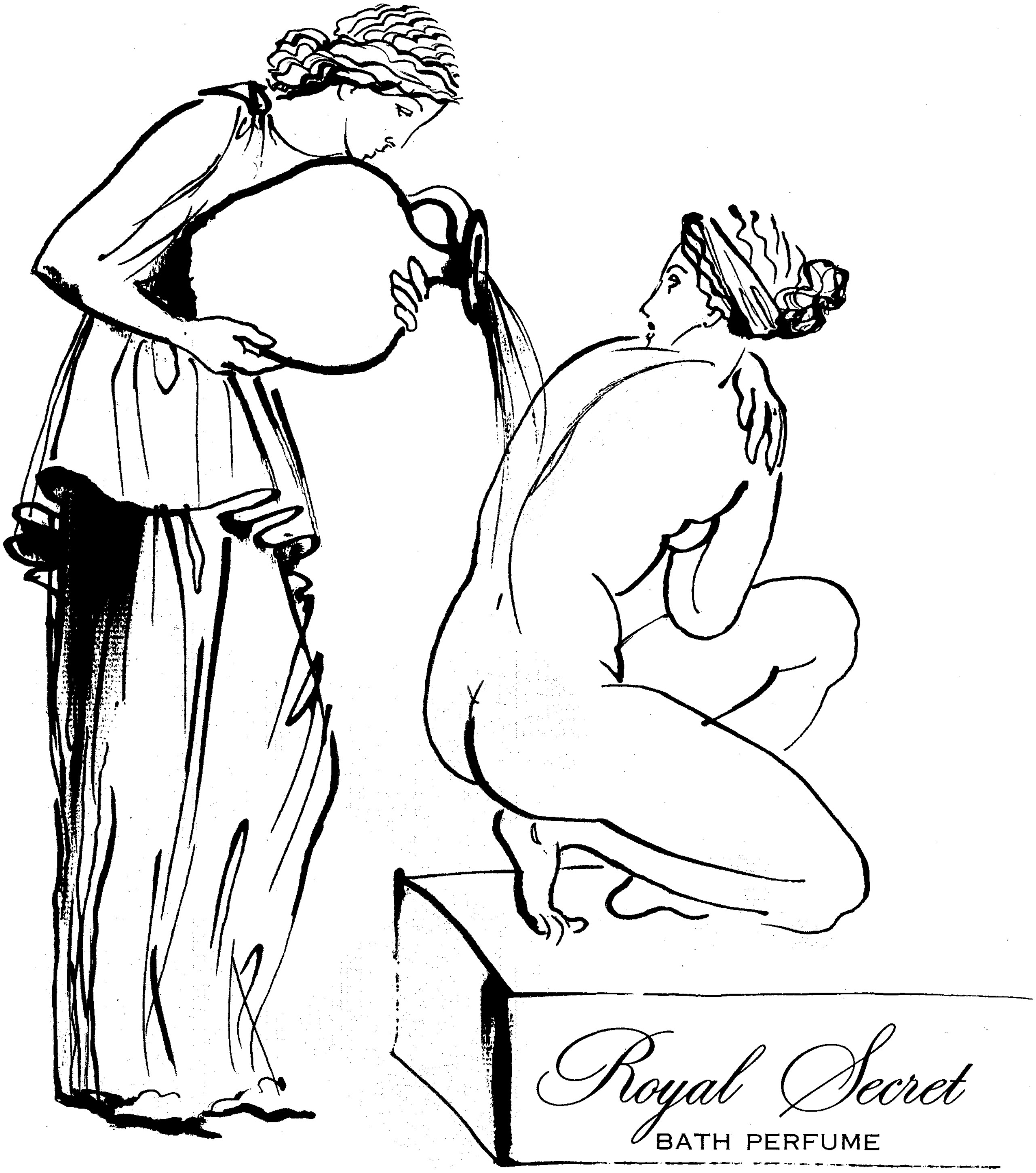


"We're a mighty lucky little couple, Sue."

• •

into a niche beside the region's main repository of power, the County Courthouse—an exuberant brick edifice with a spired tower and a multitude of gables—and made my way upstairs to the meeting room. It was an unadorned chamber rather suggesting a classroom, and in it some sixty people, mostly men in shirtsleeves, were seated in eight or ten rows of chairs. I took an unoccupied seat and settled back to listen to a large, youngish man with a smooth, pudgy face and wavy silver hair, who was standing at the front of the room beside a table holding a number of variously shaped objects of burnished metal. He was talking about something called Go-carts, and he was aglow with enthusiasm. "Are you folks aware, now, that the Go-cart industry is the fastest-growing industry in the United States today?" he said. "Why, the Simplex Company, of Noo Orleans, has quit manufacturin' motorsickles and bisickles altogether and is turnin' out over fifteen hundred Go-carts a month. They're strivin' to reach thirty-five hundred. That's a fact." The speaker, I presently discovered, was an officer of a small machine-products company that had been holding discussions with Tuskegee's Industrial Development Board about moving to Tuskegee. A Go-cart (I later inspected one that was on exhibit in the hall outside) is a low-slung contraption with a steel-pipe frame, small rubber-tired wheels, and a gasoline motor—a sort of high-powered soapbox; it is used for racing on specially built tracks, which, I gathered, are being laid out all over the place. The Auburn company had developed its own Go-cart model, which it hoped to market, in quantity, at a price of two hundred and forty-five dollars. "Now, there's no reason why we can't get in on the boom, because we're all ready to go," the silver-haired man went on. "It's a fad, you may say. Sure—but it's fine while it lasts, isn't it?"

I listened to all this in fascination. Go-carts, I thought, surely must be a theme about as remote as anything could be from the racial problems with which Tuskegee was beset. But after I got to know the town better I realized that the topic wasn't so utterly remote, at that. Although the word "Negro" was not once spoken at the Go-cart meeting, indirectly it was as a result of the racial conflict that the meeting was being held. Most Southern towns had long been actively seeking to attract industry, but Tuskegee had never made much effort in that direction until the gerrymander dispute developed. Before then the town had prospered as the market center of Macon County, and had been content with that. The Negro boycott had come as both an economic and a social shock. At the outset, local business receipts had been cut by as much as seventy per cent; some twenty firms had had to close their doors, and, although subsequently business did pick up somewhat as Negroes who disliked the inconvenience of shopping many miles away began drifting



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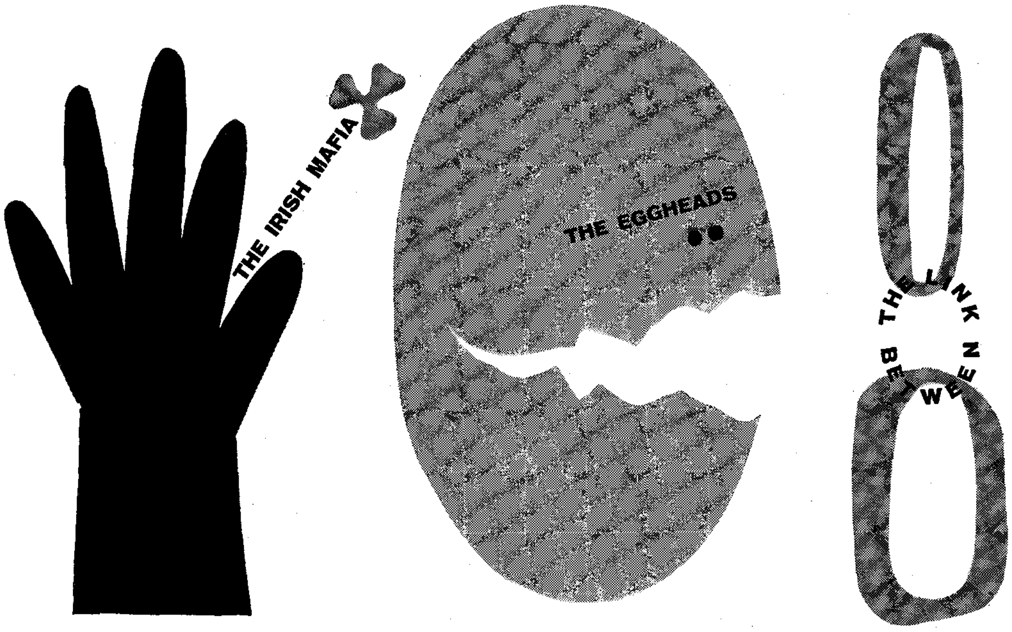
back to Tuskegee stores, it remained, at the time of my visit, about thirty per cent below normal. The Negroes' slogan for the boycott was "Buy Wisely—Trade with Your Friends!," and they had said that any one of the town's merchants could qualify as a friend simply by expressing open disapproval of the gerrymander. None did so. Instead, the businessmen tried to cope with their predicament by more complicated means. On their behalf, Alabama's Attorney General, John Patterson—who since then has become the state's Governor and acquired world fame on a par with that of Orval Faubus—sought a court injunction against the boycott, but the courts refused to sustain this, declaring there was no way people could be compelled by law to shop where they didn't want to shop. When this move failed, the merchants began seeking to attract new industry, motivated not only by the need for new sources of revenue but also by the wistful hope (expressed to me by several of them) that the new industries would bring a large enough number of white employees to counteract, in time, the preponderance of Negroes in the population. So far, Tuskegee hadn't been doing strikingly well in this effort. In three years, only one new enterprise, a small garment factory, had been attracted to town. At the meeting I was attending, the officers of the machine-products firm dwelt vividly on the potentialities for future expansion, not merely in the Go-cart line but also in the manufacture of precision machine parts and of a special clutch, for which they predicted a great demand. But as I sat listening to their words and to various questions from the audience, I couldn't help feeling that there was something odd and unpromising in the meeting's atmosphere. I was unable to define what it was, though, until one of the speakers, in answer to a question about the company's finances, confessed, with an artless smile, "Frankly, we're undercapitalized," and went on to propose that those present sign up then and there to buy stock in the venture. He produced a sheet of paper for the purpose, and looked out expectantly over the audience, but nobody responded. It was a moment rather like the one at a carnival when the barker tries to lure the people who have just seen the free teaser up to the ticket booth and into the tent, and the crowd sheepishly melts away. There was some hemming and hawing from the Tuskegee businessmen, and then one of them, a muscular, red-headed man seated a couple of rows behind



inside the white house insiders

"The inmates of the Kennedy White House," says Stewart Alsop in this week's Saturday Evening Post, "faithfully mirror three layers in the career of John Kennedy."

"The first and deepest layer consists of what one of its members has wryly dubbed 'The Irish Mafia.' The most recent layer consists of 'The Eggheads,' as the half-dozen or so intellectuals in the White House are sometimes called. In between the Irish Mafia and the Eggheads there is a thin middle layer, centered on one man, who is a sort of archaeological link between them."

Thus begins Mr. Alsop's clear-cut (and at times, clearly cutting) report on "The White House Insiders." He takes a long, hard look at the all-Irish, all-Catholic members of the little Mafia. ("They are operators, organizers, people who get things done. They are the sort of men a very shrewd, ambitious and farsighted politician would gather about him on his way to the top.") Next he proceeds to unscramble the Eggheads, who are neither Irish nor Catholic. They're the idea men—the highbrows who suggest high policy. ("The attitude of the Irish Mafia toward the Eggheads is a bit like that of combat troops toward the rear echelon.") Finally he unearths the missing link between the two groups—Theodore Sorenson. ("Ted's relationship with the President is his whole life. He is the closest thing there is to a Kennedy alter ego.")

What are the chances of this oddly assorted group ending up at each other's throats? Or colliding with some *other* oddly assorted group in Washington? Mr. Alsop answers these questions with bite, insight and writing that is adult and lucid. The kind of writing that has helped the Post set the quickening pace and mold the changing tastes of America's reading families.

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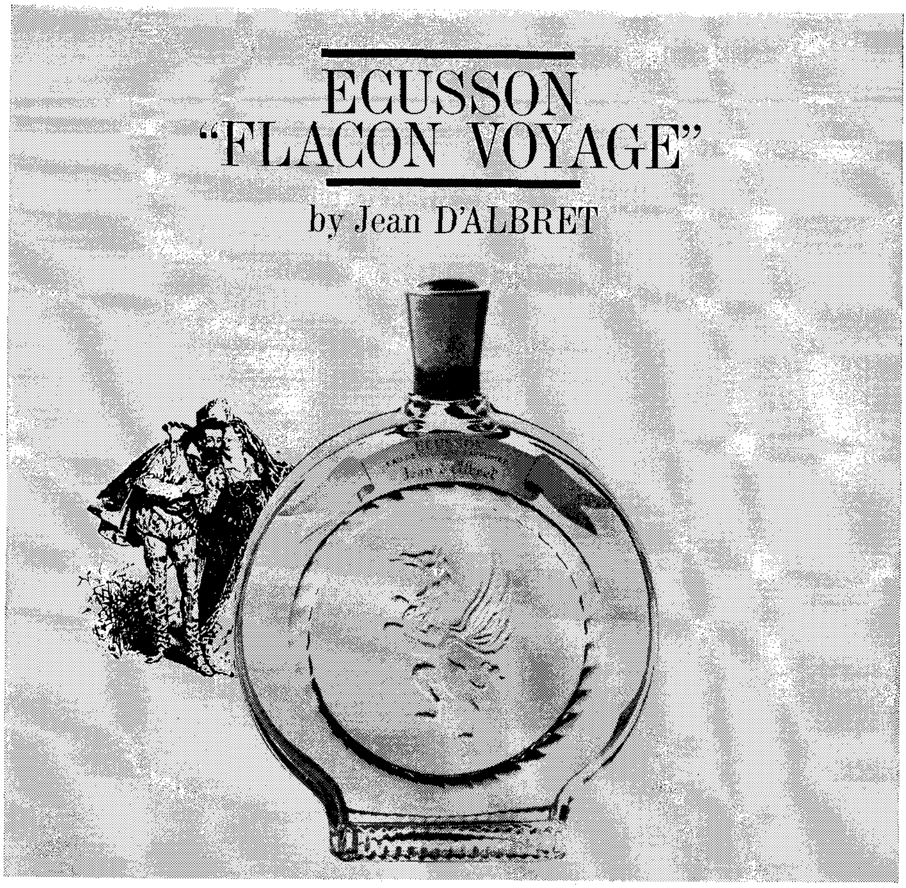

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me, commented bluntly, "This meeting's drug on too long," and suggested that they adjourn, think things over, and meet for a decision the following week. I left the City Hall feeling none too impressed with such efforts as an effective solution to Tuskegee's fundamental predicament.

Returning to the hotel, I telephoned Professor Charles G. Gomillion, the chairman of the Tuskegee Institute's Division of Social Sciences and, as the leader among local Negroes concerned with obtaining equal rights, the man whose name headed the list of plaintiffs in the lawsuit pending before the Supreme Court. When I reached Gomillion, he revealed that a meeting of the town's main Negro group, the Tuskegee Civic Association, of which he was president, was to be held that evening in the Mount Olive Missionary Baptist Church, and he asked if I'd like to attend it with him. As I accepted, it struck me that this uncalculated symmetry of scheduling provided a particularly fitting way to round out my first day in town.

Since I had a couple of hours free before I was to meet Gomillion near the Tuskegee campus, I decided to take a cab and ride around a bit, in order to get some idea of how the gerrymandered city limits ran. The taxi I got belonged, I noticed, to the Good Service Cab Company, and the driver was a heavyset Negro of about fifty who told me his name was James Cropper. The Good Service Company's cabs are what are called in the South colored cabs—a term that usually has nothing to do with the color of the cab but, rather, with the color of the driver and the passengers. In most of the Deep South, it is a breach of the delicate fabric of custom—and even, in some places, of law—for a white person to ride in a colored cab. In Tuskegee, however, it happens that all the cabs are colored, since there isn't enough business to support a white cab company. Consequently, what is improper or illegal a few miles away becomes acceptable here, and white people, when they come into town on the Greyhound bus and have to take a taxi somewhere, seem to find it possible to put up with this presumed indignity in preference to walking. They may be Southerners, but they are, after all, first and foremost Americans, and Americans don't walk anywhere if they can help it.

James Cropper thought the gerrymander a strange and melancholy business, and he had no hesitation about saying so as we pursued our eccentric

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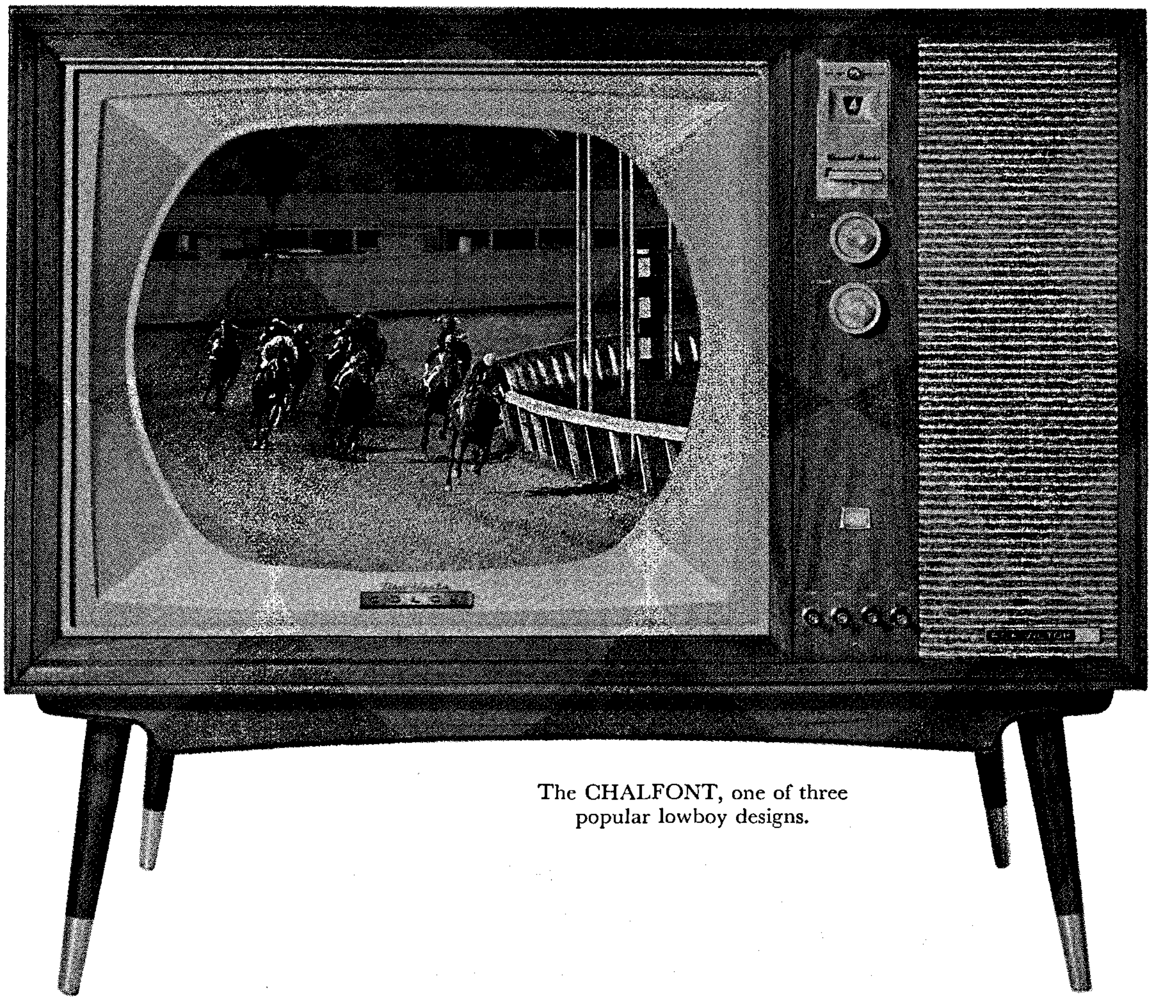

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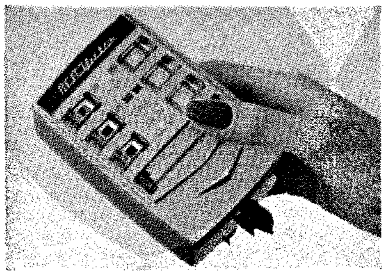

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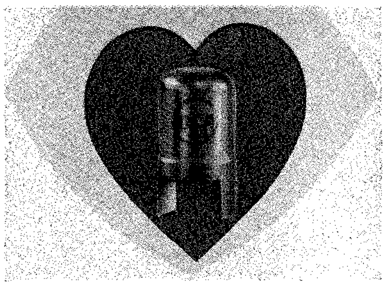

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route. "Now here," he would say as we made a turn, "we're in the city. This is a white district." Then, a little farther along, "At this point, the line cuts over that way and we're out of the city—there are a few colored houses along here. Now we turn left and we're back in again for a block and a half." At a glance, one district of which the city had disencumbered itself appeared to be just the kind of neighborhood most communities would consider a prime asset: large, comparatively new homes, worth, at a guess, from fifteen to thirty thousand dollars apiece, with broad lawns and neatly clipped hedges. There, Cropper told me, lived members of the Institute's faculty, and Negro doctors and other staff members of a Veterans Administration hospital nearby—many of whom had managed to obtain the vote or had shown a strong determination to do so. Farther along, we turned into a street that led to a small rise of ground, and at the top Cropper stopped the car. The street was unpaved, with some unpretentious houses spaced along it. In one of the front yards, a few Negro children were playing in the shade of some trees. A woman who was sweeping the porch of a nearby house waved to Cropper, and he waved back. "I was born in the city of Tuskegee, right here on this street, and I learned to tell time by the Courthouse clock," Cropper told me, nodding toward our right, where a spire was to be seen beyond a bank of foliage. "I still live here, in a house just a few feet from where I was born, and I still tell time by the same clock—but I'm not in Tuskegee any more, they say. Whenever I look over there now to get the time of day, I also get reminded how much foolishness there is in the world."

He started up the cab again, and drove me along the tree-lined Old Montgomery Road to Tuskegee Institute, about three-quarters of a mile from the center of town, where I asked him to stop and let me off. I spent a pleasant interlude strolling about the campus—a spacious, tranquil place with wide greenswards and ivy-covered buildings—enjoying the soft, pleasant Alabama air.

I had arranged to meet Professor Gomillion across the street from the campus, at the office of the Tuskegee Civic Association. A stocky, brown-skinned man of about sixty, with a reserved, austere manner, he said little as he drove me to the church where the meeting of the T.C.A. (as the organization is generally called) was to be held. In this structure, a rather new building with whitewashed interior

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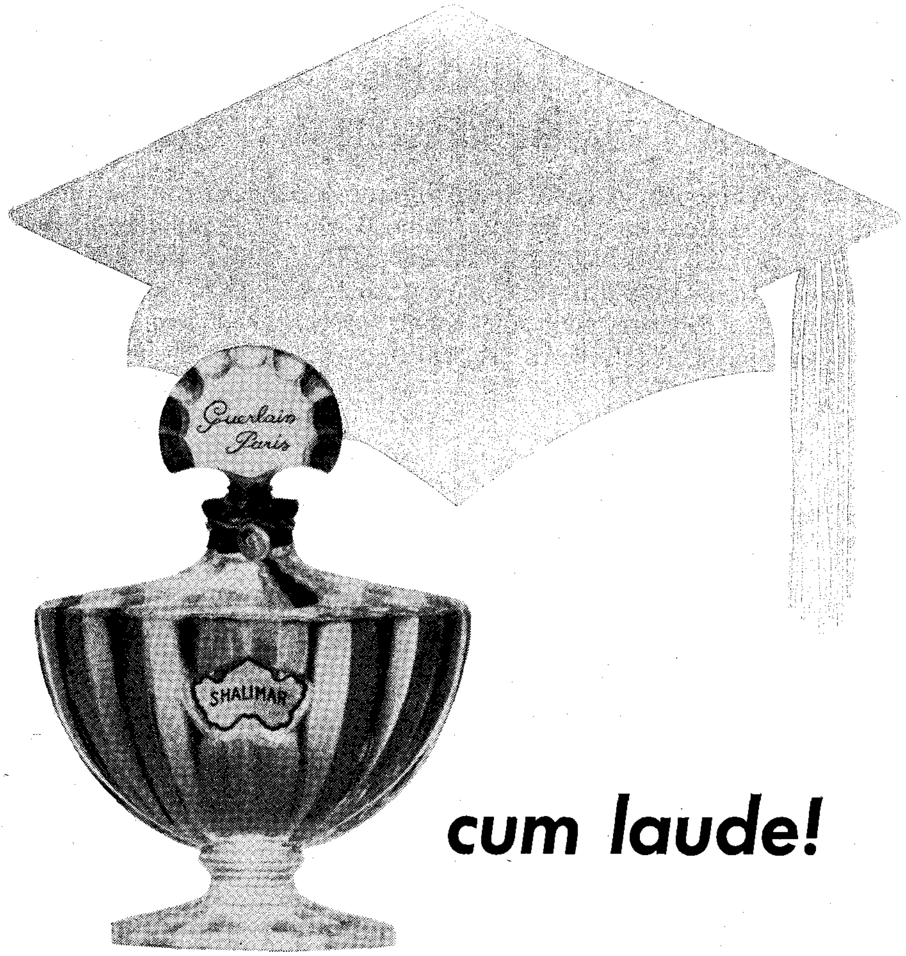

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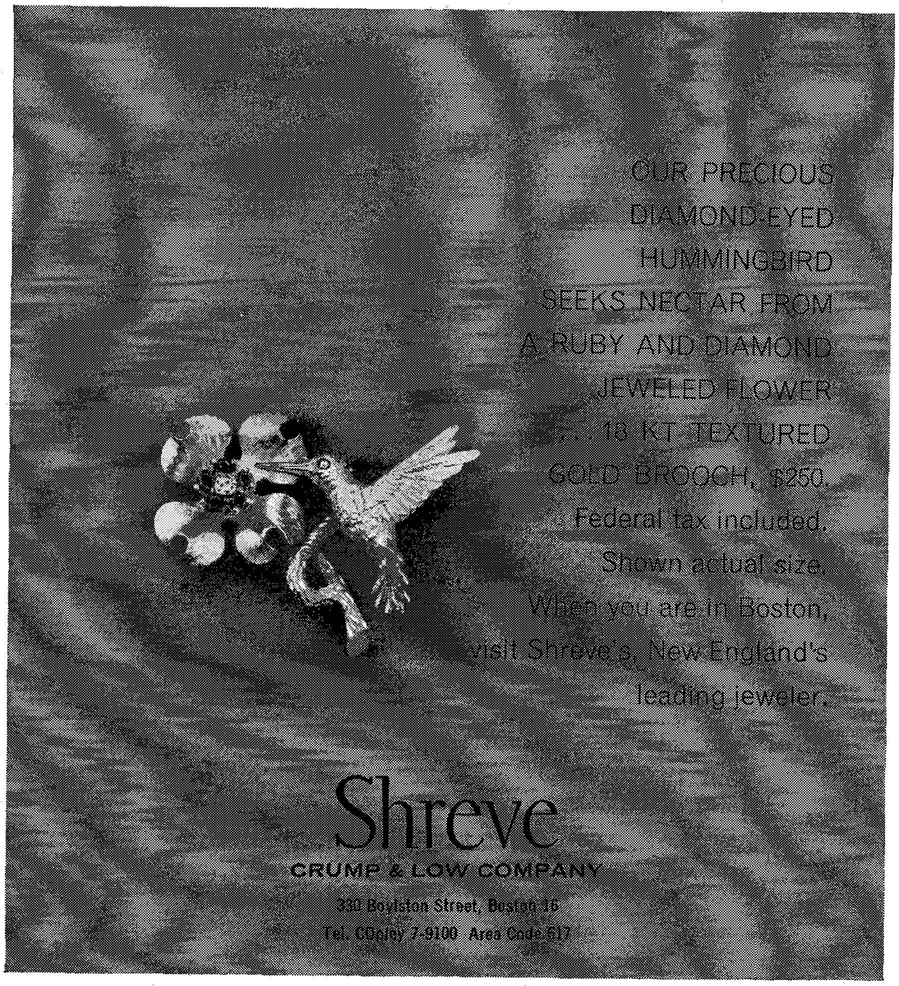
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walls and beamed ceilings, were gathered about a hundred men and women, dressed in what I judged was their churchgoing best. Some appeared to be professional or professorial types; others, more weathered and simpler in garb and posture, had an unmistakable country look.

The meeting was opened in a low key by a slim, light-skinned young academic named Frank J. Toland, a member of the Institute's history department, who brought the group up to date on various topics of interest, including the news that the Supreme Court had placed Gomillion v. Lightfoot on its docket for the following week, and developments that had taken place recently in a suit that the United States Attorney General's office was bringing against the Macon County Board of Registrars, whom it accused of discriminating against Negro applicants. Toland's summary was cool and factual, and unadorned by editorial comment.

This report was followed by a hymn, sung adequately but not inspiringly by a red-robed choir, and then by the principal speaker—the Reverend T. R. Newman, a preacher from a neighboring parish. A small man with the nervous, challenging bearing of a rooster, the Reverend Mr. Newman announced his theme as "Thank God for Another Day!"—meaning, it developed, for the changes that had been taking place for the Negro of late, when viewed in perspective. He gave praise to the Lord for the fact that the backbreaking row crops, such as cotton and corn, were being replaced in the rural South by dairy farming and timber cultivation, for the achievements of African nations in gaining freedom and admission to the United Nations, and for practically everything in between. "In this changing world, the Negro must be willing—be *willing*—to go first class," he intoned, whereupon someone in the audience spoke up encouragingly, as if at a prayer meeting, "We hear you, Reverend!" Rambling in lively fashion all over the lot, the Reverend Mr. Newman worked into his speech a blast against the credit system and also a rousing plug for the Republican Party as the Negro's best hope in the South; in the course of the latter he delivered a fervent eulogy of "one of the greatest figures this country has ever been privileged to have as President, in whose debt we all stand to this day—a towering figure of surpassing wisdom and compassion." I assumed that he was talking about Abraham Lincoln, but it turned out that he meant Herbert Hoover. I must admit he surprised me there; I hadn't heard such an encomium of Hoover since I had covered a National Association of Manufacturers banquet a good many years before.

The meeting ended with another hymn, a collection, and a few routine announcements. It had lasted about an hour, and, between the studied, rather arid rationality of Professor Toland and the pep-talk looseness of the Reverend Mr. Newman, it left me with a confused impression. I had read newspaper accounts of T.C.A. public meetings, held not long after the gerrymander went into effect, which had drawn several thousand Negroes, and which the reporters had, I gathered, found stirring and purposeful. But by now, after more than a hundred of these gatherings (formally known as Crusade for Freedom meetings), the freshness and significance seemed to have gone out of this particular form of protest. The meeting I had just attended, at any rate, had struck me as desultory and routinized, as if the participants were marking time until something new should happen, and meanwhile were telling each other over again things that they already knew. It had been, I thought as I left the church, about as unpromising a meeting, in its way, as the white businessmen's get-together a few hours earlier. The radical thought crossed my mind that just possibly both sides might profit by holding their meetings in common.

PROFESSOR GOMILLION had invited me to his house for a chat after the meeting, and we were joined there by Professor Toland and by a grave-looking, soberly dressed man in his early thirties, who was introduced to me as Professor Stanley H. Smith, a sociologist. Sitting in Gomillion's small, neat living room, we at first touched politely and stiffly on conventional, vaguely intellectual topics, the familiar conversational gambits of any professorial group at a small college-town cocktail party—although in this instance without the stimulus of cocktails, Macon being a dry county. In this particular situation, however, almost any topic was bound to lead into the one ineluctable, central subject, racial discrimination. As it happened, we came to it by way of abstract art and the new art museum in nearby Montgomery, which I had noticed as I passed through that city on my way to Tuskegee. No, the professors said, they couldn't tell me what kind of collection the museum had, be-

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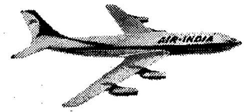

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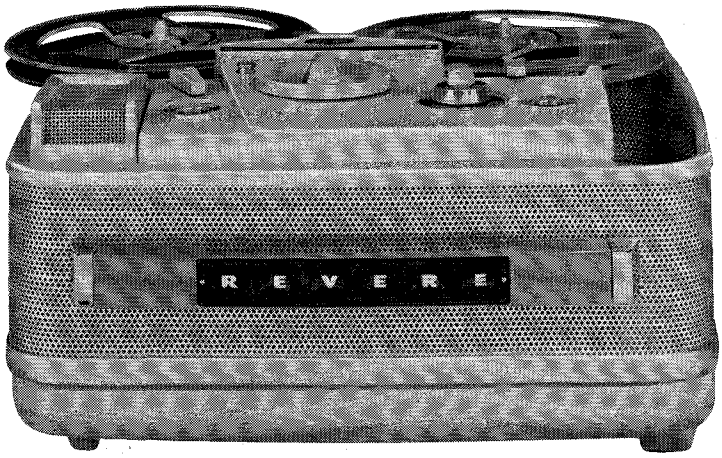

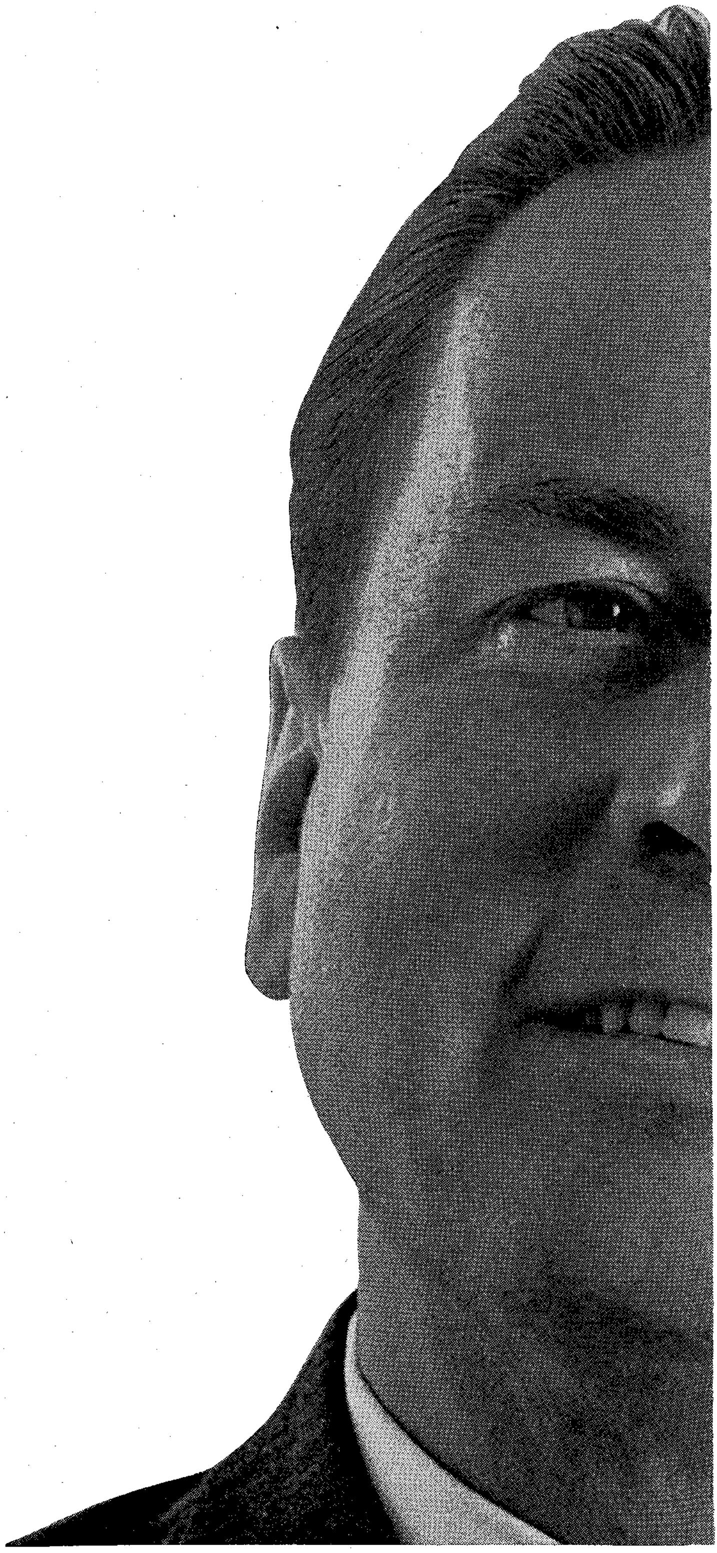

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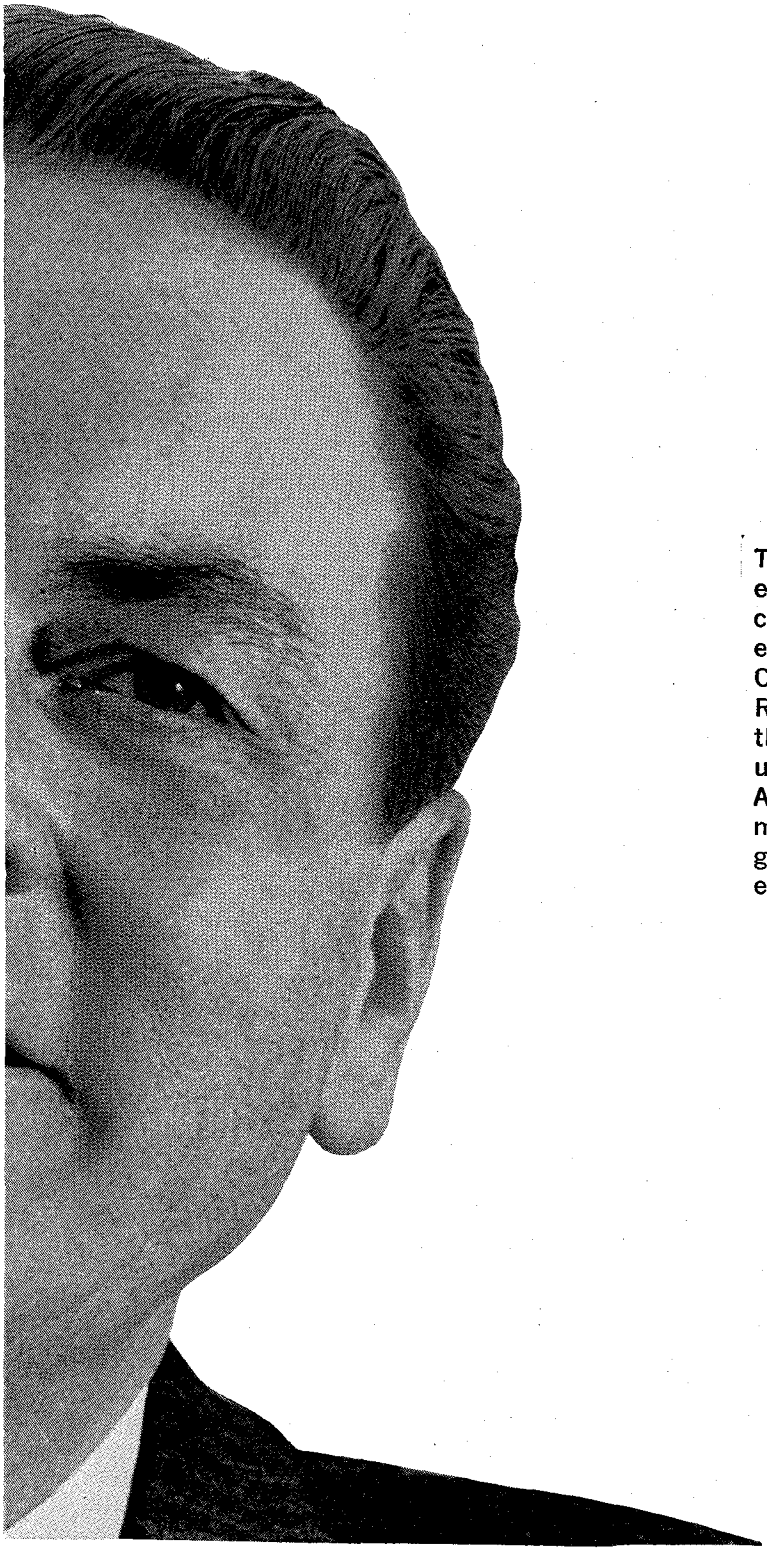

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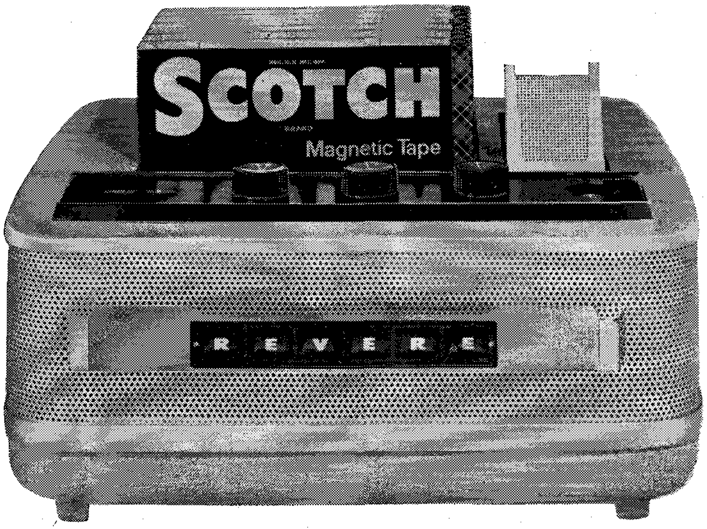

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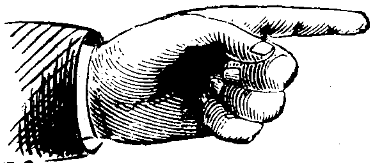
cause, being Negroes, of course they were not allowed in.

With a harsh, not very humorous laugh, Professor Smith remarked, "They don't even let us into their zoos down here in Alabama, so they're certainly not going to let us into their museums."

Professor Toland picked up the topic, saying thoughtfully, "It's really quite remarkable to what lengths the authorities seem prepared to go in order to avoid behaving rationally. In Montgomery, you know, they have closed down the public park altogether rather than comply with a court order that Negroes must be permitted the same use of these facilities as whites. In Danville, Virginia, they did comply with a court order to let Negroes into the public library, but felt impelled to protect their cherished way of life by removing all the seats. It's most curious, really."

He spoke in the same remote, neutral tone he had used at the meeting, as if he were a scholar from Mars noting phenomena that couldn't conceivably affect him. All three of the men present, I learned, had, for their Ph.D. dissertations, done research on some aspect or other of the omnipresent racial theme. Gomillion's dissertation had been "Civic Democracy in the South," Smith's "The Social Psychology of Discrimination," and Toland's (on which he was still at work) "The Negro in Alabama Politics, 1867-1901." Gomillion's study made use of a "composite socio-cultural index" he had devised, involving fifteen factors by which civic democracy could be rated. With the help of this index, he had found that as far as civic democracy was concerned, Alabama ranked on the next-to-lowest rung of the ladder, just above Mississippi; he had thus proved with considerable effort, as sociologists are wont to do, what was already well known to almost everyone else. As he talked of his thesis, I thought with some wonder, as I frequently found myself doing during my stay in Tuskegee, what an odd situation this was—these Negroes using discrimination as grist for scholarship, measuring their afflictions in terms of composite socio-cultural indexes, and, like anthropologists among a tribe of primitives, recording meticulously, for publication in scholarly journals, the folkways of the whites.

Soon the conversation moved on to the local gerrymander and its implications, and to all the strategies and counter-strategies involved thereabouts in the effort to obtain the right to vote. The scholars spoke with regret of the turn



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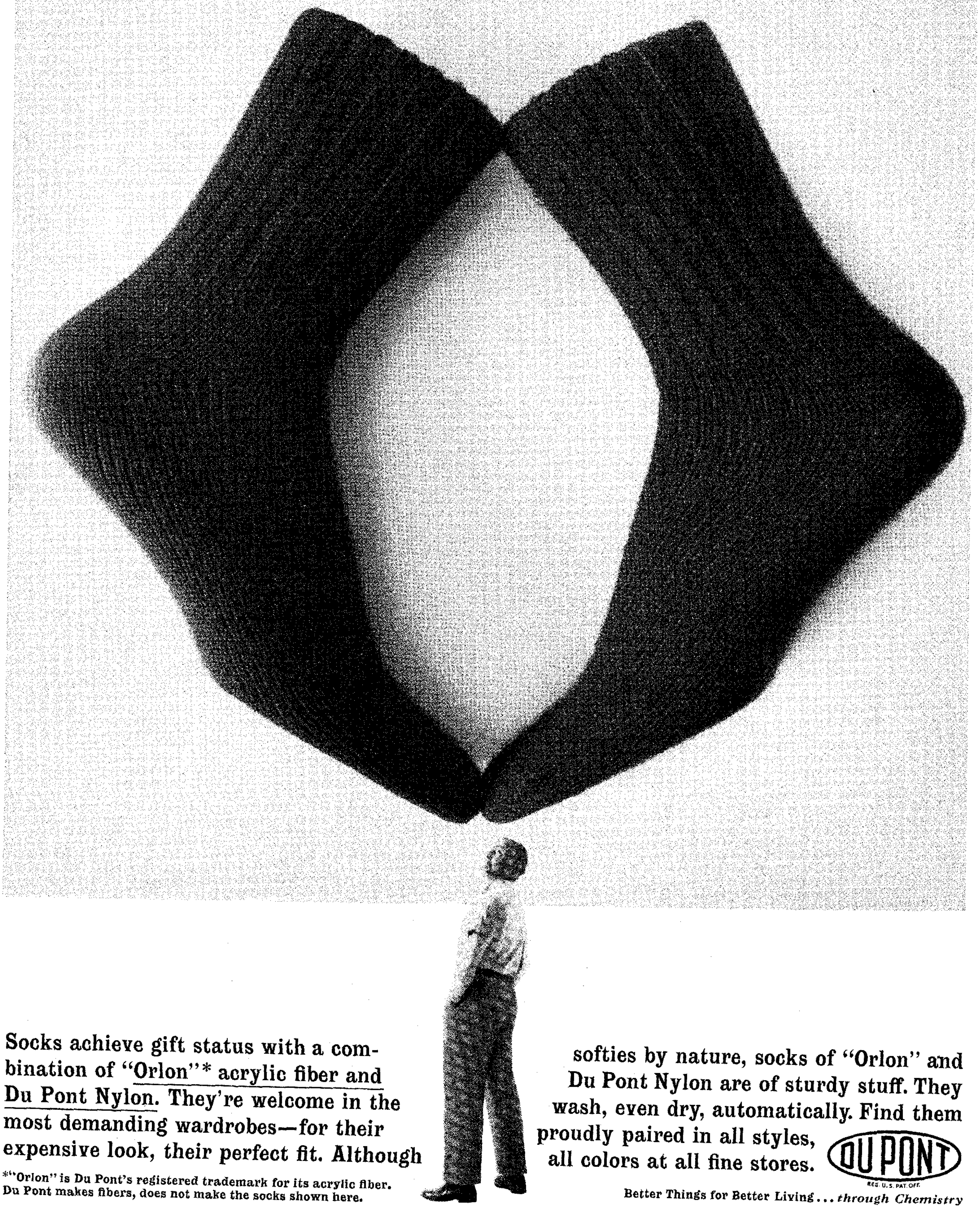

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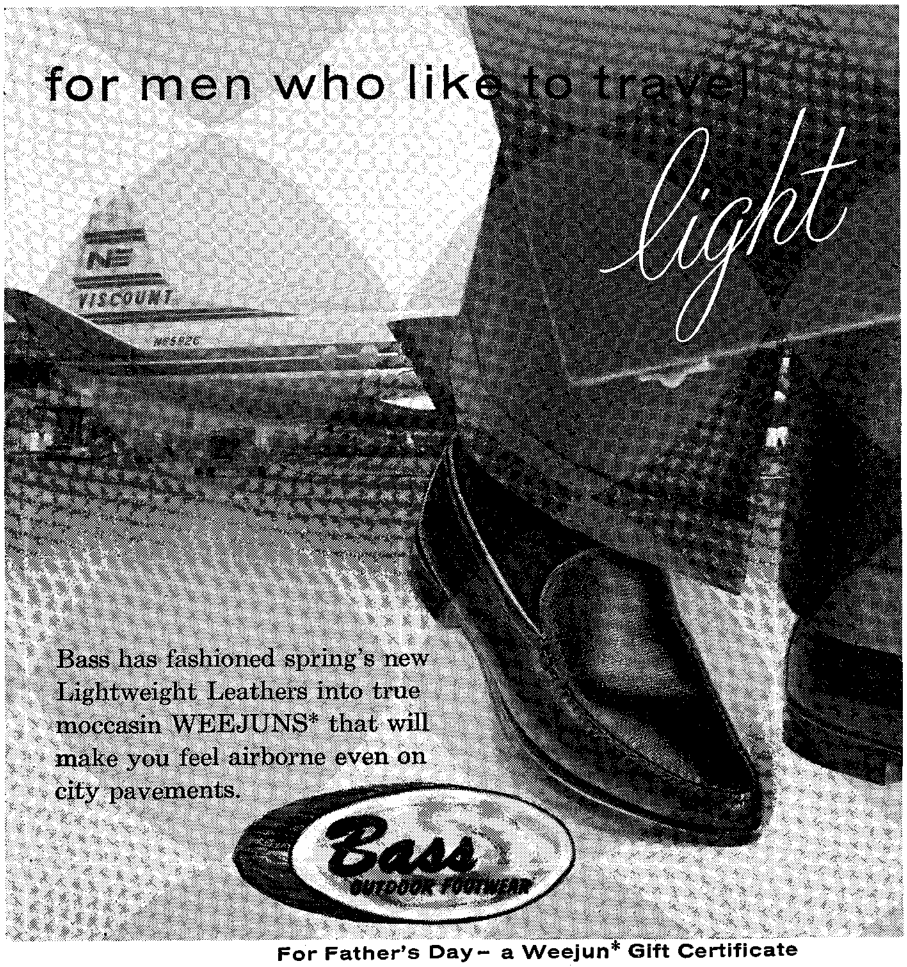

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that things had taken. Dr. Gomillion pointed out that, because of Booker T. Washington's philosophy of racial accommodation, local Negroes had never had any interest in fighting the whites. He said, "We were proud of this community, just as the whites were. We think it should have been possible to move peacefully and intelligently toward a new relationship—one of true mutual respect and dignity, not just the outer forms of these. There was a glorious opportunity here. With such a large pool of educated Negroes, Tuskegee could have become a model of partnership and coöperation—if the whites had only been flexible enough, *realistic* enough, to perceive the possibilities. Before too many years, Negroes are bound to obtain their citizenship rights. Wouldn't it be more satisfactory if they got them without becoming embittered and disillusioned in the process?" He spoke softly but crisply. There was nothing ingratiating about his manner. With his bleak eyes and thin, ascetic mouth, he conveyed an impression of formidable determination. I began to realize why he had been the leading figure for the past sixteen years in the local Negro movement for equal rights.

"The whites will tell you of their conviction that we intended to swamp them and take over just as soon as we got enough votes to be able to do so," Dr. Gomillion went on. "It was never our intention to run a full slate of candidates. We didn't wish to control, merely to share—to be able to participate freely in our government, on the basis of merit and interest. In a county where Negroes are in the majority, a county that has grown prosperous with the aid of taxes paid by Negroes and money spent by Negroes, is it too much to ask that we have at least *some* representation in our government—somebody on the Board of Education, on the County Board of Welfare, on the City Council? Surely there must be an intelligent middle ground between the concept of no representation at all and that of total taking over. Ideally, of course," he added, "we would like to work toward a situation in which race didn't enter into the question at all and one merely had the opportunity to vote for the best candidate, without regard to his color."

It wasn't until around the Second World War, he said, that local Negroes began to think that by not voting they had been remiss in their duties as American citizens. In the past, they had been content to accept the unusual accommodation that had been worked out—

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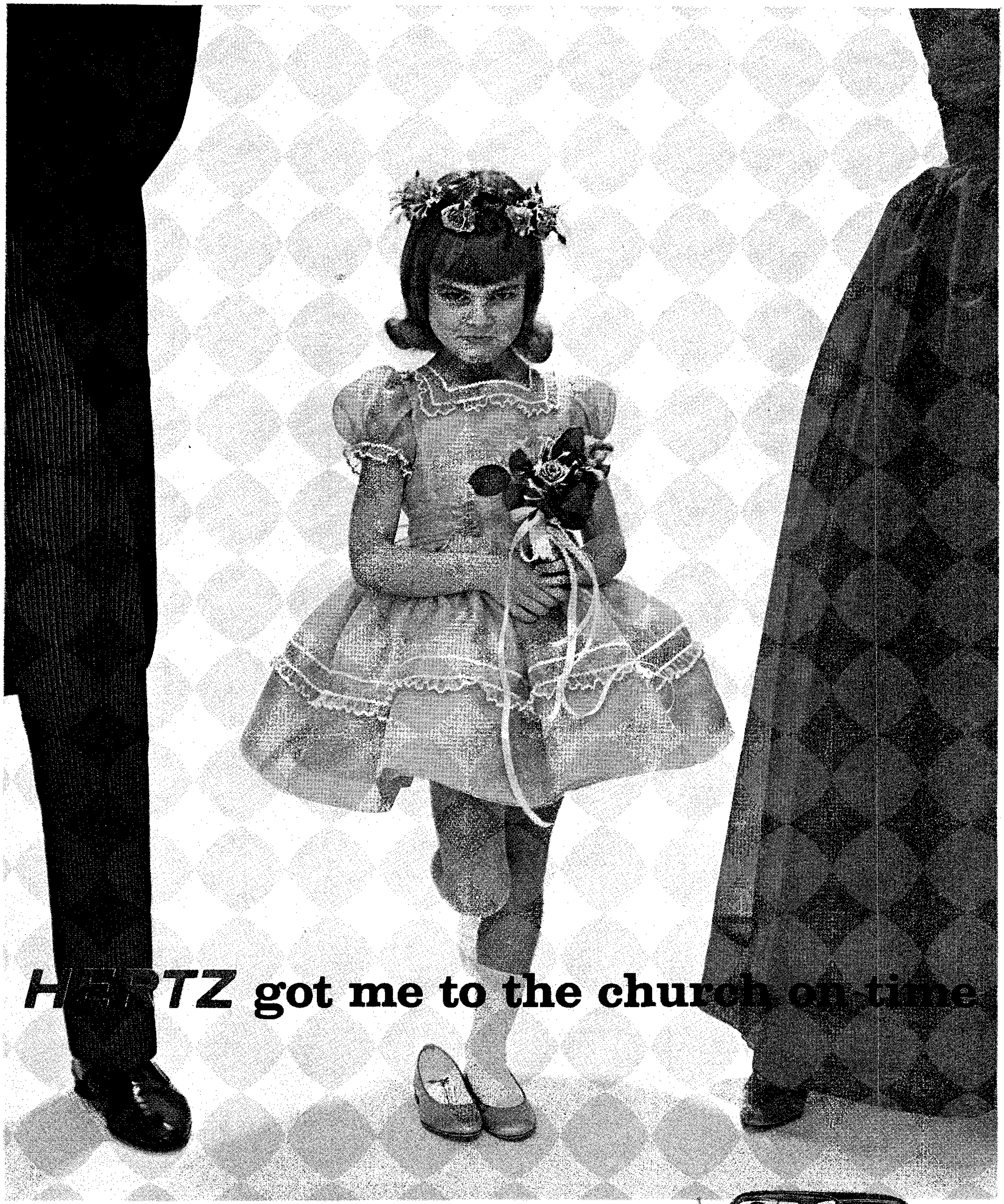
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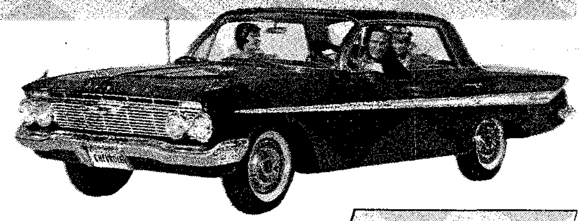

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the Negro intellectuals and professionals confining their sphere of interest to Tuskegee Institute and the veterans' hospital, and completely relinquishing political and business affairs to the whites. Between the Negro middle class of Tuskegee and the Negro farmers and sharecroppers who made up the bulk of the population of Macon County, there had been very little sense of identity.

"It was the gerrymander that brought us together," Professor Smith put in. "Before that, we professional people had the feeling that it was possible for us to go downtown and obtain special privileges. When *this* happened—the gerrymander—we discovered that the whites who ran things didn't regard us as different in any significant way from the most backward members of our race, and that historically this had always been so, and we had just never faced it. We were shocked into the realization that we were still Negroes, with all the disabilities attached thereto in the sovereign state of Alabama. The country people found our comeuppance rather amusing and, I think, subtly satisfying. They didn't rub it in, but there was some chortling. 'Well, now, join us' was their attitude at the first Crusade meeting. 'Welcome home.' "

Now that Negroes had become purposeful about trying to register, Professor Gomillion went on, local and state officials had shown themselves to be equally purposeful—and infinitely resourceful—about finding ways to thwart them. Boards of Registrars had set up tedious application procedures, had disqualified Negroes on technicalities without telling them why they failed, had met irregularly, or—for long periods—not met at all. "Some boards have resigned rather than register Negroes, and despite petitions from us, Governors have been dilatory in appointing new boards, giving as a reason that they couldn't find anybody willing to serve. During a total period of four years in the past ten, Macon County has been without a Board of Registrars, and when it *has* had one, we've often had to hunt all over the place to find where it was meeting."

Professor Smith said, "One of our T.C.A. members, Mrs. Beulah C. Johnson, was hunting around for the former board one registration day, and found them in the probate judge's office, in the big walk-in vault that's used to store all the legal documents, where they were engaged in registering some white people."

Though Negro applicants had been

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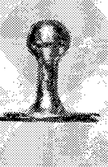

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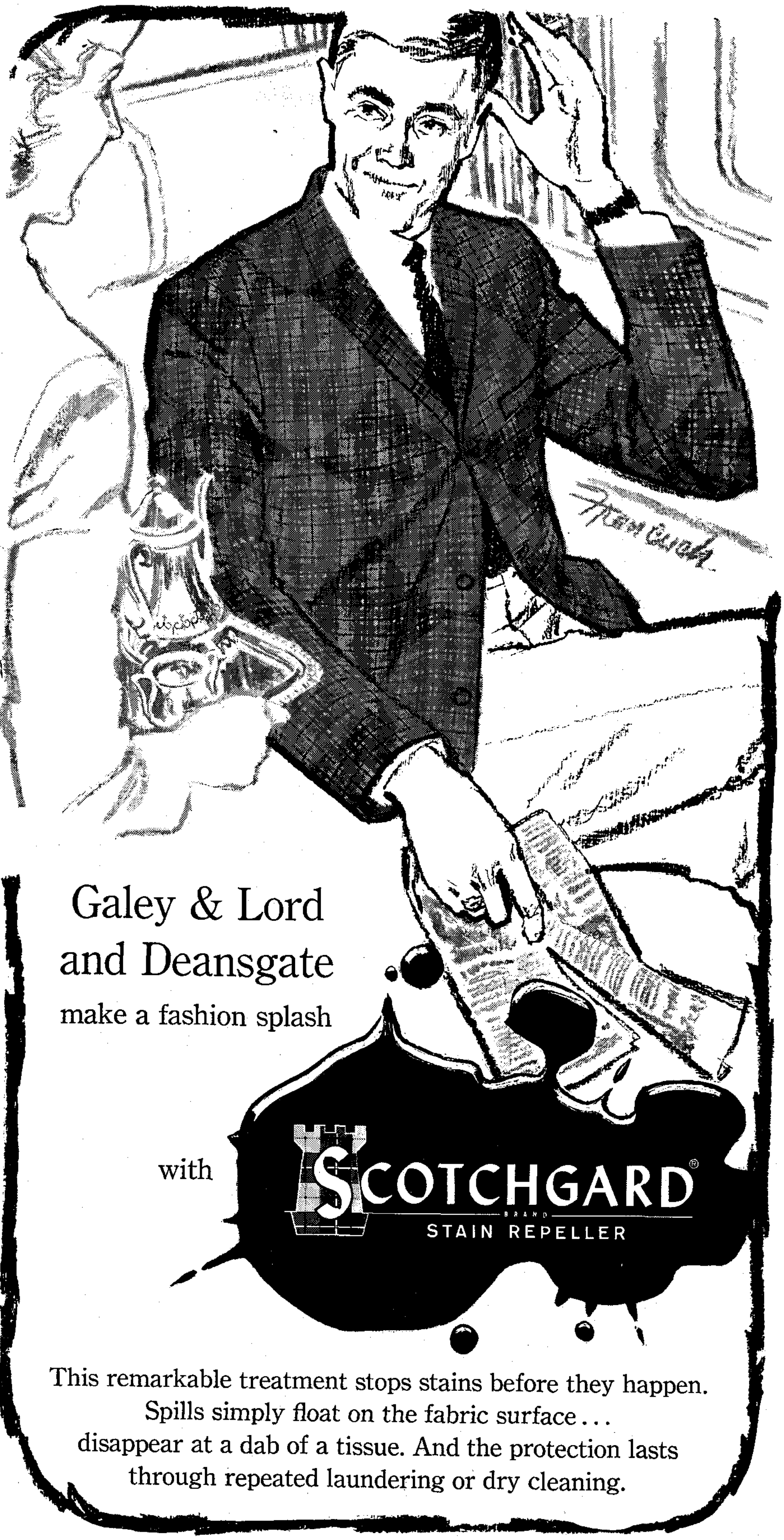
turned down for technicalities like listing their date of birth before instead of after their place of birth on the questionnaire, Gomillion said, white applicants had passed even though they had written "Yes" in answer to Question 19 on the application—"Will you give aid and comfort to the enemies of the United States Government or the government of the State of Alabama?" Only about a thousand out of a population of fourteen thousand presumably eligible Negroes in Macon County, he said, had succeeded in registering, and the bulk of these had done so during the administration of Governor James E. Folsom—the Governor who got himself in Dutch in the South by inviting Congressman Adam Clayton Powell to the executive mansion for a drink of Scotch.

Attempts by the United States Commission on Civil Rights and the United States Attorney General's office to bring about a fundamental change in registration policy had been resisted all the way down the line. The Alabama state legislature's prompt reaction to findings by federal officials that the records of Boards of Registrars in Macon and other counties revealed wholesale discrimination had been to pass a law giving Boards of Registrars permission to destroy their records after thirty days.

"We've just had a new board appointed here, after being for eighteen months without one," Gomillion said. "It's been in existence only about four months, so we'll have to wait and see how it does. So far, I should say, things don't look too good."

At about ten o'clock, Smith and Toland said good night and left. I stayed on to talk with Gomillion a few minutes longer. I asked him about his education, and he told me that he had got his Ph.D. just last year, from Ohio State. He had also done postgraduate work at Fiske University, where he went after spending his undergraduate years at Paine College, in Georgia. He said, "I calculate that I had a total of twenty-six months of elementary-school education." His father had been a farm laborer who had never learned to read and write; his mother had gone only through the third grade in school. In the rural, poverty-stricken region of South Carolina where he had been born and brought up, free public schooling for Negro children was provided during only three months of the year; in the remaining months the youngsters were expected to help in the fields. By the



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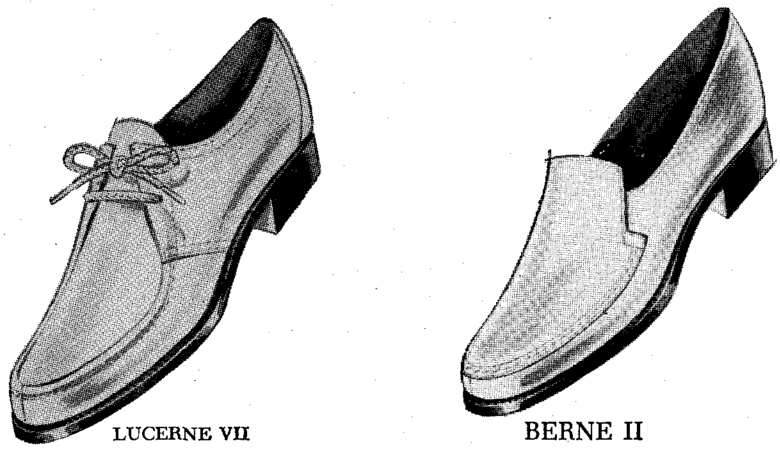

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time Gomillion reached the eighth grade, he was the only child in his class, all his contemporaries having dropped out to go to work; he himself quit the eighth grade after four weeks, because he decided that the teacher didn't know any more than he did. He then worked for two and a half years, saving up to go away to a secondary school attached to Paine College. He got there at last, but stayed only until the end of his sophomore year, when he ran out of money. For the next year, he worked in a post office at Philadelphia, where, one day, an elderly Negro co-worker said to him, "Son, you ought not to look forward to remaining in the post office all your life. Go back and finish college!" The injunction struck home, and, after teaching school for a while, Gomillion did go back and got his bachelor's degree at the age of twenty-eight. "And that," he concluded, "is more or less the way you go about becoming a professor if you're born a colored boy in Johnston, South Carolina."

Gomillion had phoned for a cab for me, and we went outside to wait for it. The air was balmy; it was a lovely night. I asked whether he went along with the fervent Republicanism that the Reverend Mr. Newman had advocated at the meeting. He laughed and said, "No, I'm not a Republican. I think the Democratic Party offers the best hope for the Negroes nationally, and, to be realistic, I think one has to work within it here in the Deep South, because it is the party in power. But I can't blame the Negroes who feel insulted by it and become Republicans. I can assure you that it is a difficult moment for you, if you're a Negro, when, after going through all that you have to go through in order to register and obtain your precious right of suffrage, you come to vote as a Democrat in Alabama and you go into the voting booth and are given a ballot—an official ballot, mind you—that has printed at the top of the Democratic line, 'White Supremacy for the Right.' "

THERE are a hundred and thirty-seven counties in the South where, as in Macon County, Negroes constitute a majority of the population (although there is now no state where Negroes outnumber whites). Most of these counties are in the Deep Southern states of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana, and they constitute the so-called Black Belt—a designation that had its origin in the

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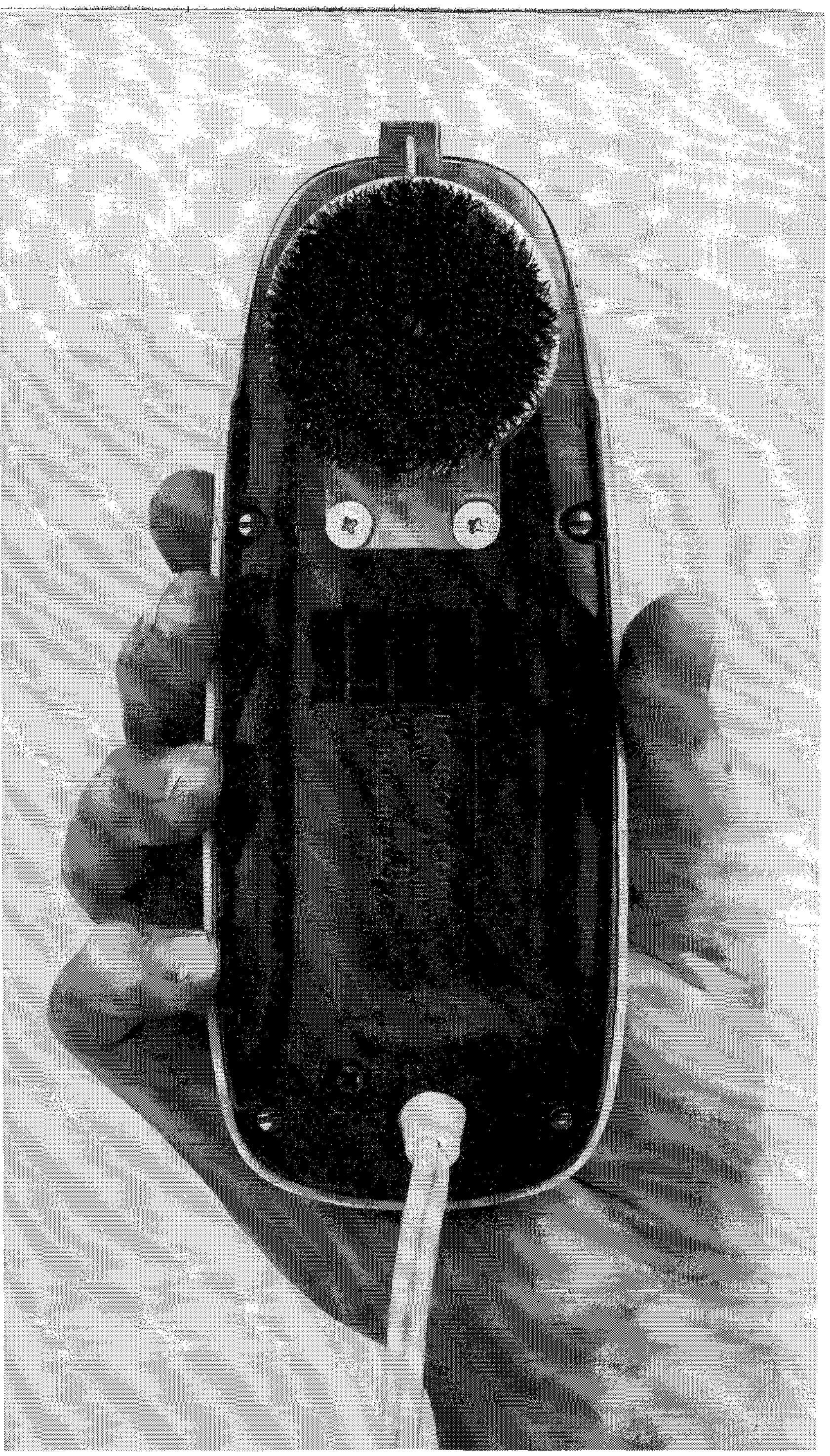

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FOR MEN

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color of the soil characterizing this old plantation region, but that is now more apt to call to mind the color of the population. Typically, these counties are rural still, consisting of large landholdings parcelled out among tenant farmers. The Negroes, for the most part, work as sharecroppers or laborers, and are absolutely dependent on the white minority for their livelihood. Per-capita incomes are low, and years of schooling are few. In the Black Belt, few Negroes care, or dare, to try to do anything about getting the vote. At the same time, white registration tends to run around a hundred per cent of the voting-age white population—or even a little better, as in Wilcox County, Alabama, where the rolls show 2,950 whites registered out of a total eligible white population of 2,624, and not a single Negro registered out of a total presumably eligible population of 6,085. Within recent memory, only one Negro has been brave enough to even attempt to register in Wilcox County. He was a minister, and when he showed up at the registrar's office—according to testimony given at a Civil Rights Commission hearing—he was told, "Well, now, you're all right. I could register you, but to register you means that I have to register other Negroes, and for that reason it's better not to register you." In a similar Black Belt county—Lowndes County, Alabama—as of 1959 no Negro had applied in years, and no white applicant had been rejected in years. According to a Civil Rights Commission report, Mrs. Dorothy Woodruff, one of the three Lowndes County registrars, testified in 1959 that, except for filling out the application papers, white applicants were not required to demonstrate their literacy. "After we meet, we discuss it, and if their qualifications are up to par we send them their certificate," said Mrs. Woodruff. "We have never had any that haven't been up to par." When the vice-chairman of the Commission, Robert G. Storey, asked "Is that true as to both the blacks and the whites?" Mrs. Woodruff replied "We have no blacks"—meaning no black applicants. The report adds dryly, "Neither she nor Clyde A. Day, another Lowndes County registrar, could offer any explanation of why no Negro had applied for registration during their terms of office." The Commission, however, had an explanation: "Fear of physical harm, combined with economic pressure."

These rural, impoverished, backward, fear-ridden counties are the bas-

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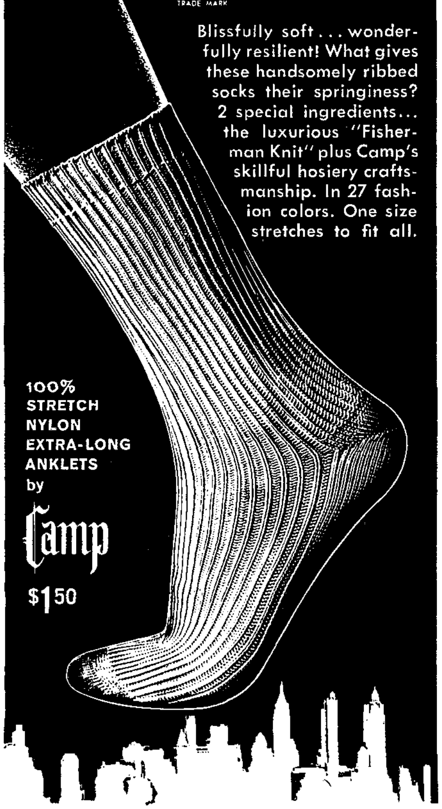

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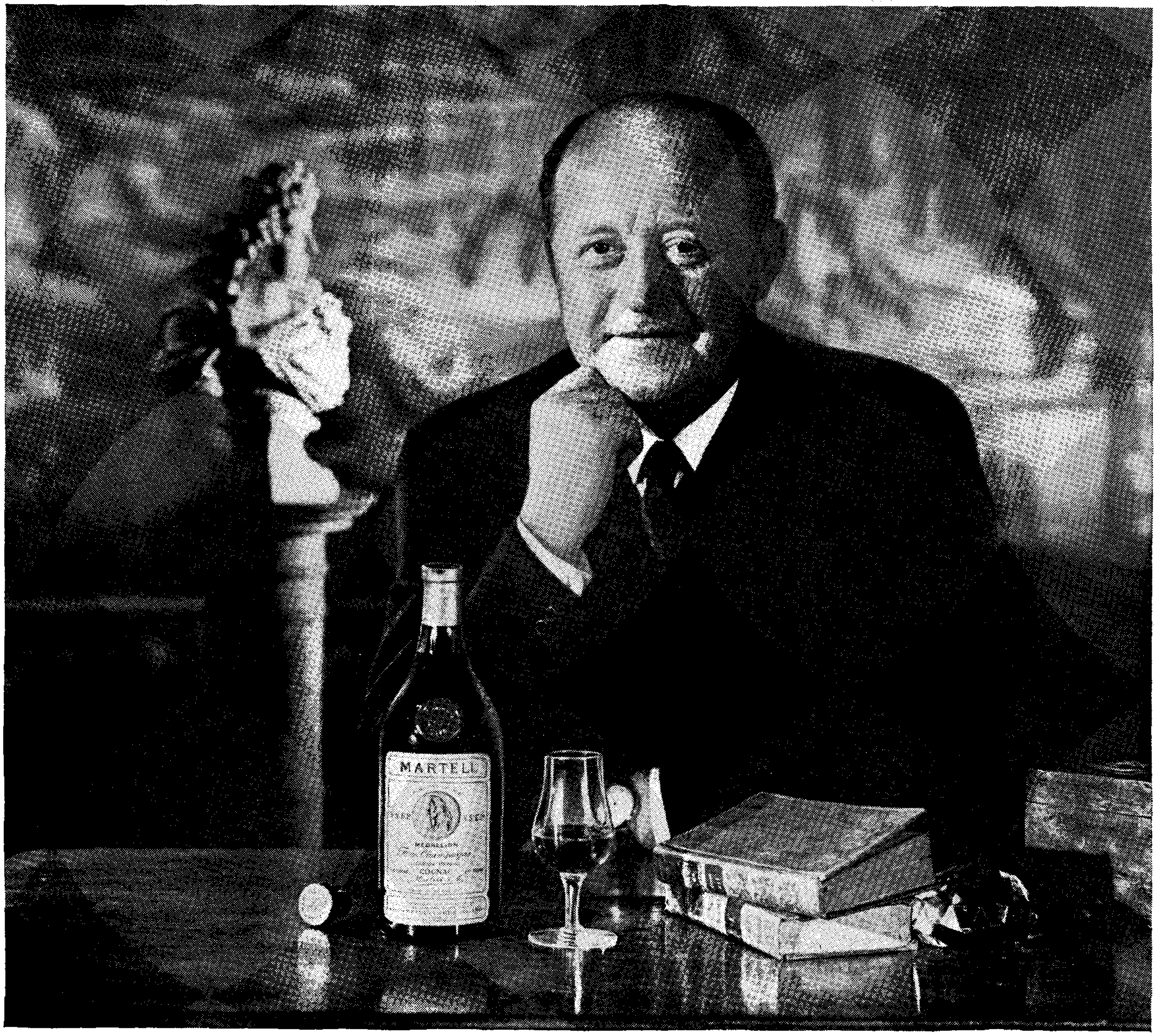

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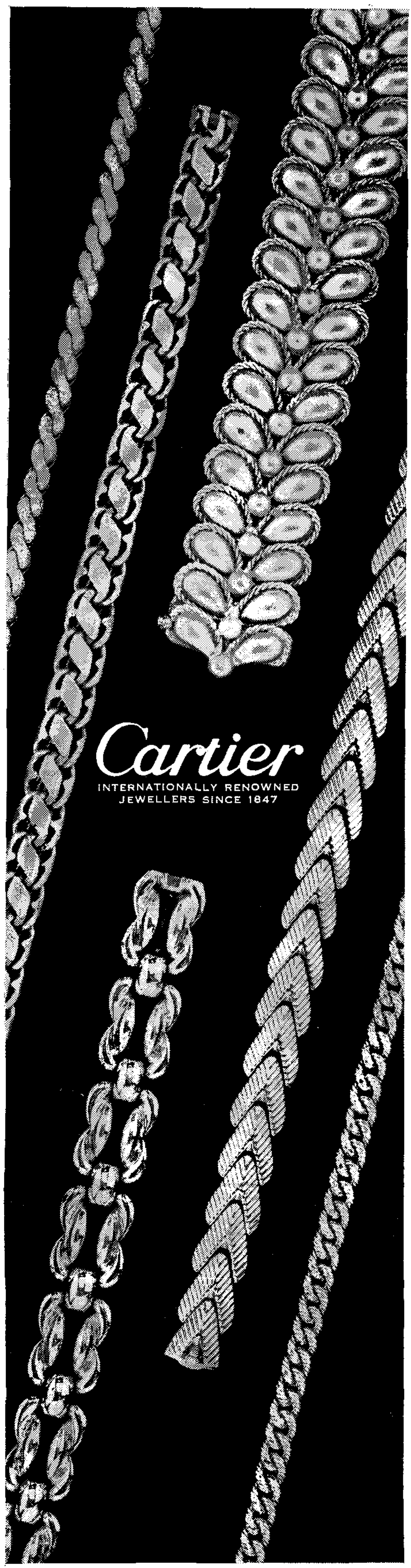
tions and focal points of Southern resistance to any form of desegregation and to any extension of civil rights—not merely locally but wherever these may threaten, whether in New Orleans or Little Rock. Because of the South's unbalanced political structure, in which the big-city whites are apt to find themselves almost as poorly represented in the state governments as the rural Negroes, these counties speak with very loud voices indeed in the legislatures. This continues to be true even though their numbers are steadily diminishing as year by year Negroes continue to migrate out of the rural Black Belt northward and to the cities.

On the basis of the population figures, one might expect Macon County to be not only much like the other Black Belt counties but even more so, for eighty-four per cent of its population is Negro—the highest such percentage in the United States. Macon is like the others, and it isn't. If one drives about the back-country roads, which I did several times during my stay, he may observe, not too many miles away from the idealized version of colored academe that is Tuskegee Institute, ample evidence of the squalor and apathy characteristic of the Black Belt counties. The presence of a sizable colored bourgeoisie, such as is to be found in the Tuskegee area, is, however, most uncharacteristic. One observer has written, "Perhaps more than in any other comparable area, here are the extremes of Negro life in the South and nation today. In this county, black hands daily perform the most intricate and delicate surgical operations known to medicine in the large veterans' hospital while other black hands till the earth under conditions characterized by the most primitive superstition and backwardness." Tuskegee Institute and the veterans' hospital not only have created an unusual body of educated, highly skilled Negroes but have also provided them with unusual economic security. (The bulk of the Institute's funds comes from private endowment, largely Northern in origin; the hospital's revenue comes, of course, from the federal government.) These unique elements make the situation in Macon County both anomalous and revealing—just as, in a laboratory experiment, the introduction into a standard situation of an exceptional factor may be the best way of bringing to light the true nature of some physical or chemical process.

One of the differences that I noted between Macon County and the usual Black Belt county—one that continu-



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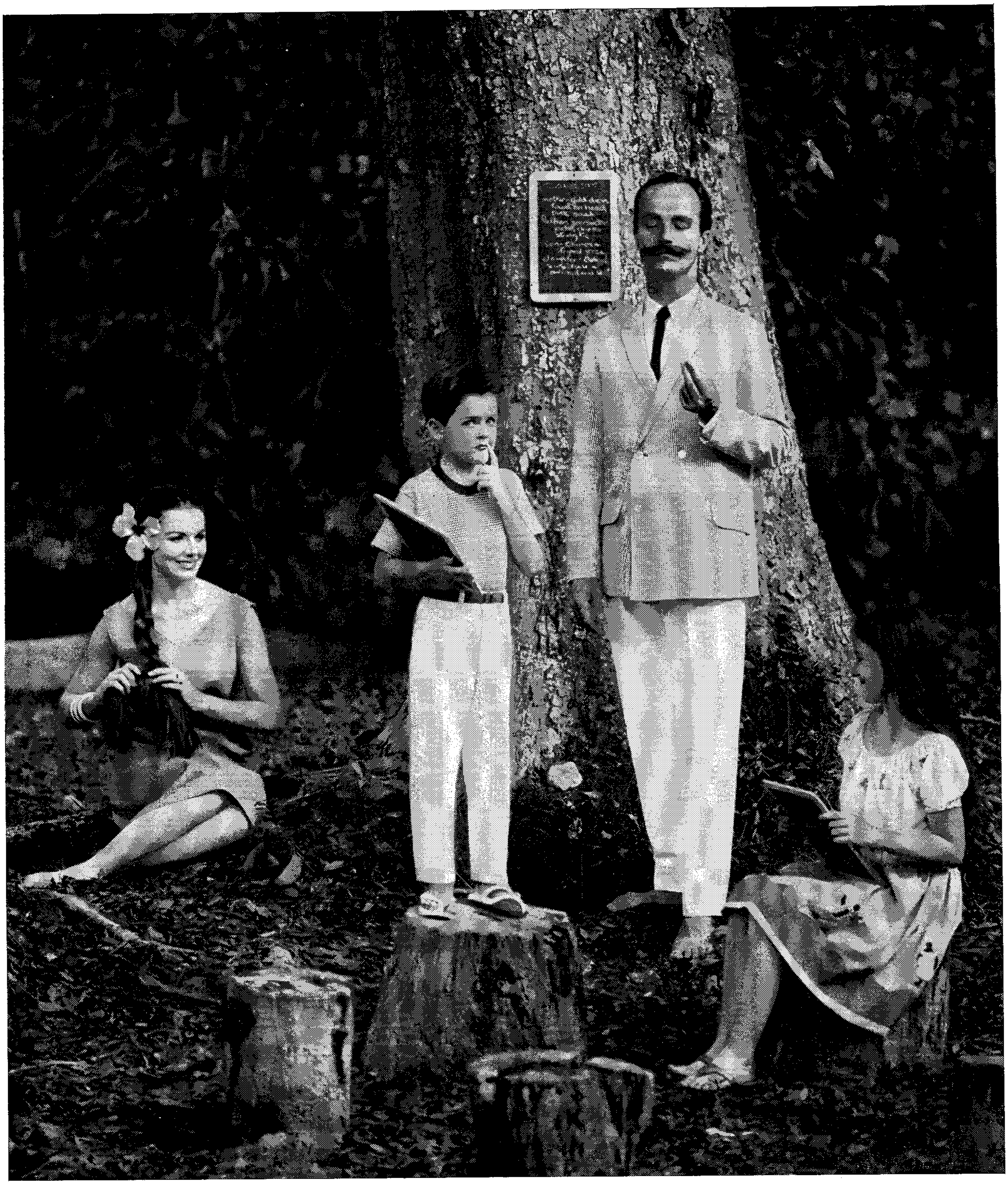

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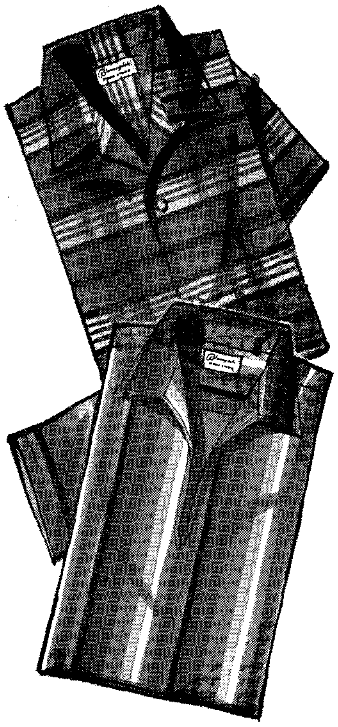

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ally impressed me during my stay—was the absence of menace from the atmosphere, and, more than that, the courtesy displayed in nearly all casual encounters between the races. In view of the comprehensive nature of the struggle being conducted in this region, the prevailing good manners seemed to me a most remarkable achievement. Both sides agreed on this. I spoke one day with the president of the City Council, W. Foy Thompson, and he dwelt on the point with pride. "This is a town with fine old traditions, with wonderful relations between white and colored people," he said. "Even now, good manners continue. There's been no violence, no harshness. During the time you've been here, have you heard a single complaint from any of the colored people of anything of that sort? Tell me frankly!" When I replied that I hadn't, he said with satisfaction, "You see! It's been a very one-sided affair, though. We're still giving the niggras the same garbage service, the same water and electricity service and police protection as we did before." He meant before the boycott. For the whites, the boycott has been as great a grievance as the gerrymander has been for the Negroes. "When the boycott began," Thompson explained, "we could have cut them off, but we wanted to be fair, and we've continued just as before with the Little League Recreation program for niggra children we provide in the summer." Thompson, a lean, capable-looking man in his forties who is in the insurance business, had picked me up at the hotel just after breakfast that morning and driven me out to Tuskegee City Lake, on the eastern fringe of the city—a large body of water, which he said was wonderfully stocked with game fish. There he parked, and we sat and talked while the sun sparkled on the waves. "My family's lived a long time in this town," he said. "My mother's house was built in 1829. My father had one of the largest farms in Macon County. We had seventy-five niggra families on it." He went on to describe an example of the sort of friendship between the races that, he said, was possible in the South, and that a Northerner could have no comprehension of. The friendship was that between the Thompson family and Dr. George Washington Carver, the famous Negro scientist, who worked at Tuskegee Institute until his death in 1943, and who made a major contribution to Southern agriculture through his experiments in developing hundreds of products utilizing peanuts and sweet

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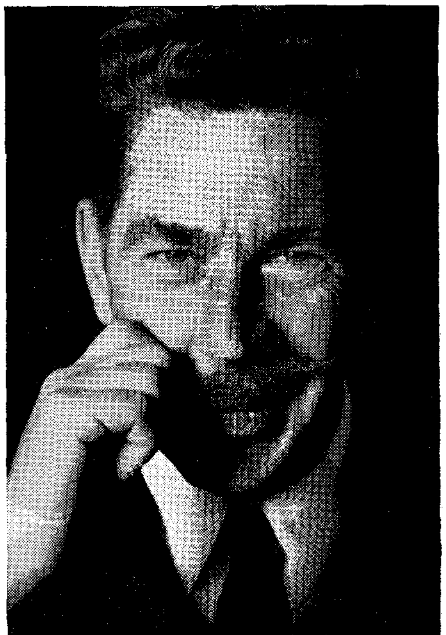

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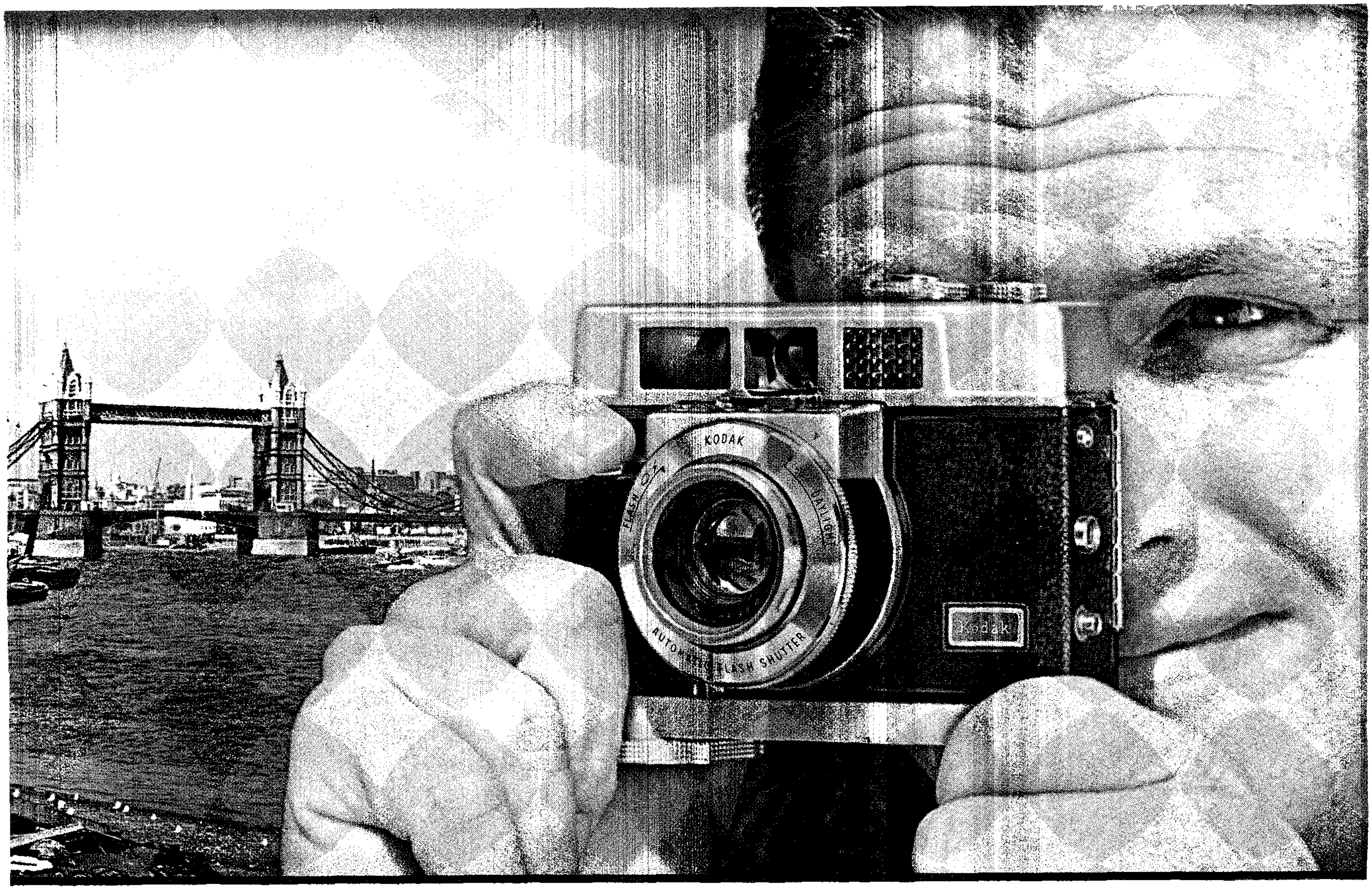

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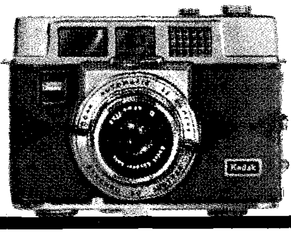

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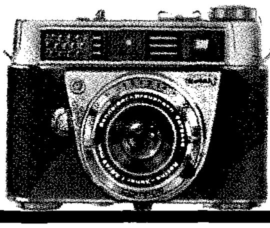

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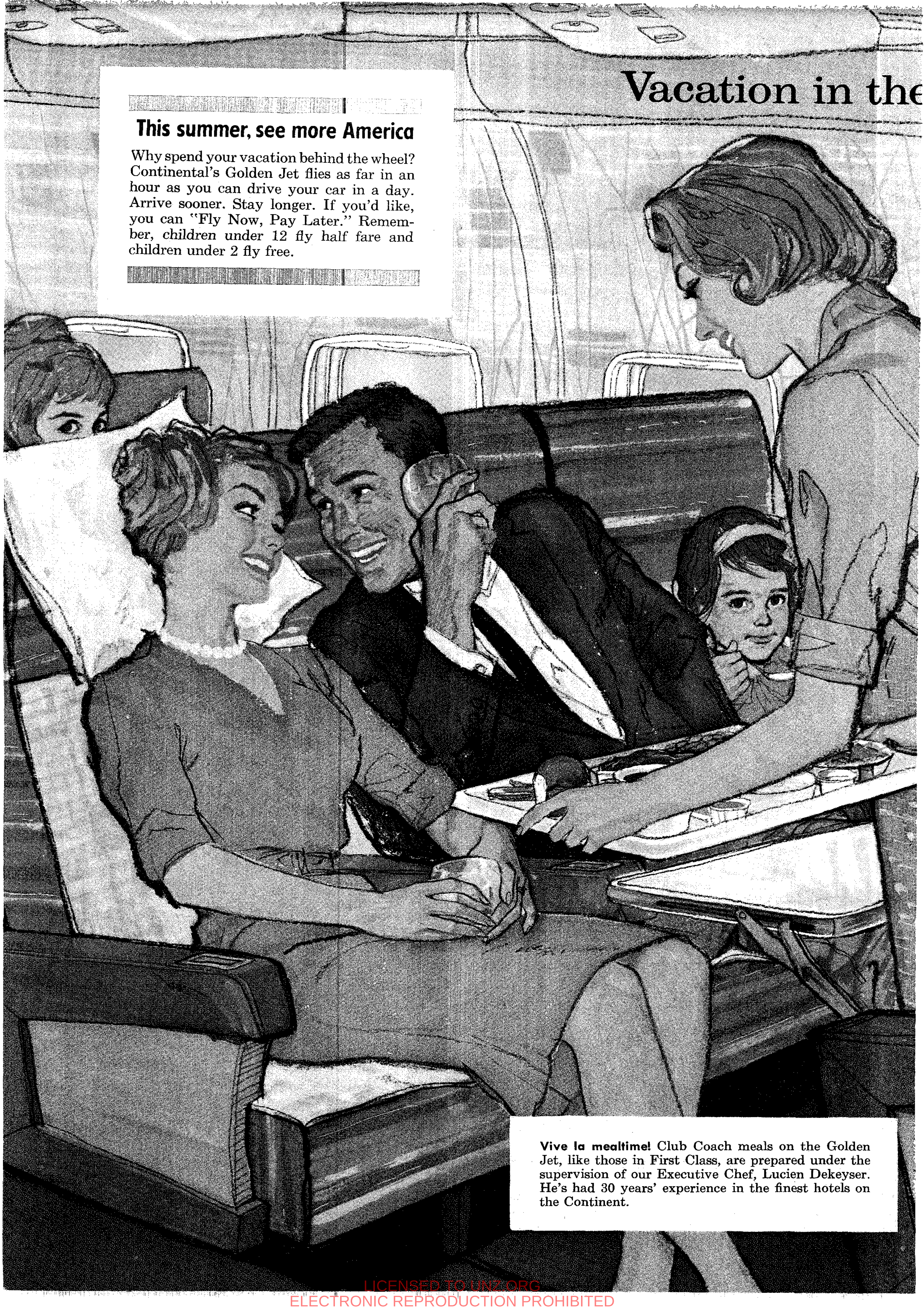

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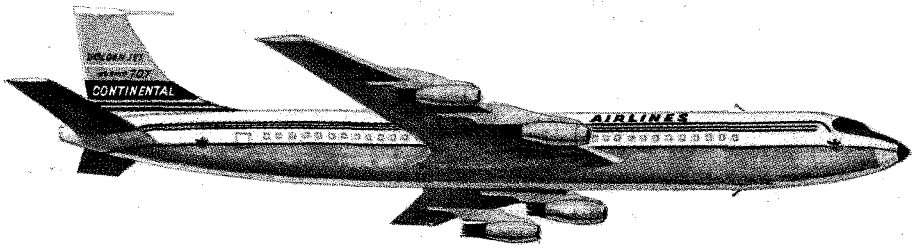
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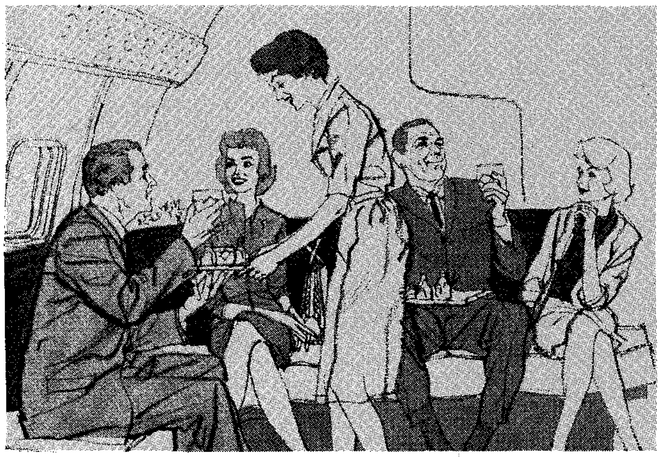

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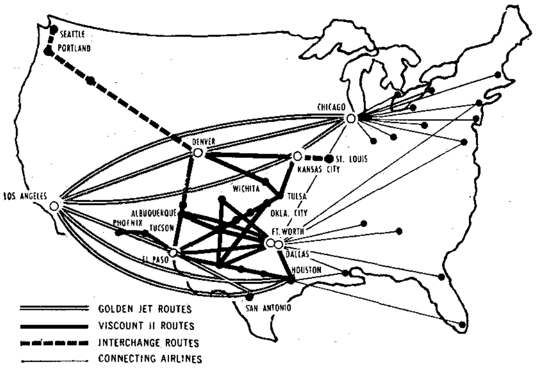
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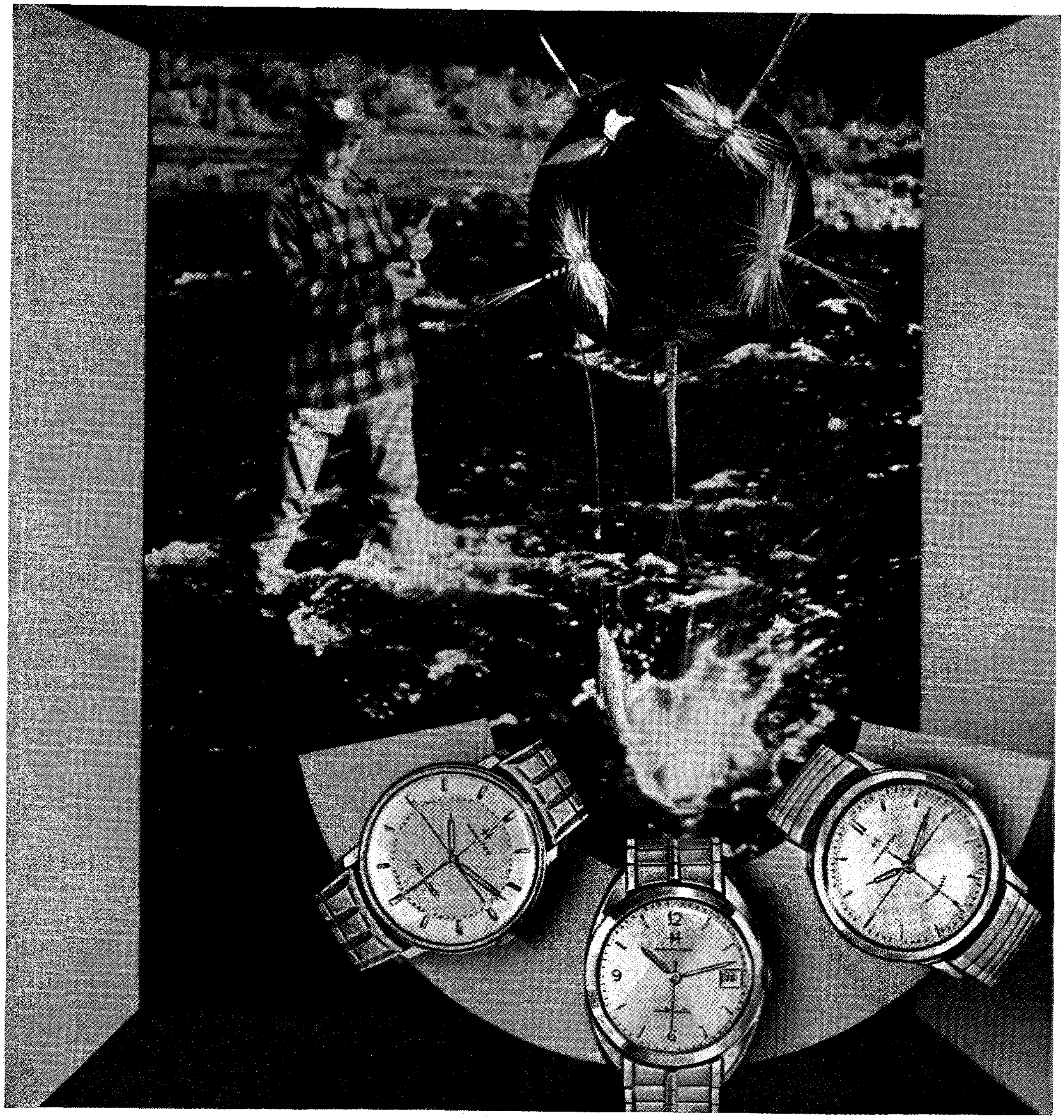Watches featured, left to right: T-451, $95; Accumatic A-575 (calendar), $69.50; K-418, $110. Hamilton Watch Company, Lancaster, Pa.
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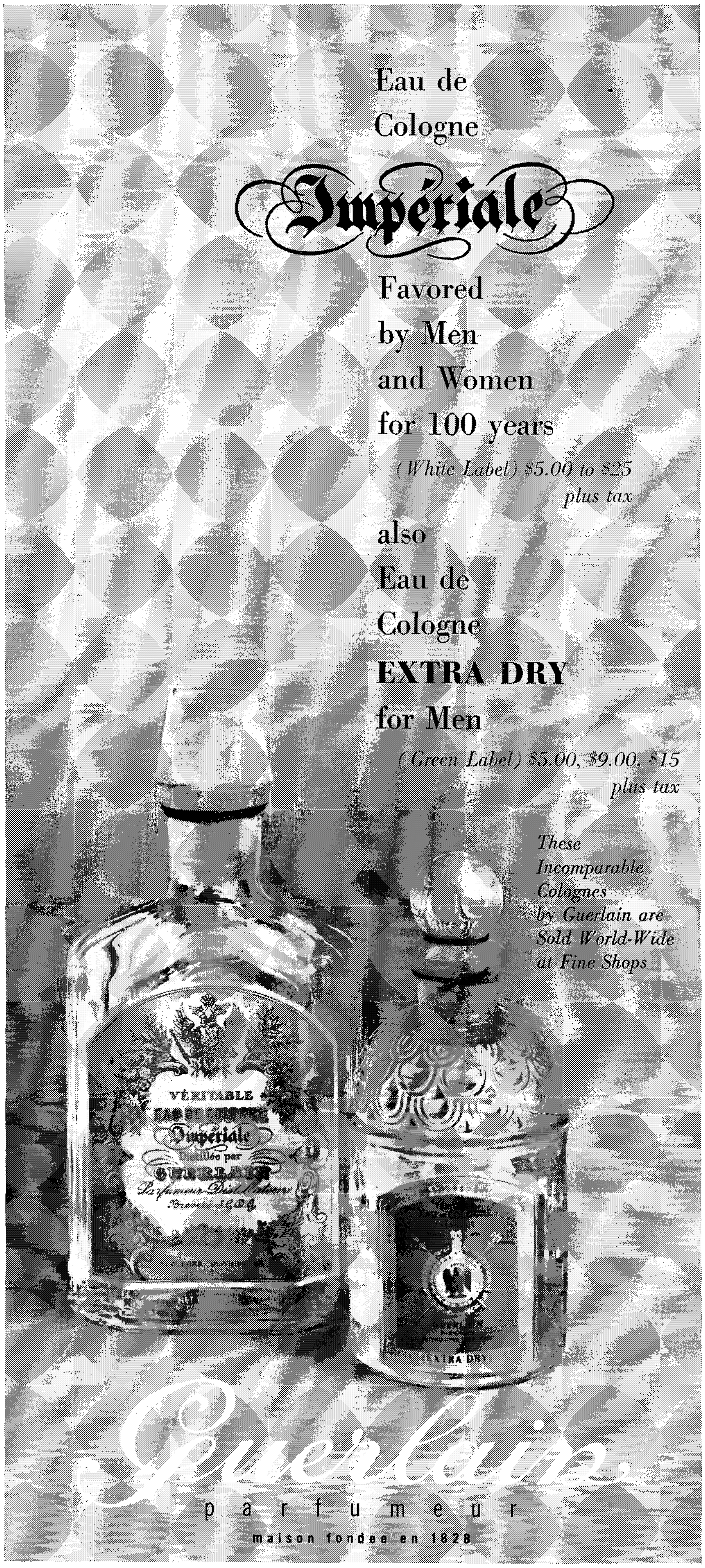
potatoes. "My father carried Dr. Carver all over the state on the speaking trips he used to make," Thompson told me. "As a child, I was the first person Dr. Carver ever tried his peanut-oil massage on." He related this with, I thought, unfeigned pride. It had clearly meant something to him to have been of some use to the Negro scientist. "Yes," he concluded, "we've always had wonderful relations with niggras here. And I'm glad you've been able to see that there's *still* courtesy, *still* good manners."

IN a way, I gathered as my stay went on, the maintenance of these civil, and outwardly pleasant, relations between the races is something that is done with mirrors—by a sort of tacit agreement to keep up, for the purpose of conducting everyday affairs, the illusion that nothing of consequence has happened. The basic issues that have arisen are simply not discussed between whites and Negroes, the reason being that this is the way the whites want to have it. When, some time after the gerrymander, a Tuskegee faculty member who had long been on cordial terms with Mayor Philip M. Lightfoot called the latter to ask for an appointment, the Mayor readily granted it, with the proviso that he would "talk about anything but politics or the city limits." An amiable conversation ensued, in which both men triumphantly succeeded in avoiding every topic of concern to either. This kind of thing is bound to make for a certain amount of strain and anxiety beneath the gracious surface, and every now and then during my stay I caught a glimpse of the inner turmoil. There was, for instance, a scene reported by the Negro housekeeper for another prominent white Tuskegee political figure. "He has never said nothin' about what's happenin'," she said. "He hasn't even asked me if I go to the Crusade meetin's. All he ever said was, one day when he came in the kitchen, 'Callie, they say we don't like the colored people. Don't you believe that. I was raised up with colored people and I love the colored people.' "

Not only did the whites decline to discuss the race problem with Negroes, they didn't even discuss it among themselves if they could avoid it. Apparently, they hoped that if it were ignored, it would go away and life in Tuskegee would become once again as they remembered it—harmonious, prosperous, civilized, with everyone, white or black, contentedly filling his allotted place. To at least a few white persons I came to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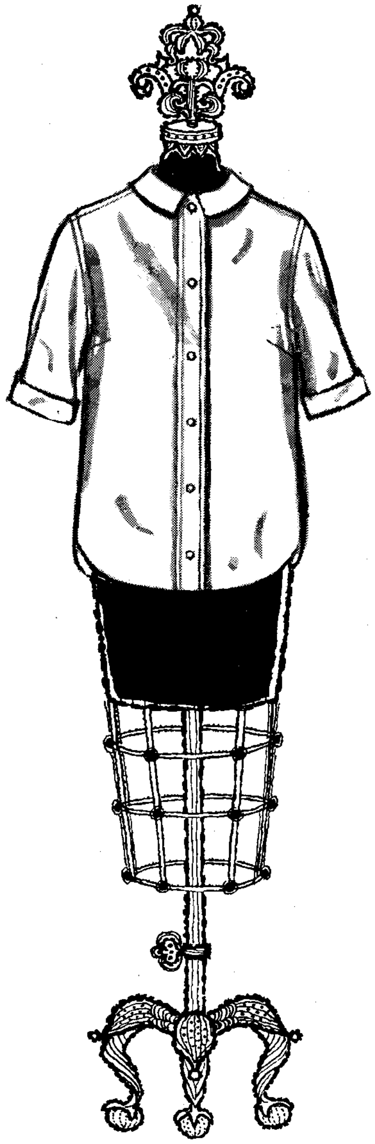
know in Tuskegee, this seemed an incredibly unrealistic course. One of them was a Presbyterian minister named James K. Thompson—a young man with an athletic build, curly yellow hair, and eyes of an extraordinarily vivid blue, who had got the call to the ministry while serving as a fighter pilot during the Korean War. As the Reverend Mr. Thompson and I sat talking one day in the study of his church, he said, "Recently, a number of civic and welfare groups got together to form an organization called the Macon County Improvement Association. We had a meeting to discuss the areas of our concern. We talked about programs to combat juvenile delinquency and about plans for getting a new nursing home. Well, juvenile delinquency is not a problem of any dimension down here—it just isn't, fortunately. But race is. That's the greatest problem any of us have to face. Yet the Macon County Improvement Association has never discussed it. None of us are facing it."

He himself, at the time I talked with him, seemed to be wrestling with his conscience—wondering aloud whether as a Christian he ought to be speaking out publicly far more forthrightly than he had till then. "Once a year—in February—our church has a Race Relations Day," he said. "You can feel tension mounting among the congregation for weeks beforehand. Then the day comes, and I deliver a bunch of platitudes and gradually things simmer down." Nevertheless, he was hopeful. "The change is coming, whether we like it or not, from a paternalistic society to one in which there is responsible participation, and if only we can regard the prospect as a challenge, not as a threat, we can do all right here," he went on. "The South has many wonderful qualities. We have values that you in the North have lost. There's more warmth here; personal relationships mean more. The North's way of life—so impersonal and mechanical, so full of stresses and material goals—is far from ideal. It seems to me that if we here in the South can just work out this race-relations problem, we may have something to offer the country—a better, richer way of life than it has yet seen."

I didn't find many other white people, though, who were capable of treating the race-relations problem as a challenge rather than as a threat. Certainly Mayor Lightfoot was not in the least stimulated by the eminence that the case of Gomillion v. Lightfoot had conferred on him. His term of office was



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ending, and he was tired. "Somebody else is going to have to work this thing out," he said, with a weary sigh, one afternoon when I called on him at his home—the Varner-Alexander mansion, which is the prize ante-bellum house of the region. "Not me. I'm too old." He was actually about sixty, a gentlemanly figure, with sparse gray hair and a trim gray mustache. He wore a rather wistful expression. A few weeks before my arrival in town, he had been defeated for reëlection, after serving for seven years as mayor, by a political newcomer—a lumberyard foreman by trade. Lightfoot was still brooding over the election result, which he said had saddened him, not for personal reasons, but because of what it signified. The working people, it appeared, were no longer content to be governed by the gentry. "They want to get their own kind in there now," he said. As I sat and listened to his wistful musings in this elegant mansion, with its colonnaded verandas; its lofty rooms whose ornately carved French windows opened onto gardens in which flourished hundred-year-old camellias; its Empire furniture; its glistening chandeliers; its silverware, bought from Tiffany in 1856, laid out carefully on the sideboard, I could not help thinking how Faulknerian the scene was. I might have been listening to a Sartoris lamenting the rise of the Snopeses.

It was, of course, during Lightfoot's regime that the gerrymander had been effected, but the Mayor had little to say to me about it, or about the Negroes' new determination to be represented in their government. Probably he was still digesting his surprise at the ordinary white people's wish to be represented. What an unlikely fate had befallen this gentleman, I thought as I sat there with him—that he should pass into history forever linked, in the indexes of the lawbooks, with the Negro Gomillion.

AS Gomillion had predicted, I found that nearly all the white people with whom I discussed the gerrymander justified it on the ground that *something* had had to be done to keep the Negroes from taking over completely and "swamping" them. Just exactly what effect it would have on their daily lives to be swamped nobody explained clearly, nor did anyone clarify why it should be considered appalling for a minority to be swamped by a majority but perfectly all right for a majority to be swamped by a minority, as the Negroes had been for so long. Yet there was no denying that the whites' anxiety, how-

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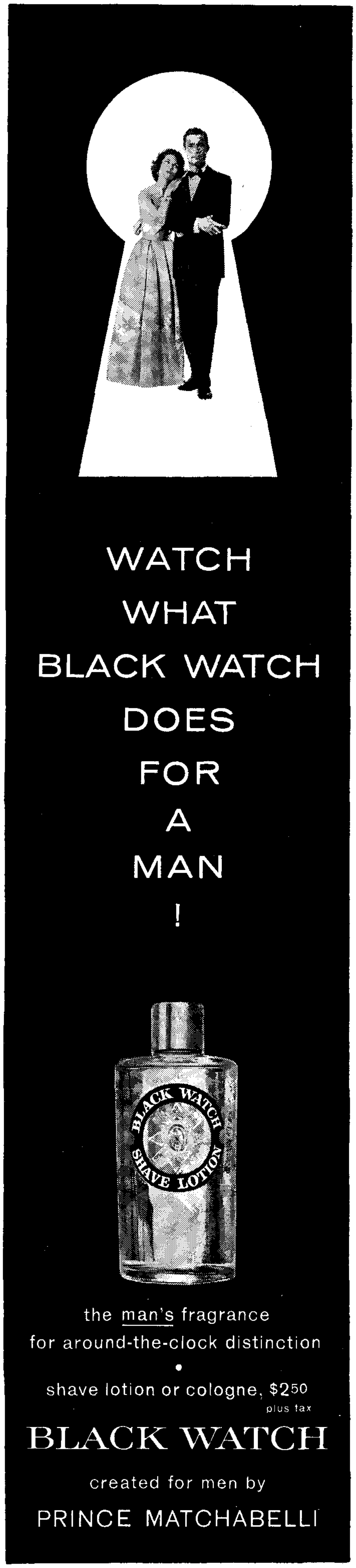
ever shapeless, was real. None of the whites could conceive of the possibility that the Negroes, if they should ever attain power, would deal fairly with them. The most anguished revelation of this came from a businessman with whom I had several conversations. All week he had been telling me how well the Negroes had always been treated in Tuskegee, and what wonderful facilities had been provided for them, and how little trouble they would give if it were not for agitators. Then we got around to speculating on what things might be like if Negroes did succeed in registering to vote in large numbers. "That mustn't happen! It mustn't!" he said. I asked if he didn't think it possible that his fears were exaggerated—that if Negroes got into office they might treat white citizens with justice. "Well, they wouldn't," he said. "They couldn't!" But how could he be so sure, I asked. He burst out, "Listen, if there's such a thing as hate, there's gotta be hate in the nigger's heart for the white man in the South!"

In Ralph Ellison's brilliant and disturbing novel about the American Negro, "The Invisible Man," there are several scenes that take place in what is obviously the Tuskegee region—where, in fact, the author went to college. In one, a wretched country Negro named Jim Trueblood, an inhabitant of a miserable shack on a scrubby piece of land (I had seen innumerable shacks just like it on trips through the back country not far from the Institute), gets both his wife and his daughter with child. When the Negroes up at the college hear of this, they are horrified and want to chase Trueblood out of the county. He expects the whites to deal even more harshly with him, but instead they give him food and clothing and more work than he's ever had before, and they get a big kick out of hearing him tell how he had defiled his daughter while half asleep. They practically make a pet of him. "That's what I don't understand," he says wonderingly. "I done the worse thing a man could ever do in his family and instead of chasin' me out of the county, they gimme more help than they ever give any other colored man, no matter how good a nigguh he was. Except that my wife an' daughter won't speak to me, I'm better off than I ever been before . . . The nigguhs up at the school don't like me, but the white folks treats me fine."

The grim point Ellison is making is that a depraved Negro is a great com-



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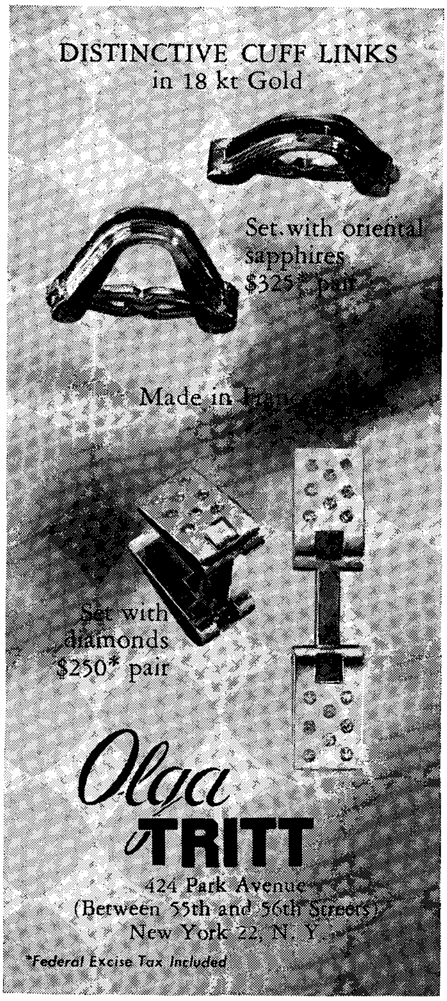

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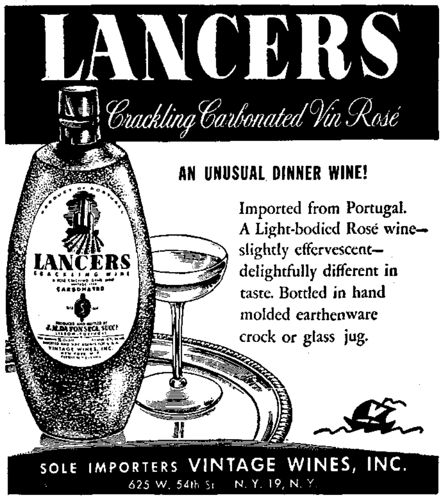

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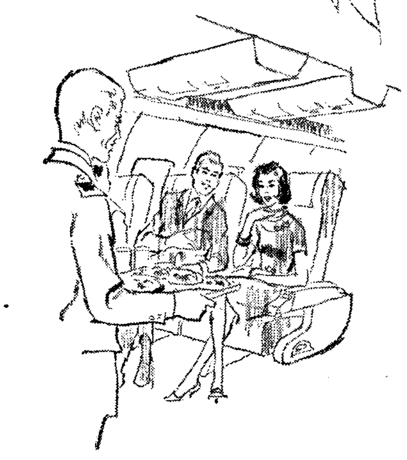

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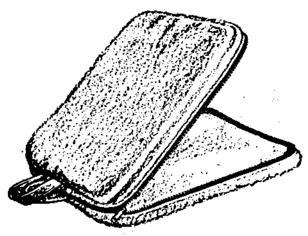
fort to the whites in the Deep South, for his existence tends to justify the superior status and privileges they enjoy—whereas educated, respectable Negroes like the ones in Tuskegee are a burden on the white man's conscience, for he finds it much harder to explain to himself why they are not to be trusted with the same rights as white people. The gerrymander was taken by the Negroes of the Tuskegee region as an implicit statement of this attitude. If they needed convincing on the point, it was made even more manifest during hearings of a legislative committee headed by State Senator Engelhardt, the man who introduced the gerrymander bill. The function of this group was to consider the possibility of abolishing Macon County altogether if the uppity Negroes there continued pestering for the vote. The committee's deliberations resulted in a bill permitting the abolition of the county at such time as the legislature might choose, and this measure, approved by Alabama voters in a statewide referendum on December 17, 1957, has since been held in abeyance as a reserve weapon against the Tuskegee Negroes. The political reporter for the Montgomery *Advertiser* attended hearings on the bill that were held in each of the counties bordering Macon to discuss what kind of problems its abolition would entail and how it might best be divided up among its neighbors, and he told me that these hearings were about as extraordinary a spectacle as he had ever witnessed, what with the horse trading among county officials over which parts of Macon they wanted to annex and which ones they didn't. "Everybody wanted Notasulga [a region where the Negroes are most backward]," the reporter told me. "Nobody wanted Tuskegee Institute."

ON my last day in Tuskegee, before leaving for Washington to hear the gerrymander case argued before the Supreme Court, I had a chance to see for myself what a voter-registration day in Macon County was like. It was the third Monday of the month, and thus the regularly scheduled meeting day for the County Board of Registrars. By now, having heard as much as I had about the difficulties that faced Negroes trying to become voters, and knowing that the United States Attorney General's office had accused the local board of discriminatory practices, I was naturally curious to observe the board's procedures. So right after breakfast that morning I set off for the Courthouse, where the board would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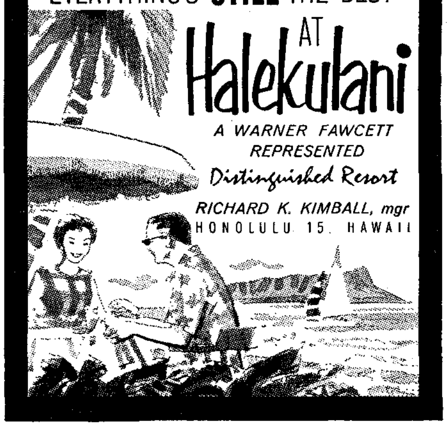
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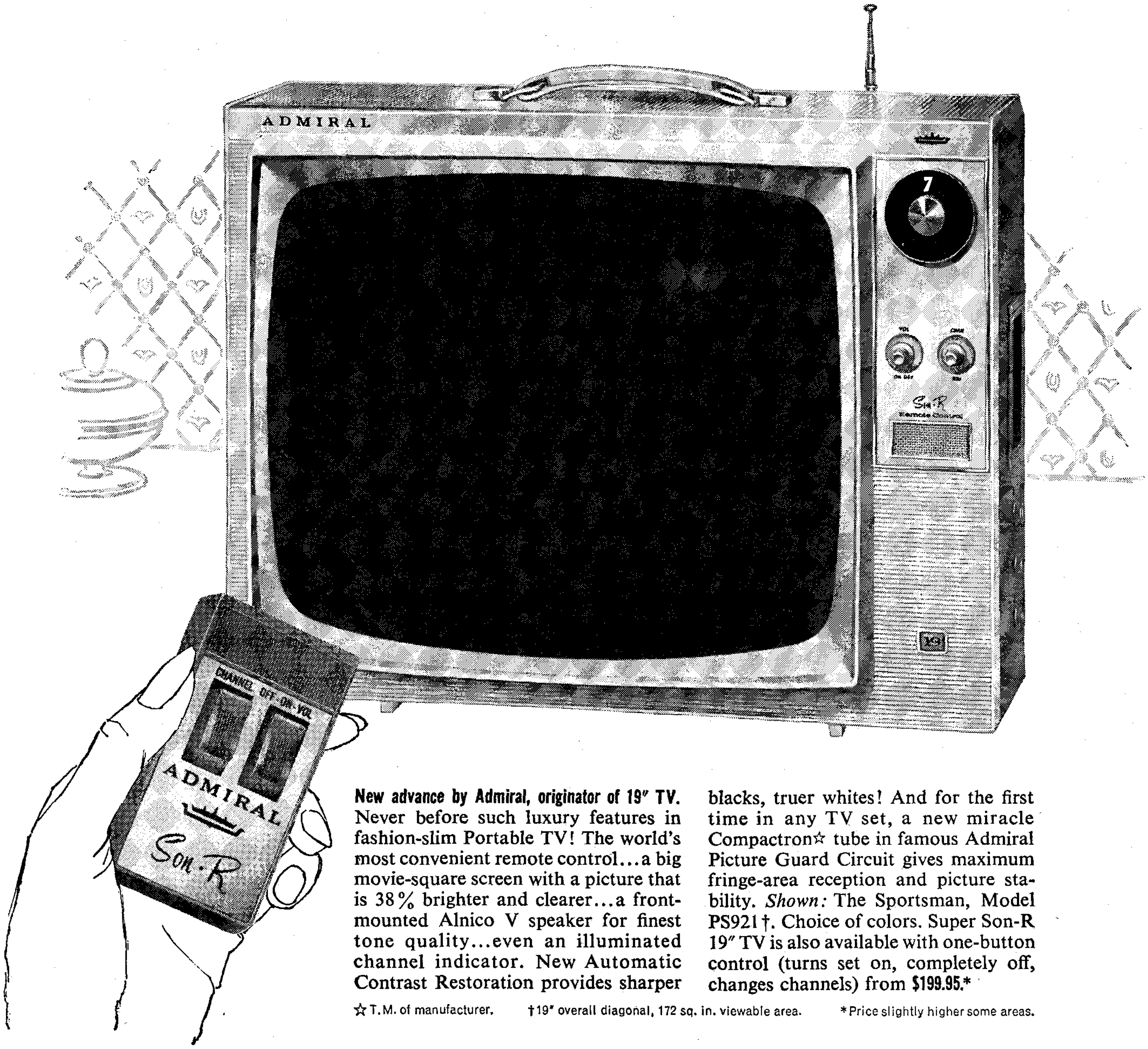

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meet. The clock in that building's spire—the clock James Cropper told time by—was striking nine as I approached. The grass looked very green in the bright sunshine, the air was fresh, and there were birds singing and rustling in the elms and magnolias. It was going to be another nice day. I went into the Courthouse and, following the directions I had been given, up a narrow, twisting stairway near the back of the building to a landing on the second floor, where fifteen or twenty people, nearly all Negroes, were waiting. The landing was lit by a naked bulb hanging at eye level from a long cord; the walls, divided by a waist-high molding, were painted a pale shade of green below and beige above; the floor was of rough, unpolished wood. There were three or four wooden chairs on the landing, and these were occupied; the rest of the applicants were standing about in small groups. On one wall was a large white card on which was roughly hand-printed, in red, "NO LOITERING."

The first person I recognized as I glanced about was Stanley Smith, the young Tuskegee sociologist whom I had met at Gomillion's. He was wearing a conservative dark-blue suit, whose hue very nearly matched the color of his skin. A Phi Beta Kappa key gleamed from his watch chain. I greeted him and asked jokingly if he was wearing his key to impress the registration board. With a thin, academic smile, he replied that he doubted the board's susceptibility to that kind of impression. Standing nearby I noticed the young white Presbyterian minister, the Reverend Mr. Thompson, and his wife, a pretty blond girl in a skirt and white shirt.

After a moment, a door across the landing opened. A stocky white man in shirtsleeves appeared and asked abruptly, in the manner of a bus conductor, "Any transfers?"—a question designed to ascertain whether anyone present had already been registered as a voter in another Alabama county and was now seeking to transfer his registration to Macon County. The Reverend Mr. Thompson nodded, and the stocky white man beckoned him and Mrs. Thompson inside.

"That's Wheeler Dyson, chairman of the new Board of Registrars," Smith told me. He went on to say that the board had started work right at nine, and that the first Negro applicant, a man named James Smith, had been admitted to the registrars' office a few minutes before my arrival. "He was No. 15 on the waiting list," the soci-

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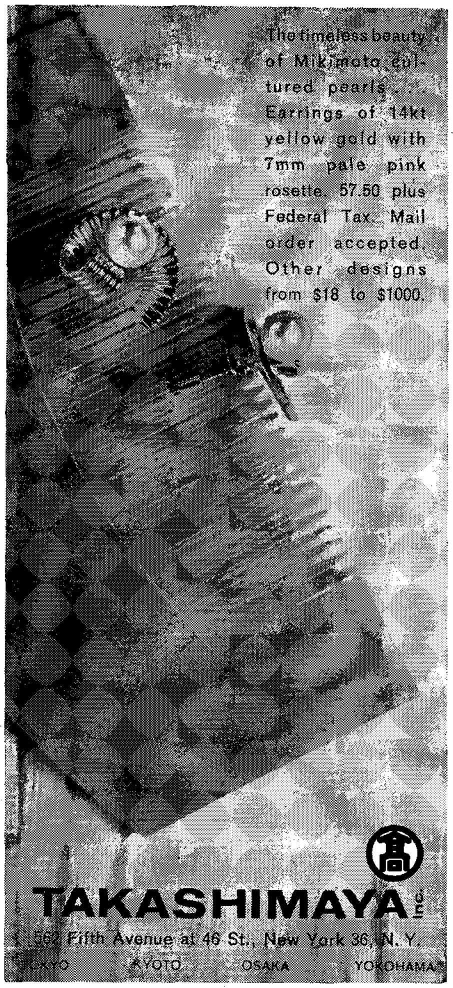
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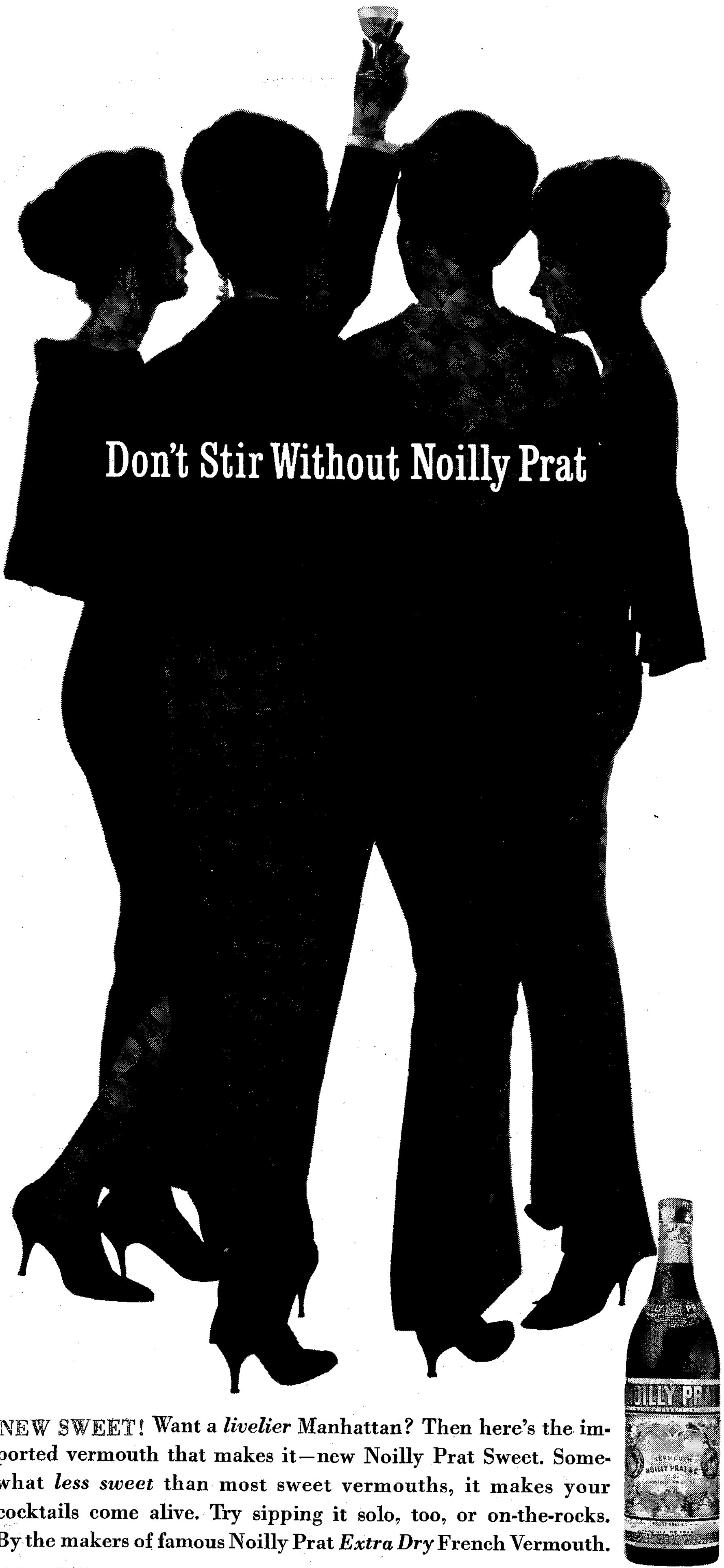
ologist said. "My own number is seventeen. This board has instituted a new system. When you first show up, they have you sign your name on a waiting list and give you a number. Then, on subsequent registration days, they go down the list, calling the applicants in numerical order. The registrars use a tiny office, in which, they say, they can handle only one or two applicants at a time, and the applicants who do succeed in getting in there go through interminable procedures. I received my number on June 20th. The board has met here three times in the four months since then, and they still haven't got to seventeen. I've been here waiting every time."

I asked if he thought he stood a chance of getting in that day.

"We shall see," he said, in the tone of an interested but detached observer, a sociologist studying a social process in which he himself happened to be involved.

A sheet of paper was posted on the glass pane of the door to the registrars' office, and I went over to it and saw that it was a schedule of registration days. In all, the board had met twelve times in the four months since it had begun to function—three of those times in the Courthouse, and the rest in the rural precincts. Throughout that period, as far as was generally known, the board had certified only eight people as voters—five whites and three Negroes. I was reminded of an extrapolation that William P. Mitchell, the chairman of the Tuskegee Civic Association's voter-franchise committee, had made in a letter he had sent to Governor Patterson recently. Mitchell, an assiduous man in his late forties, with a personality that combines a stubborn devotion to a cause with a bookkeeper's penchant for order and seemliness, has for years been doing his meticulous best to carefully record and document the loose procedures of the various county boards of registrars he has had to contend with. These records he sends on to the Governor, on the supposition that the Governor should be as pained as he at the erratic methods revealed. In the letter in which he made his extrapolation, he drew the Governor's attention to the fact that at the board's present rate of operation only thirty Negroes per year would be able to make application, and that the county had lost sixty-four registered Negro voters the previous year by death or departure, so, assuming that an average of thirty applicants per year were approved and registered (an extremely optimistic as-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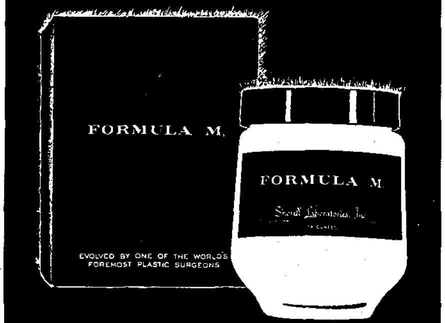

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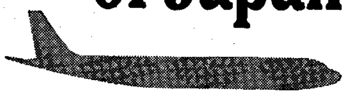
sumption), "if our losses continue at sixty-four per year, there will be no Negro voters in this county by 2017 A.D." Governor Patterson did not acknowledge the letter.

Looking around the anteroom, I saw that there was another white person on hand, and that he also was someone I had come to know during my week in Tuskegee. He was the man I had seen on the day of my arrival, sitting in a chair on the sidewalk in front of the hotel. I had since discovered that his name was Henry G. Jones, that he was retired, and that he spent much of his time in that chair, a cigar in his mouth, his legs stretched out before him, contemplating with idle interest whatever there was to be seen. He was now seated in his usual way, in a chair off to one side of the hallway, and was wearing his usual clothes—cream-colored pants, a brown jacket, and a blue tie on which glistened a pattern of shiny blue dots. I went over to say hello and to inquire what had brought him there. He said he wanted to transfer his vote from his native Coosa County to Macon County, and he asked if I knew how long the process took. I said that I didn't, but that he would very likely have his turn after the Thompsons came out. "I didn't have to wait at all the first time I registered," Jones remarked. "Whole thing didn't take but five minutes." He sucked reflectively on his unlit cigar. "Forty-five years ago, that was."

A group of four Negro men were standing by the staircase, and I went over to talk to them. One was a young bachelor of science from Alabama State College, who said he had lately been looking for a teaching job; the three others had the appearance of workingmen. The dominant figure in the group seemed to be an erect, slim, muscular man of about fifty who was wearing a light-blue polo shirt. He had a bony face with skin like black emery paper, taut and roughened-looking. His name, he told me, was Benjamin Hicks, and he worked at the veterans' hospital as a fireman. He said he'd been trying to get registered in Macon County for about five years. The number he'd been given by the present board was 85, so it seemed it was going to be quite a long while yet before he could expect to get in to make his application. I asked if he could tell me why he was willing to put up with all the trouble and inconvenience it took to get registered. He answered, "Because I want to be a *citizen*, that's why,



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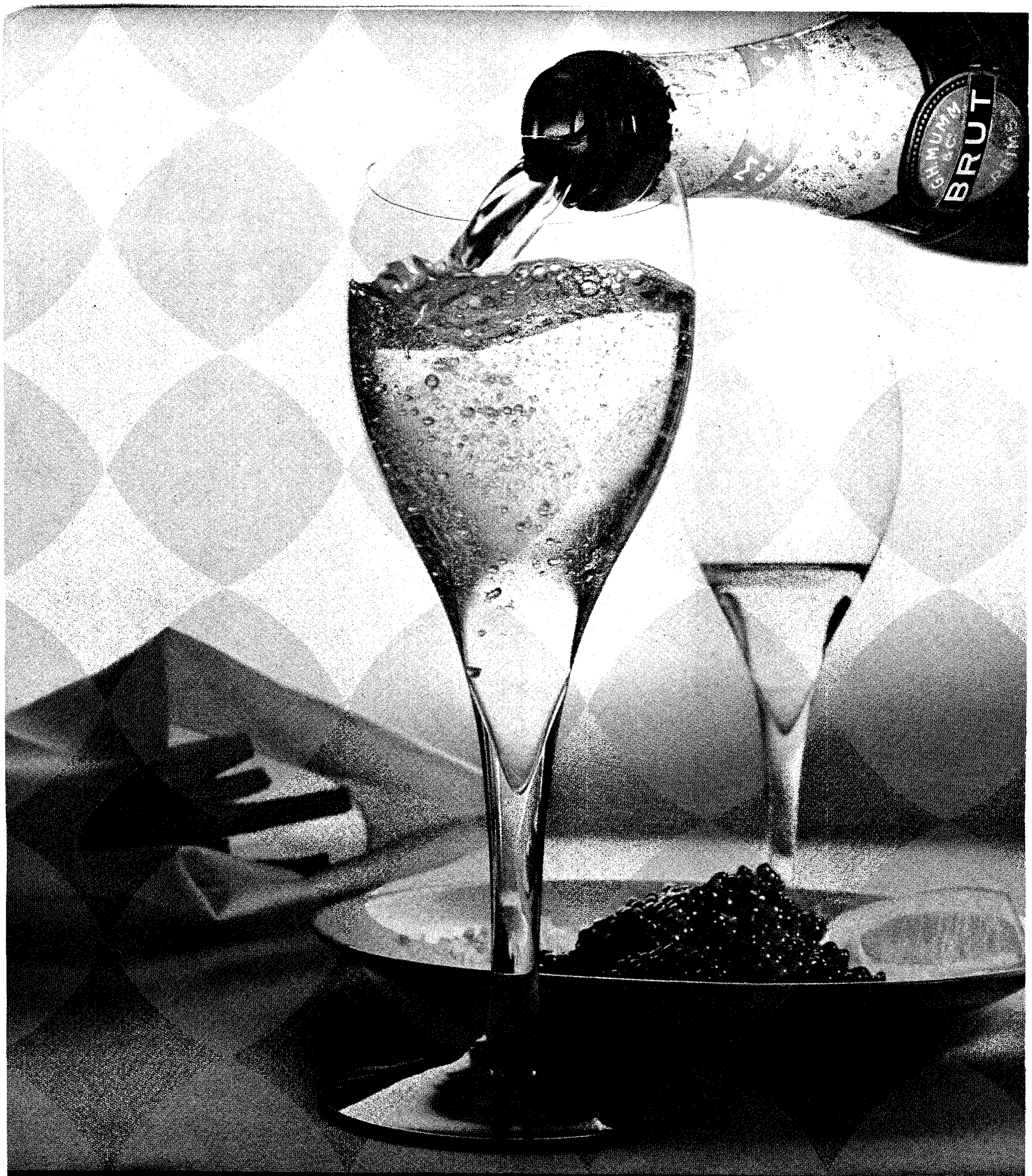
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a bona-fide citizen, an active part of the government of these our United States. That government, we are told, is ours—'we, the people'—but as long as I can't vote, I'm outside it, not doing my share. Now, I don't like not doing my share."

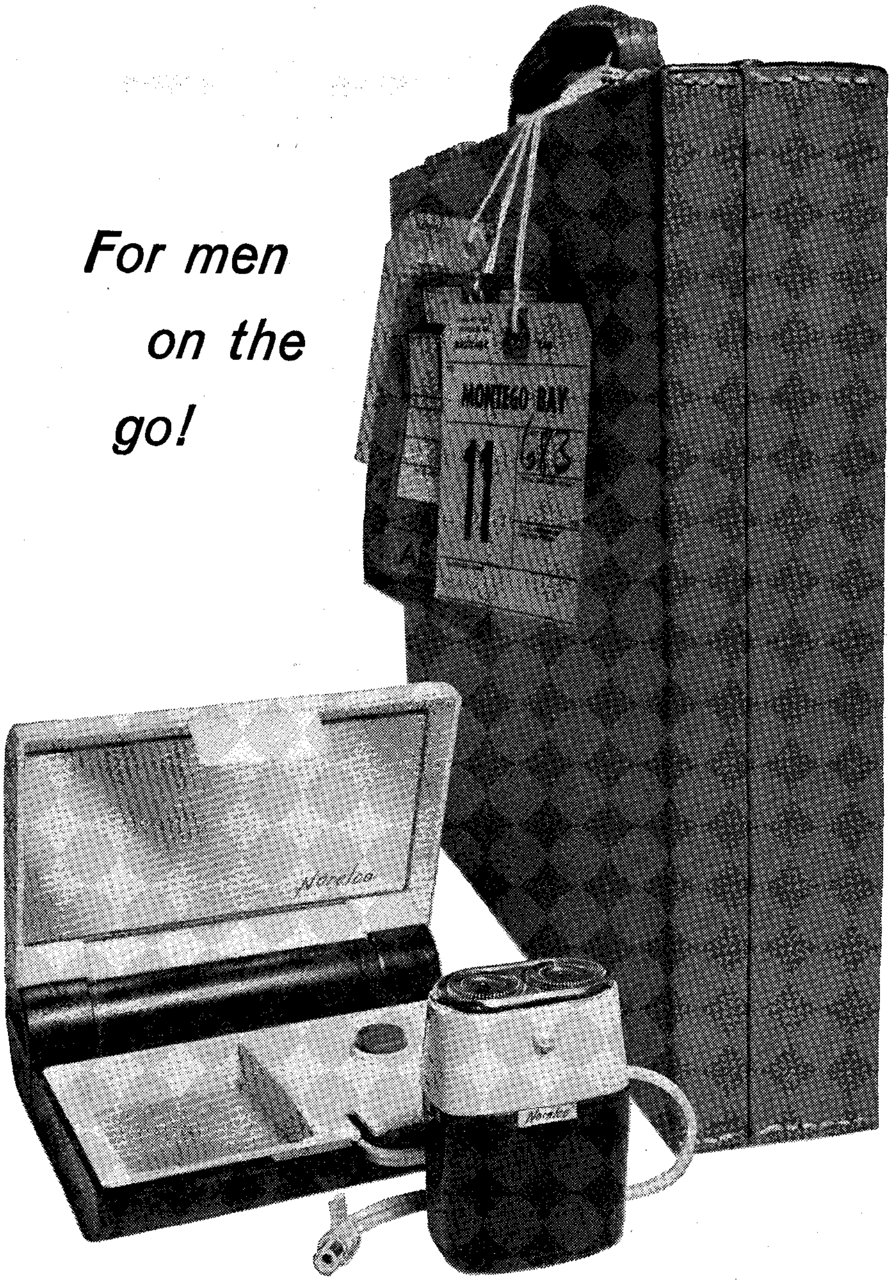
One of the other men put in, "That's right!"—like an amen.

"I was born here," Hicks went on, "and my foreparents were born here. I own a home here and farming land, too, and pay taxes on 'em, and I just paid taxes on my car." He waved a cellophane-wrapped car license he was holding in his hand. "But yet I have no say in what's done with my taxes. That ain't right. I lived a while in Illinois once. Up there they *beg* you to register. It don't make sense to me that a strange state will let me vote but my own home state won't." He made these points not in an aggrieved voice but, rather, with the even emphasis of one who simply states the indubitable. "Mind you, now, I'm just an ordinary person, and this ain't an issue with me, or a big *cru*sade. It's just that as an ordinary person I want to be part of everything I'm entitled to be part of."

The others nodded agreement, and again one of the bystanders chimed in with "That's right!"

The young graduate, leaning on the banister a step above us, said, "I'm going to stay here all day today, just the way I stayed all day last time, and I'll stay all day next time and as long as it takes till I get in that office there."

About forty minutes had passed since I had arrived on the scene, and during that time several more Negroes had shown up. The ones who were making their first appearance since the new board had begun to function were directed by the others to knock on the office door, and then sign their names on the waiting list. When they came out after doing so, they were asked what numbers they had got, and there was a good deal of speculation on how soon they could expect to be called. The latest applicant to emerge from the office was a slight man of about thirty, wearing a dark suit. An expression of irresistible mirth glowed on his shiny, round, bespectacled face. When he was asked what number he had got, he giggled and displayed a card on which was stamped the number 94. "I'm going to save this for my son—my unborn son," he said, spluttering with laughter. "The board should just about be up to No. 94 when he turns



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twenty-one and begins to think about getting registered."

A tall, tan-colored man wearing tinted glasses remarked, "I've got No. 68. Does that mean I should come back in 1968?"

A woman put in soberly, "How do we know these numbers will be good even next year? This is the first time a board has used numbers. What's to stop them from saying at the start of next year that these numbers were just for this year and we've got to begin all over again?"

The mirthful young man replied, "We must have faith in the board's good intentions."

I started to stroll about the landing, and as I passed near Henry G. Jones, the retired white man, he asked me, "Say, how long does this business take, anyway? I think I'll run along. I'm not going to waste the whole day sitting around here."

At this, a couple of the Negroes nearby spoke up, urging him not to rush off. "It can't be more than a few minutes longer now for you, since you're just transferring. You surely want to get your *vote*, don't you?" one of them said, in a tone that made the vote sound like a most precious possession indeed. The situation was, of course, loaded with irony—these Negroes, for whom getting the vote was practically a lifetime occupation, seeking to persuade this elderly white man with time on his hands not to give up so easily—but those present said nothing about the irony, if they perceived it. Grumbling a little, Jones let himself be persuaded. Sure enough, a few minutes later the Thompsons came out of the office and departed, and the registrar signalled to Jones to come in.

There was still no sign of James Smith, the Negro who had gone into the office at nine to make his application. Some of the Negroes told me that, to judge by the experiences of others they knew who had attempted to register, he would not yet have started filling out his application form, but would still be copying page after page of the Constitution of the United States in longhand to prove his literacy. This is a requirement that many Negoes find particularly rankling, and as I walked around, after Jones had gone in, I heard some of the people on the landing talking about it.

A large, hearty-looking woman in a green dress said to a middle-aged, neatly attired man who looked like a professor, "They should use some other book, not the Constitution. It's an insult to the

MEN'S REVERSIBLE—Sea-going shirt in "faded-blue" denim reverses to white terry. Convertible collar, side vents and longer back shirttail. Double-needle stitching for a neat finish. Sm, Med, Lg. $8.95

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WOMEN ARE DIFFERENT FROM MEN!

by ANONYMOUS

(The 19th amendment, as we know, became law on August 26, 1920 and gave the vote to women. This was a poor idea, according to some authorities. They feel that, as a result, masculine and feminine roles have become so confused that everything else has become confused too. Things don't even taste the same any more. We are not confused, our ale is male, just the way it always has been; it has a male flavor and a male color. We feel that the whole subject deserves a good deal of thought, so today we have a guest contributor who asks that his name be withheld.)

"Many people believe that it used to be a man's world and now it is a woman's world. This is not so.

"The truth is that it used to be a man's *and* a woman's world. Why? Because in those days even idiots knew that men and women were different from each other, they liked different things. Some things were for men and some for women.

"She felt womanly and he felt manly—not that either one of them felt there was a choice.

"And then one day (August 26, 1920) everything started to change. The idea got around that women were not really so different from men after all. So a lot of things that used to be made to please men *or* women are now made to please both. And *nobody* is very pleased.

"Automobiles, for example. It used to be that a woman could enter a car gracefully. She stepped on the running board (after the man had opened the door for her, remember?) and *walked* in, like a lady. Nowadays, no running boards, and a girl has to sort of skootch in, especially in a tight skirt. It's the most pitiful thing you ever saw.

"Not that men get much out of it either; the roof is so low they can't even wear hats any more. All because some well meaning mfr. got a thoughtful idea one day and said, 'Hey, let's ask women what *they* like.'

"You can imagine the answers he got.

"The fact is that women hate to be asked questions about things that are none of their business. Still, in spite of all they have endured, they are quite anxious to please men. So, a woman will tell a man what she thinks he wants to hear, whether it makes any sense to her or not. The very least we can do is quit bothering them with foolish questions.

"Like: 'Who do you want to vote for?'.

"So here we are, at the very heart of the matter: should we repeal the 19th amendment? I say yes, because it is the only way to rectify the injury men did women by inflicting suffrage upon them.

"And men *did* inflict it on women; not one woman sat in the 66th Congress that enacted the law. Was this fair? What chance did the pretties have to defend themselves?

"I demand that the 19th amendment be repealed!"

These are strong words, indeed, in the defense of American womanhood. Our next public service advertisement will offer the masculine side of the question. Meanwhile, if you would care to express your opinion on the subject fill out the ballot below and send it to us. We will send you one of the badges shown, depending on which way you vote. And we hope that the men in the audience will continue to buy Rainier Ale if for no other reason than that, as far as is known, no woman has ever been known to drink it. A remarkable record.

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THE 19TH
AMENDMENT

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PROPOSED:
THAT THE 19TH AMENDMENT BE REPEALED.

FOR____ **AGAINST____**

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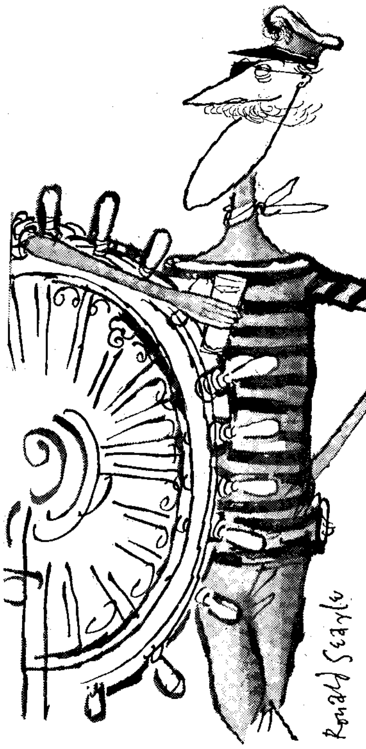

and enjoy it in a Silver Seas Cocktail"

½ oz. lime juice
½ oz. Passionola
½ oz. orange juice
3 dashes PERNOD anis (90 Proof)
½ oz. white Puerto Rican Rum
3 dashes Angostura Bitters
1 oz. Lemon Hart Dark Jamaica Rum

Mix with cracked ice and strain into 10 oz. glass filled with crushed ice. Decorate with chunk of pineapple on spear. Serve with malt straw.

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LEMON HART
JAMAICA
151
LEMON HART
DEMERARA RUM

LEMON HART

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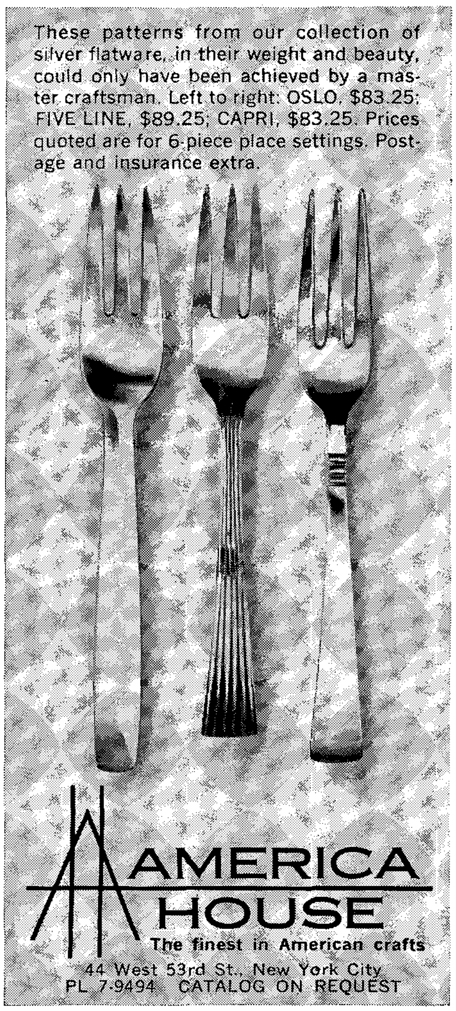
Constitution to use it the way they do."

"I can understand why one must demonstrate his literacy," the professorial-looking man replied. "But certainly it shouldn't have to take me an hour and a half or two hours of reading and writing to prove that I can cope with the English language. It didn't take me that long to demonstrate my competence in French—and German as well, for that matter—when I took my Ph.D. exams at Boston University." He was a squarely built, tan-colored man with broad features and a high, domed forehead, who, from his style of speech, manifestly had a vested interest in rhetoric. I learned that he was Daniel W. Wynn, the Tuskegee Institute's chaplain and also a professor of philosophy there. He said that he held No. 58, and that today was his fifth attempt to register in Tuskegee. (Previously, he said, he had registered without difficulty in Massachusetts and Texas. Quite a number of those present, I gathered, had voted in other states.) Once, during the previous board's tenure, he had succeeded in getting in to apply, but had heard nothing further. After waiting a few months, he had gone back to ask what had happened to his application. "The registrar I saw didn't bother to look up my application," Wynn said. "He just said, in an offhand way, 'Well, if you haven't heard, you didn't pass.' "

In Wynn's vicinity on the landing, most of the academics and professionals seemed to be gathered: Stanley Smith, the sociologist; the mirthful young man, who proved to be D. T. Williams, one of the Institute's librarians, and to have an M.A. from the University of Illinois; Henry Pennymon, the tall man with tinted glasses, who had an M.A. from the University of Michigan in industrial-arts education; Mrs. Charlotte Lewis, a lawyer; Mrs. Lois Reeves, the stout, hearty woman in green, who was about to get her M.A. in social welfare; and a couple of others. On some registration days here, I knew, there had been so many people with advanced degrees waiting that an outsider coming on the scene might have thought he'd stumbled into a meeting of the Modern Language Association. Today, though, the group was less heavily academic; along with the professors and the people I had already talked to, the would-be applicants whom I met during the morning included an unskilled laborer, some artisans, a couple of clerical workers, several housewives, and three or four farmers.

These patterns from our collection of silver flatware, in their weight and beauty, could only have been achieved by a master craftsman. Left to right: OSLO, $83.25; FIVE LINE, $89.25; CAPRI, $83.25. Prices quoted are for 6-piece place settings. Postage and insurance extra.



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Time passed slowly. Most of the people on the landing chatted among themselves as the morning wore on. A housewife sat reading a *Ladies' Home Journal.* A young woman who looked like a college student was reading a paperback. Several people sat or stood quietly—not talking or reading, just waiting. It was a curious atmosphere, neither passive nor impatient. These people seemed to have settled down to their waiting as to a kind of chosen occupation—something that they had learned well how to do. They were formidable at it.

At ten-thirty, the elderly white man, Jones, came out of the registrars' office and went his way. There was still no sign of the Negro who had gone in at nine o'clock. At ten-forty, Dyson, the registrar, opened the door, put his head out, and looked around. Then he drew it back in and closed the door. Five minutes later, he looked out again. He had done this several times during the morning, his face always wearing a frown. "You people clear the hallway, please!" he now called out. "Go on in the courtroom—it's empty. You all know nobody's supposed to loiter here." He drew his head back and closed the door.

None of the people on the landing moved, or commented on this order. It was as if they hadn't heard it. They just went right on doing whatever they had been doing.

I went over to Professor Smith and asked, "Aren't you people going to do as he says?"

Smith laughed. "No, of course not! We're going to stay right here where he can see us whenever he peeps out."

I remarked that Mr. Dyson looked a bit unhappy.

"Of course he's unhappy," Smith said. "How could he not be unhappy? He'd like nothing better in the world than to peep out sometime and find that, by some miracle, we've all vanished and are never going to trouble him again. But no, whenever he peeps out, there we still are—poor man." He laughed again, a rather brusque laugh. "It's a tragicomedy down here, you know," he said.

I mentioned something I had been feeling more and more strongly as the morning went on—that I found the kind of quiet persistence exhibited by these people very moving. It was an ordeal by boredom with which they were being tried, and that can sometimes be a greater test of one's mettle than an ordeal by danger.

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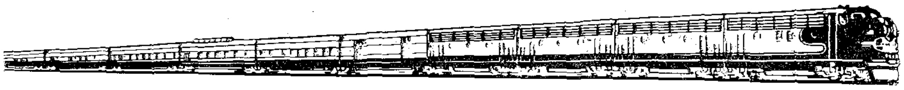

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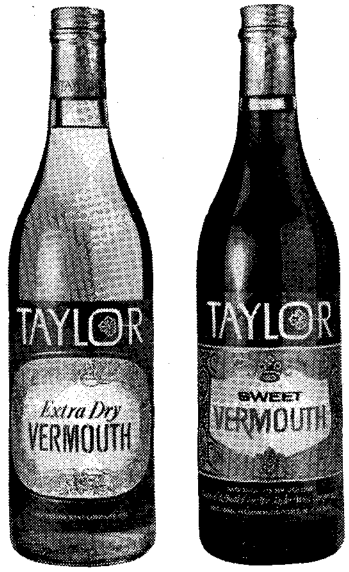

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Smith said. "These are obscure, unsung people. They're not looking to be heroes, but they do what has to be done." He was, of course, one of them, despite his detachment. "They aren't fooling themselves," he went on. "Nearly every one of them knows he's not going to get into the registration office today. But they all want the State of Alabama to know that they don't acquiesce in this system or approve of it, that they're not going to be kept out forever."

Many of them, I knew, had not found it easy to arrange to spend a day here. I asked Smith about himself—didn't he have classes today?

"Oh, yes, three classes. I've rescheduled them, and we'll meet this evening—at six, seven, and eight o'clock. When I have to do this, I let my students know. I explain why I'm doing it. It's part of their sociological education, you might say."

About eleven-thirty, a few people began drifting away. The stout woman in green apologized for leaving but said she had to meet her mother, who was arriving by train. "It's a conflict of values," she said. James Smith, Applicant No. 15, was immured in the office, as he had been since nine. At a quarter past twelve, Professor Smith remarked to me, "This is the first time I've known the board to work later than noon." A moment or two later, James Smith emerged from the office. The Negroes clustered around him, asking him how it had gone, and whether he had managed to complete his application, and how he was feeling. They treated him rather as if he were the survivor of some hazardous ordeal—someone who had just succeeded in making his way to safety after being lost in the woods, or had endured a fortnight on a drifting raft in perilous seas.

"That's probably the only applicant the board will have time to take this morning," Professor Smith remarked to me. "Another one ought to get in this afternoon, but there's no guaranteeing he'll finish all the writing they assign him by the end of the day. So it doesn't look as if I'm going to get in to apply today, either. Maybe next month I'll make it. There'll probably be another twenty or thirty Negroes showing up this afternoon to get on the list. Heavens knows when *they'll* get in. By the end of today, the accomplishments will be perhaps two transfers of white people and two completed applications from Negroes. On the average, in the past, the board has been certifying about one Negro out of every three who apply. On that basis, by the

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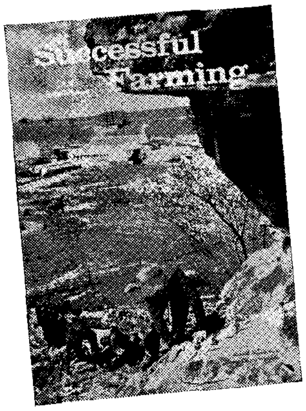

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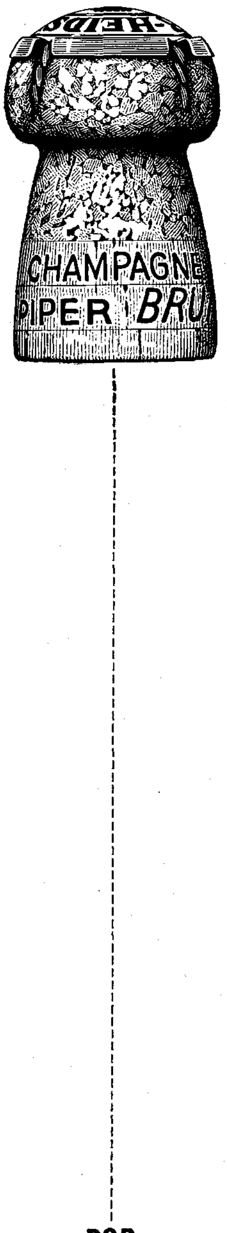

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end of the day they will have managed to register something like two-thirds of a Negro."

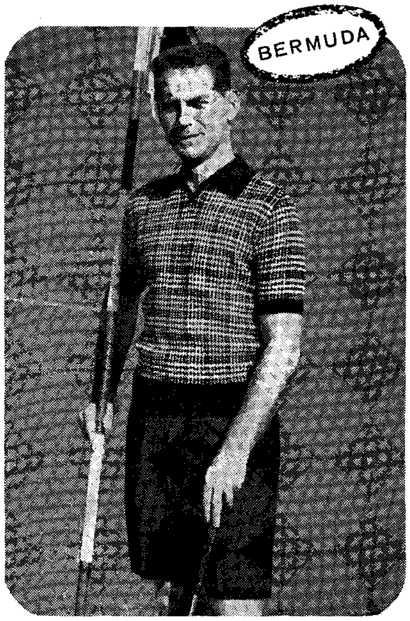
A FEW minutes after the applicant had emerged, Dyson came out of the office, followed by another white man—a younger man who, I was told, was the other registrar, Charles Scott. The two checked to see that the office door was locked behind them, and then started down the stairs. I hurried after the pair, and when I caught up with them, I introduced myself and said I would appreciate an opportunity to interview them. The younger man turned on his heel and stalked off. Dyson gave me a baleful look. He wasn't going to talk to me, he said as I walked beside him through the Courthouse hall, because he had nothing to say and because most reporters weren't interested in printing the truth. Nevertheless, after he had got outside and into his car, he did not start the motor immediately, but sat looking through the open window at me, waiting for me to ask a question.

"Mr. Dyson," I said, "as chairman of the Board of Registrars, do you have any constructive proposals or suggestions for speeding up the registration procedure?"

He blinked, then peered sidewise at me suspiciously.. At last, he said, "Them niggras ought to learn to write faster." After a moment, he added, in an aggrieved tone, "You ought to see some of the people they're tryin' to push through."

I said I understood that some of the Negroes the board had rejected had Ph.D. degrees.

Dyson replied, "Well, they missed some part of the questionnaire. If a fella makes a mistake on his questionnaire, I'm not gonna discriminate in his favor just because he's got a Ph.D." He spoke righteously, a man who had found a cause: no discrimination in favor of Ph.D.s. "We treat everybody alike, white or black," he went on. "Nobody can say we're not treatin' everybody exactly equal." He gave me a challenging look. A ruddy-faced man with glasses, he sat with his brawny arms braced on the steering wheel. I was aware, in the drowsy noonday quiet that lay over the scene, of some birds singing amiably in a nearby tree. A couple of people strolled by. "Look here, I've worked with niggras," Dyson said. "I know 'em. I got nothin' against 'em. I get along good with 'em personally." To this I made no response, since for all I knew it



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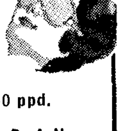

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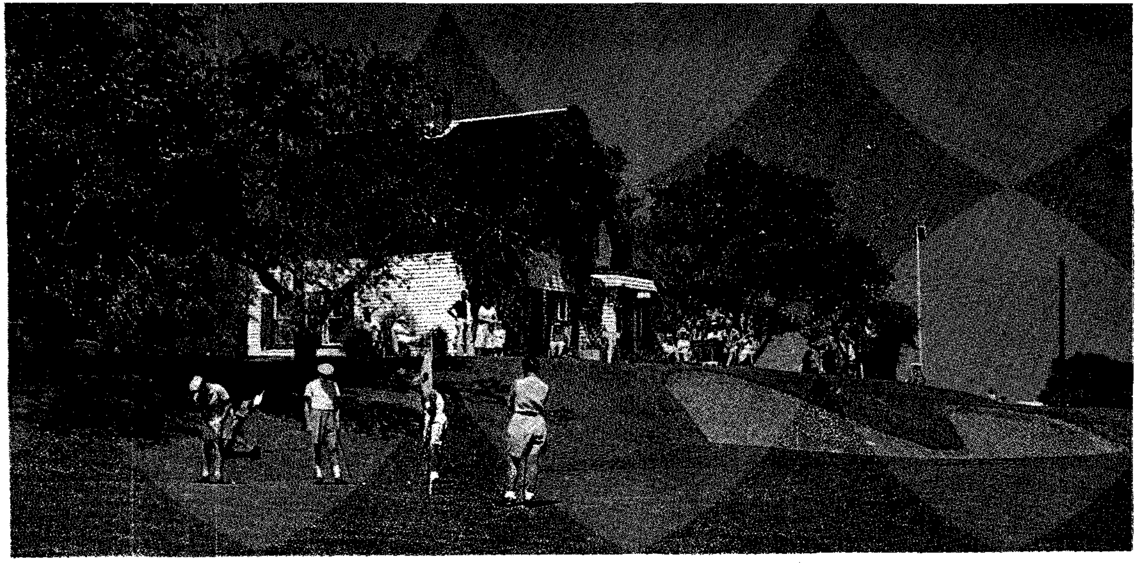

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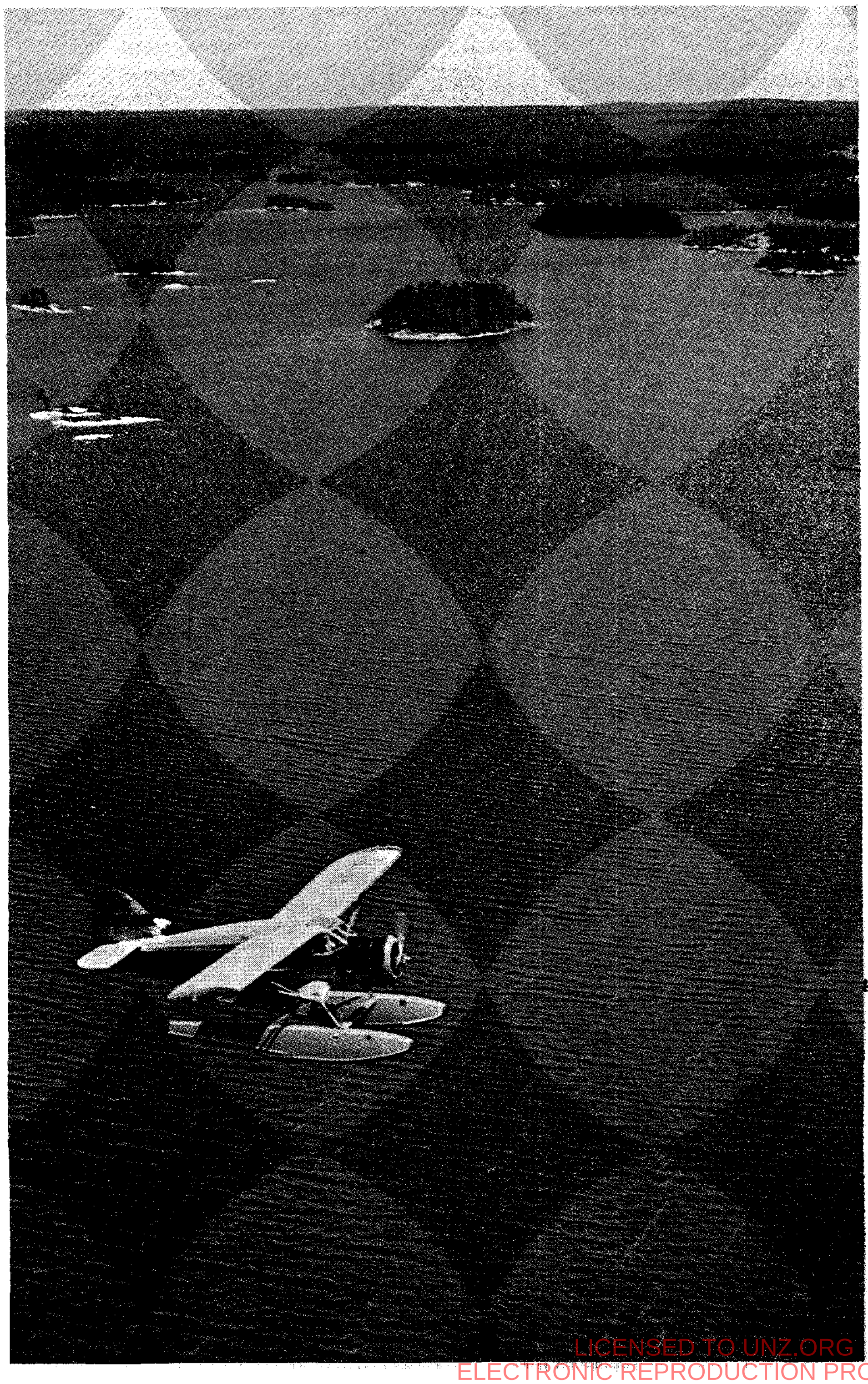

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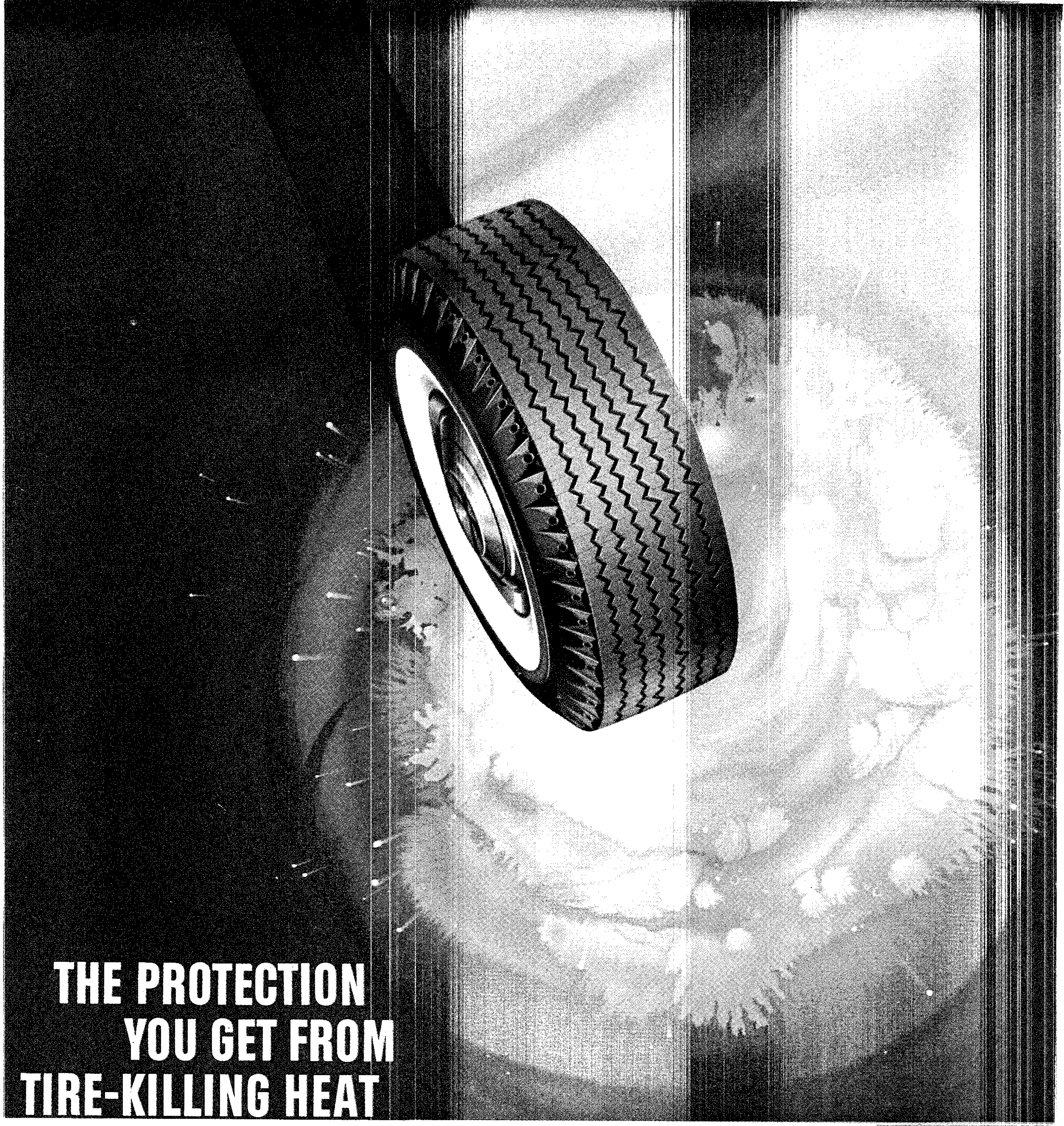

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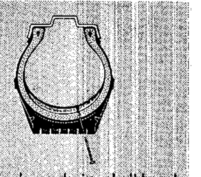

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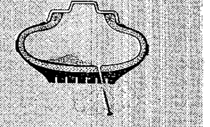

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might be perfectly true. After a moment he burst out, "I don't see what all the fuss is about. They claim there's fourteen thousand niggras of voting age in the county. Yet in the four months our board's been operatin', only ninety-five niggras have come in to apply." This he brought forth triumphantly, to prove there was no real, widespread desire on the part of Negroes to become voters, and that suggestions to the contrary were specious propaganda. "Anyway," Dyson went on, "we're not doing so badly. We're new at this. It takes a while to get procedures set up and all that. If people would just let us alone, we'd work this thing out all right." He said this with great feeling. I didn't at all doubt his sincerity, and again, as when I saw him poking his head out of his office door, I couldn't help feeling rather sorry for him.

"Is it really necessary to have such lengthy registration procedures?" I asked.

"The laws of the State of Alabama require applicants to show that they can read and write the Constitution."

"I thought the law said 'read *or* write,'" I said.

"Well," he said, "the law says the board may, at its discretion, require applicants to do both."

"Even so, why couldn't you use a larger room for registration, in which you could take ten or twenty people at a time—a classroom, or the courtroom itself?" I asked.

"The room we got's the only one they give us," he replied.

"Who's 'they'?"

"The Courthouse," he said, mysteriously, and then he returned to his theme that conditions were just the same for white and black, so there was no reason to complain.

After a moment, I thanked him for the interview and stepped back from the car. He started the engine. "People ought to let us alone," he said, and, frowning, backed the car out of its parking place and drove off for his lunch.

—BERNARD TAPER

(*This is the first of two articles on the Tuskegee gerrymander case.*)

•

A giraffe's tongue may be as much as 18 inches long.
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THE THEATRE

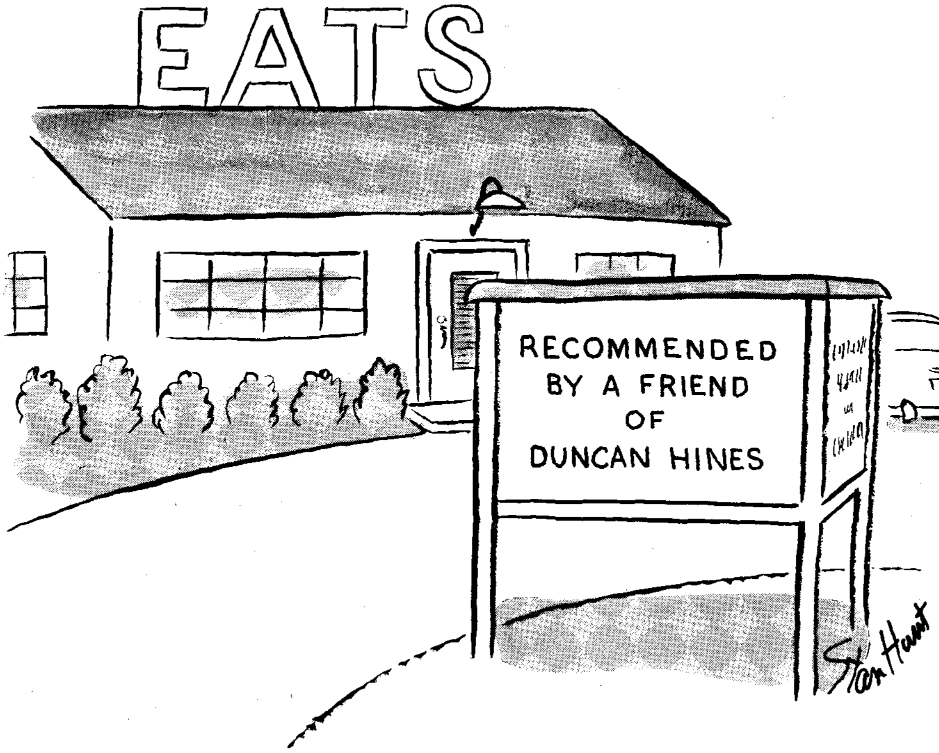
BITTER END

"A Call on Kuprin," the final play of this Broadway season, expired at the Broadhurst last week after ten performances. A melodrama adapted by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee from a novel by Maurice Edelman, it presented all kinds of modern-day problems, but it never suggested any incisive solutions, and was, in fact, content to settle for the notion that in a doubly moon-struck world love will triumph over all. Maybe it will on a porch swing in Chillicothe, but in this case the authors were tangling with the large issues of Soviet-American rivalry in the space race, and even though a fine young Russian woman headed out of the U.S.S.R. with a fine young American male at the conclusion of "A Call on Kuprin," it was doubtful whether their subsequent billing and cooing would make much difference in the international scheme of things.

In the first act of the play, the authors introduced a crowd at the Intourist Bureau in the Ukraina Hotel, Moscow. There ensued some of the comic mix-ups that stage Russians have been prone to ever since "Ninotchka" came along, but presently the main theme of the play developed. This had to do with the efforts of the United States government to spirit out of Russia an eminent physicist, formerly a visiting lecturer at an American university, who had put a man so far into orbit that his aeronaut was on speaking terms with the angels. The individual selected to accomplish the American mission was a writer on scientific affairs who had studied under the physicist. As it happened, the physicist had a buxom cousin—this was where the romance set in—and a dotty old mother who thought the Czar was still the head man in Russia. Although the space wizard also had a beloved daughter and grandchildren in America, he was reluctant to make a break from the U.S.S.R., for fear Mother might get into a jam with the authorities. It goes without saying that the secret police eventually cast a cold eye on our hero's maneuverings, but in time he, the scientist, the cousin, the mother, and a secret agent all holed up in a *dacha* at Yalta. The ultimate question was whether the scientist would light out for freedom across the Black Sea. Let's leave the plot at that.

As mounted by Donald Oenslager, "A Call on Kuprin" had sets so massive that the Broadhurst groaned under the weight of them, and as directed by George Abbott it had a lot of superficial liveliness. Among the actors, George Voskovec was persuasive indeed as the Russian scientist, and so was Leon Janney as a tricky operative of the secret police. Jeffrey Lynn was rather low-pitched as the American who took on the assignment of persuading Mr. Voskovec to leave the Soviet Union, but he picked up steam as time went by, and Lydia Bruce was estimable as his girl. Along the way, we had Claude Horton as a brave English intelligence man, and Eugenie Leontovich as the batty mother. The roles that Mr. Horton and Miss Leontovich were called upon to play were fairly standard stuff, but both actors tried hard to lend them significance, and occasionally did.

—John McCarten


EATS
RECOMMENDED BY A FRIEND OF DUNCAN HINES
Stan Hunt

OFF BROADWAY

Tote That Barge

Many plays are killed by performers and/or their directors, and many performers and/or directors are killed by plays. In "Noontide," Howard Hart's adaptation of Paul Claudel's "Partage de Midi," at the Theatre Marquee, both these truisms are evoked. Nonetheless, Hart's reworking of the original, written in 1906, is the strongest party onstage. One of those leaden but still fashionable Gallic Platonic dialogues, the play is a study of the dolors of love, as well as of the misalignments of man and God. (This is a strictly modern someone-up-there-is-watching-you God; though still invisible, He apparently encourages direct human intercourse with Himself, complete with raised face, loud voice, and accusing finger.) Such seminars demand and are usually conducted in self-effacing language. "Noontide" is written in a wet, poetic style that fluctuates between statements like "[I want to] smell your soul, touch it, take it" and "The sky was nasty and chopped into big pieces the way I like it to be." Moreover, on the peculiar but indestructible assumption that heavy thinking comes easiest in exotic places, the play is set in the Orient, while the costumes suggest that the time, described only as "the past," is Maugham-time, or any time between the Boxer Rebellion and the Sino-Japanese War of the thirties.

The evening opens on a ship trudging across the Indian Ocean. Its passengers include Mesa, a businessman; Yse, a youngish matron; De Ciz, her husband; and Almaric, her former lover. Taken together, the three men are Man in all his infinite variety. De Ciz, weak, selfish, and sly, has supplied his

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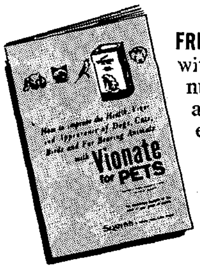

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wife with children but no understanding. Mesa is introverted, stony, and intelligent. And Almaric is an early version of Jack Armstrong, the All-American boy. Yse, the hub from which these spokes radiate, is at once maternal, pretty, coquettish, witty, secretive, and tough. The only thing that happens on board is Almaric's discovery that Yse still arouses his appetite and Mesa's discovery that he has one himself. The action shifts into slow motion in the second act, set (suitably) in a Hong Kong cemetery. Yse's husband accepts, rejects, and then reaccepts from Mesa a job involving the building of a remote railway. As a result, Yse and Mesa decide, but not before tossing the idea back and forth like a beanbag, to become lovers. A Confucian temple contains the final act, which fairly chugs. It is a year later. Yse has borne Mesa's child, has deserted both Mesa and her other children, and is hiding with Almaric from the Chinese. Mesa slopes into the temple, proposes to Yse (her husband is now dead), and is tossed about by Almaric. Yse and Almaric decamp, leaving Mesa behind. But there is more: Yse returns, and she and Mesa indulge in a kind of Indian wrestling match (after Mesa has spoken at loud length with God), which ends with Yse wrapped like a boa about Mesa, who points his injured arm symbolically toward Heaven.

The cast, oppressed by this load, often resembles heavy feed sacks. Pregnant words and phrases swell magisterially and deliver mice, pauses last long enough to take on color and shape, gestures are executed as if underwater. Tani Seitz, as Yse, does her best to dissipate this weary-O-Lord approach by giggling maniacally, switching her bottom, smiling by the yard, weeping, and falling into flashing-eyed silences. Michael Wager, as Mesa, is handsome in a straight-nosed fashion, while Martin B. Rudy, as Almaric, is continually nodding off among his biceps. George Morgan, as De Ciz, is meant to look pretty and does. Peter Harvey's sets are circular—mottled circular backdrop, huge pale circular disc overhead, and circular ramps. The lighting runs from blinding high noons to impenetrable June twilights.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

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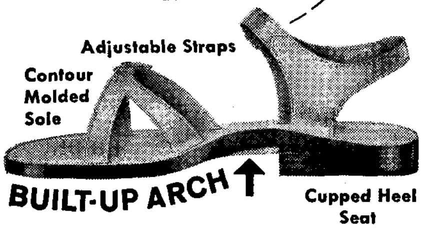

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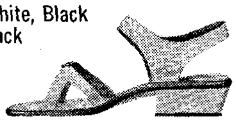

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THE RACE TRACK

Pop Goes the Weasel

THERE is an old saying that expectation often leads to disappointment. Nowhere is this truer than on the racecourse, and I suppose that the ninety-third running of the Belmont Stakes, last Saturday, will go down as one of the more disappointing in the history of the race, because Carry Back was beaten. The depth of the disappointment is not surprising, for few horses in recent years have caught the public's fancy as he has (if you must know, I fell under his spell, too), and ever since he won the Kentucky Derby and the Preakness Stakes in such spectacular style last month, racegoers have looked forward to an easy victory for him in the Belmont Stakes and, with it, the Triple Crown. No three-year-old has brought that off since Citation, in 1948. Well, as you probably know, Sherluck won the Belmont by more than two lengths from Globemaster, and paid 65–1, which made him the longest-priced winner in over fifty years. Guadalcanal was third, another couple of lengths behind. As the horses passed the winning post, you could almost hear the pitter-patter of worthless tote tickets.

The light rain that fell most of the afternoon failed to dampen the interest of the spectators, and the paddock was as crowded at saddling time as if there weren't a cloud in the sky. To me, Carry Back appeared hard and fit but not as frisky as he did before the Derby or the Preakness. Globemaster was still the picture horse of the lot; despite the hard campaign he's had, he was no lighter in flesh. It was a tossup who looked the next best—Bal Musette, the only one of the nine starters to do the Belmont distance of a mile and a half in a workout, or Flutterby, who wore a green sheepskin noseband, or Dr. Miller, a big, burly colt who, if you ask me, is rather lacking in quality. Few racegoers gave Sherluck a second glance; he seemed rather small and frail for so arduous a job. Carry Back was the darling of the crowd, of course. As he came out in the parade before the stand, he was greeted with applause that rippled down the track to the quarter pole, and there were no boos for him after the race.

To tell the truth, as a contest the

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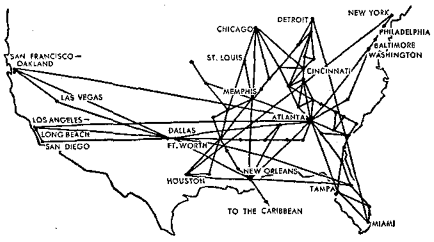

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Belmont was a bit dull. Globemaster went right to the front, as he has half a dozen times this spring; Sherluck was away almost as quickly, and they raced together, seldom more than a length apart, all the way to the stretch. There Sherluck pulled ahead, and that was that. Guadalcanal made up some ground in the last quarter, but he was merely passing tired horses, among them Ambiopoise, who ran over Globemaster and Crozier in the Jersey Derby at Garden State no longer ago than Memorial Day and won by ten. As for Carry Back, when he moved up rounding the first turn he got into close quarters, and he didn't have racing room until he was half a mile from home. At that point he was last, and as he began his run on the outside, the crowd cheered. After all, he'd come from farther behind to win the Derby and the Preakness. On the stretch turn, however, he shortened his stride, and at the end he was seventh, beaten by fifteen lengths. Sellers, who rode him, thought he didn't take kindly to the crowding he got in the first six furlongs. On Sunday, Carry Back was quite lame in his left foreleg. Too bad. Things always seem to happen to the gallant horses. Anyway, he'll probably have a rest now. The winner, Sherluck, is a sleek, well-made dark-bay colt with more than a touch of quality. Jacob Sher, who used to own the West Flagler dog track in Miami, bought him as a yearling at the 1959 Saratoga Sales for $10,500, and has no reason to regret it. First money in the Belmont was $104,900, and the colt's total earnings to date come to $162,986. That's Sherluck for you.

Despite the drizzle, it was Belmont's biggest day, for among the crowd of more than fifty thousand were General of the Army Dwight D. Eisenhower and Mrs. Eisenhower, the most distinguished visitors to the course since 1924, when the Duke of Windsor, then Prince of Wales, dropped in one afternoon to see Epinard run. Too bad the weather wasn't as fine as it was on opening day, earlier in the week, but, wet or dry, Belmont has never looked more inviting. It's nice to have a proper paddock and walking ring to see horses in (though I'd trade the new flower bed in the center of the walking ring for one or two more benches under the trees). I'm pleased to report, too, that the management has done a lot to brighten up the west end of the grandstand for the horseplayers, and has put in some attractive landscaping around the pond in the old Turf and Field

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—Lady Chatterley

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Club grounds. My only real regret is that the meeting isn't longer. It ends on June 30th.

THE race of the week, of course, was the Metropolitan Handicap at Aqueduct on Memorial Day. In this one, Kelso showed again what a champion he is. Carrying 130 pounds and giving all but two of the nine other runners weight in chunks, he got away slowly and never really had clear sailing at any stage of the proceedings. While All Hands was winging along, lengths in front, pursued by Mail Order, a three-time winner over the course, and Conestoga, who is also a seasoned performer, Kelso was being blocked at every turn. As he swung into the homestretch half a dozen lengths behind, it looked from the stand as though his only chance to win was to follow the example of Tishy, the famous race mare of the old English cartoons, who whenever she found herself behind other horses simply jumped over them. Even a furlong from home, Kelso seemed hopelessly out of it, but somehow Arcaro popped him through, and he won by a neck from All Hands, to whom he gave thirteen pounds. Sweet William, to whom he gave twenty-two pounds, was third. By the way, if you'll watch Kelso carefully when he's walking or doing a slow gallop, you'll see that he has a most unusual way of putting his hind feet down. He looks as if he were not only walking on tiptoe but doing a fancy dance step. When he's running, however, his action is as powerful and as near perfection as you could wish. If you care, his next appearance will probably be in the Whitney Stakes at Belmont a week from Saturday, and he'll be a very short price.

THE most promising two-year-olds Colonel Martingale saw under colors last week were Green Ticket, a good-looking colt by Traffic Judge; Clover Leaf, a son of Swaps; and Face East, a full brother to Native Dancer. They finished in the order named in a race at five and a half furlongs on opening day at Belmont, and they're all worth remembering.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

A threat for alums of Mount Vernon Seminary, Washington, D.C., at a luncheon meeting May 15 at La Gorce Country Club will be to see Carey (Mrs. Phil) Gallagher's slides and hear a resume of her tiger hunt in India.—*Miami Herald.*

Anything with slides is always a threat, tigers or no tigers.

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THE SOUND OF MY OWN VOICE

NOW that I am learning to talk again, I have been tempted to tell Charlie, but I hesitate. Little would be gained by speaking to him, and much that I value would be lost. Charlie is my laundryman—a good-natured, talkative old Chinese with a stoop and a shuffling gait and a pleasant way of grinning and saying "Haw Kay! Haw Kay!" I made a show of anger once when Charlie lost a shirt of mine that I had worn only a single time. Charlie listened to me patiently, now and then uttering a quiet "Haw Kay! Haw Kay!," but he never recovered my shirt or paid me for my loss. Afterward, when I had given up any hope of seeing the shirt again, I tried twitting him about it. His laughter and his "Haw Kay!"s were never louder or more cheerful.

I was thinking of Charlie's good temper and easy acceptance as I walked through Perry Street one day last fall to call for a bundle of laundry. More than a month had passed since a laryngectomy had deprived me of speech. My only means of communication were paper and pen and pencil, and such weak natural adjuncts as nods, head-shakings, and gestures, which were painfully inadequate and too frequently misunderstood. Up to that day, I had been shielded from the world at large, and my disability, while occasionally annoying, had given me no sustained uneasiness. I had been twelve days in the hospital, and from the hospital I had gone to stay with friends in an apartment overlooking Central Park. Everything there had run smoothly, but now I had recovered my strength sufficiently to go back to my own apartment in the Village for a week or two before flying to see my wife, who was in Arizona, and had been unable to come to New York.

I'm not sure now what directed me to Charlie's on my first venture out alone. It may have been that in resuming contact with what I chose to call "reality," I wished to lessen the impact as much as I could. Charlie would be uncritical and tolerant, and if I were to accustom myself to detecting signs of shock and pity in people's eyes, I might as well start with the gentlest man I knew. Besides, I had to get my laundry. So Charlie's it was to be. I knew that I would have to tell him why I had stayed away so long, and I felt it even more urgent to explain my silence. I didn't want Charlie to think that I no longer was interested in the weather, or in his son and daughter-in-law and the two grandchildren he had recently brought over from Hong Kong, or in his weekend visits to Chinatown.

When I opened Charlie's door, I raised my arm in greeting and smiled. Charlie tossed off a few hearty "Haw Kay!"s and then cried, "I no see you in long time!" It was a crucial moment for me. I lifted my arm again and nodded, pulled out my pad and pen, and pointed to my mouth. As quickly as I could, I wrote, "Had operation. Can't talk." I tore off the page and put it on the counter, smiling at Charlie. He was puzzled at first, and kept on saying "I no see you in long time," his voice dropping at last to a whisper as he looked at the message and then at me. I motioned again toward my mouth, and suddenly Charlie understood.

It was astonishing how abruptly his appearance changed. He stopped grinning and nodded gravely. He placed his right index finger on his closed lips and shook his head sadly. Next he covered his ears with his hands and managed to look even sadder. He continued to shake his head while he removed my bundle from a shelf and handed me change from the old cigar box he keeps it in. Then he returned to his solemn ritual of understanding and sympathy, pressing his finger to his lips and, in a more touching gesture, covering his whole mouth with one hand, and alternating these gestures at intervals with ear-covering. There was something deeply affecting about his performance. It was far more eloquent than spoken words could have been. It attributed deafness to me as well as muteness, and I could see that it held no promise of recovery, but I didn't care. I knew it came from Charlie's heart. Since that day, Charlie has never failed to show his concern whenever he sees me. I have only to pass his window and wave to him to get in return a brief but excellent performance. I hesitate to spoil it now by speaking.

BEFORE my operation, I had been told that I might lose my speech, but I had been assured that I could learn to talk again if I had the will to try. I didn't worry about it; I don't remember even thinking much about

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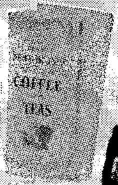

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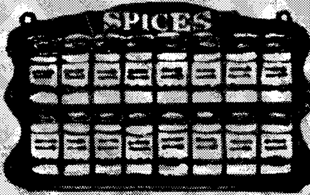
Try also as iced coffee, in Cafe Brulot, Frosted Viennese, or this: On a cool evening, warm a mug—pewter, if possible. Into it put a strip of lemon peel and orange peel. Add an ounce of dark rum and an ounce of Kahlua, the subtle coffee liqueur of Old Mexico. Fill with hot Antigua Instant and stir with a Spice Islands cinnamon stick. This is "Kahlua Diablo." Guaranteed to warm the night.



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Established 1849

Allan Trout of Frankfort tells about the time Eugene Field was entertained at a rich home in Kansas City.

The dessert was strawberry shortcake. The penniless poet looked at it longingly, then pushed it away.

"Don't you like strawberry shortcake?" his hostess asked.

" 'Deed I do!" he replied. "But if I should eat it, I fear it would spoil my taste for prunes!"

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A Scotch-drinking friend of ours recently did.

"Amazing!" he told me. "I hadn't the faintest notion that any bourbon could taste so good!"

Many people I know persist in drinking their present brand for the simple reason that they believe it affords all the pleasure any whiskey can give.

And more than a few freely admit that they don't like the taste of whiskey anyway. Yet down the hatch it goes.

Now whiskey is meant to taste *good*. It has no other reason for being.

And so I ask, why fool with a "prune" brand that fails to give you the ultimate in pleasure so long as our family distillery continues to provide a "shortcake" bourbon that tastes as good as you've always hoped a bourbon could?

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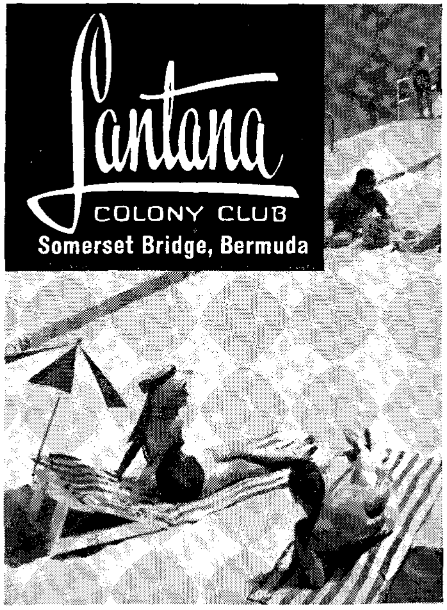
it. When I discovered that speech had gone from me—and with it the power even to grunt or hum—I was amused in a grim, helpless way. I was in the recovery room of the hospital, and my mind came alive suddenly, as it often does from a sound sleep. For possibly a whole minute in the midst of a sixteen-hour sleep, induced by the anesthesia and weakness, I was fully conscious. I did not move; I was not even aware of my body. All existence was concentrated in one tiny, flickering moment of pressing curiosity. Across my mind flashed a line I had once read in the *Times*, which had struck me as funny because in referring to a wounded man who lay in a doorway, the paper said he was "groaning in Spanish." Now I tried to groan, but there was no sound. I tried to chuckle, to moan, to make some kind of sound. Nothing happened. That was it. What a ghastly joke, I thought as I slid into darkness again.

I was a laryngectomee, and laryngectomees, I read later, are depressed when they learn they cannot talk. I must say that I was not. I suppose that the physical shock of the operation had somewhat diminished the mental shock of finding myself mute. That first day, after I awoke again, I was too groggy to care, and as the hours passed I actually experienced a mild elation. I could not talk, but my preoperative anxiety had vanished, and there was a luxury in silence—for a time, at any rate. I think I first realized what I was in for when my nurse brought me a magic slate and showed me how to use it. A magic slate is primarily a child's plaything. It consists of a thin, durable board, one side of which is covered with a black substance. Over this lies a sheet of transparent plastic, the top of which is made fast to the board, the other three edges remaining free. A pencil-shaped stick goes with the slate, and is used for writing. The pressure of the stick produces the writing on the underside of the transparent sheet. To erase it, one simply lifts the sheet away from the black surface. Because magic slates are for children, they have colorful pictures above the writing space. My first slate had a picture of Popeye the Sailor, my second a picture of Mickey Mouse—or maybe it was Pluto. Magic slates are clean, convenient, and economical, but I think they damage a laryngectomee's morale. At the risk of being labelled a rebel, I switched to paper and pen as quickly as I could, and in the months that followed I used yellow legal pads, white pads, stenographer's notebooks, children's copybooks, memo pads bearing



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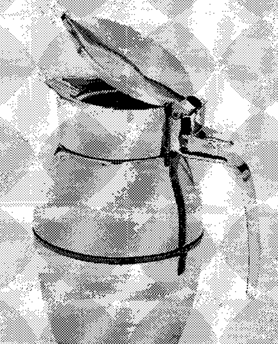

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the names of pharmaceutical firms, discarded calendar sheets, old envelopes, and a large, thick pad I picked up in a Phoenix, Arizona, surgical-supply house.

My first hospital visitor was an old friend, and when I saw him I told myself this was luck. Over the years, there had never been time or words enough for all our endless talks and arguments, and now he would have it all his way—and I would have it my way, too, for there was no need for me to follow his devious arguments, his uncoiling ideas. The visit went just as I expected it would. A nod and a smile from me, or a word on my magic slate, kept him going, and I had the joy of undefeat, since my friend felt under compulsion to take both sides of the questions he raised. It was a good afternoon.

All my afternoons were good, all my days were good. I was relaxed, comfortable, and contented. I had privacy, books, magazines, a portable radio, and many callers. Not one pulled a long face, even though in the beginning I wore a large bandage on my head and neck, and a feeding tube protruded hideously from my nose. Sometimes in the evening, when they had gone and I was alone listening to radio commercials interrupting good music, I was possessed by fancies; I was the Mute of Distinction, the Mute-of-the-Month, the Champion of Magic-Slate Writers. No one with a Popeye slate had a steadier hand, a more legible script. Down the corridor, now and then in the quiet night a man would scream. At least I had no pain, and if I had, I thought ruefully, I could not cry out.

The strangest thing was how completely I forgot the sound of my own voice. Not an echo remained in my memory of all the words I had used up in the course of the years. I could recall, as we all can, the voices of others—even of people whom I had not seen in twenty years, or who had died. My own voice, I supposed, still existed in the memories of my friends, and I knew that one of my sons had a tape of my voice. I remembered his making it while we sat in the living room of our house in Falls Village, Connecticut, in the summer of 1956.

I MADE the change from the hospital to my friends' apartment reluctantly. The hospital offered a security I wished to prolong, but my doctor hinted that mine was a craven attitude, and that I would do well to pick up my magic slate and be on my way. I consoled myself with the thought that I would be free of the hospital's kindly

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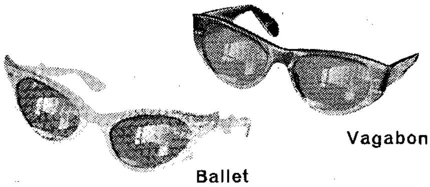

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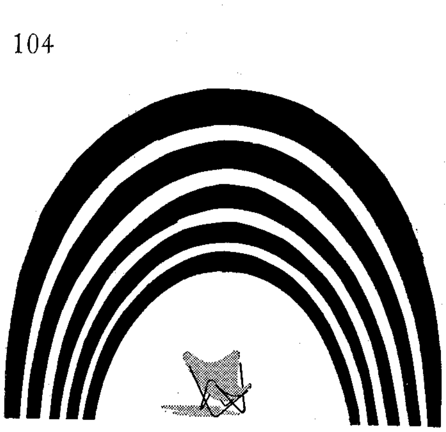

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tyranny—the six-o'clock arousals, the temperature-takings, the ceaseless attention of nurses.

The release from these routines, and from the familiar and generally comforting hospital sounds, thrust me into a state of partial independence, where I more fully realized my handicap. From my new quarters high above the Park, I could watch children at play, roving schoolboys, groups of shrill schoolgirls, elderly men and women seated on benches, dog-walkers and squirrel-feeders, and the like—all of them, I assumed, possessing a faculty I now lacked, and one they no more thought about than I had thought about it in the past. I had to admit that there was no reason they should think of it, and I recalled the old story of the cow who never appreciated her tail until it was cut off and the poor beast had no means of getting the flies off her back.

I was glad that the people who called on me could talk and that most of them did talk. Once, I had a visitor so sensitive to my plight that he was embarrassed and fell silent. I dashed off a message urging him to talk, and gave him a few leads by writing some questions. He dropped his reserve and went into a series of long monologues, but he appeared to be disconcerted when I laughed at funny things he said and he heard no sound. Asking questions was an effective way of keeping people talking. In time, I became a little vain of my skill as a moderator. I never lacked questions to slip into the lulls in any conversation. Almost from the beginning, even in the days of my magic slate, I recognized what a powerful weapon writing was. I had a captive audience. No matter what banality I set down, I was rarely interrupted as I wrote. No matter how absurd an observation I made or what ridiculous question I raised, I was sure of getting a response. Sometimes when I had several visitors, they would interrupt one another, and two or three would talk at the same time and raise their voices. Most of the time, I had only to poise my pencil stick over the slate, or my pen over the paper, to silence them.

Still, I was sometimes trapped in the cross fire of talk and pinned down. I have kept a great number of sheets of paper on which I wrote my part of various friends' visits, and many of them reflect such lopsided conversations. The talk would be going along quietly and then an outburst would occur. I would try to make a comment, but almost at once, struck by my own vulnerability, I would stop writing. I sub-

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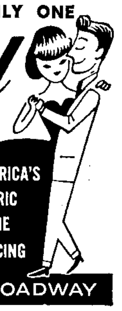

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mit one example: "But Minneapolis isn't . . ." Isn't what? I have no idea.

On the whole, though, it was fairly easy to communicate. I carefully restrained myself at first and kept my notes short, though later I began extending my remarks. In the beginning, if I had made a vapid statement on paper—something that just popped into my head and out of my pen—I quietly scratched it out before it could be read. This was one of the advantages I had over people who could speak.

There are others. A man who communicates on paper—I am not speaking of letters, which pass from one's possession—doesn't blurt out things he instantly regrets saying. He can therefore get a reputation for charity, because he seldom says unkind things. He may even acquire a reputation as one who uses no profanity or obscenities, and never tells off-color stories. But these advantages are the kind of comfort a legless man may feel when he reminds himself that he has no trouble with tight shoes or fallen arches. Most of the time, I avoided thinking of myself, because the exercise tended to lead me into dim or utterly black areas, which, I decided, were too depressing to explore. Nonetheless, there were disquieting times when I allowed myself the license of fantasy; I saw myself stumbling into a sewer and being unable to call for help, or attacked by a mugger, or trapped in a burning building. These maunderings could be as terrifying as bad dreams, but at least I knew the source of terror and could cut it off, as one cannot cut off a dream.

My true dreams were invariably pleasant, and several times I dreamed that I could talk, and that it had all been a bad dream that I *couldn't* talk. If I was suppressing fears, they did not affect my sleep adversely. I did begin to wonder about the effects of protracted silence. At one time, I came to the somewhat cynical conclusion that the silence of holy eremites and members of certain religious orders was no great feat of the will. At another time, I decided that the worst trial of muteness was the inability to exchange simple greetings like "Good morning" and "Hello." But—though I thought I regarded conversation itself more lightly—I caught myself constructing elaborate dialogues in my mind.

I began to get an idea of the tremendous energy we expend in talk, even in our inconsequential babblings. Talk was dammed up in me and was only partially drained off in hearing and watching others talk, and in making

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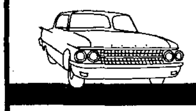

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my thin little contributions on paper. Words, phrases, sentences filled my mind. I mentally composed letters to my wife and to others so skillfully (I thought) and at such length that it seemed a bore to have to commit them to paper; I had already begun to anticipate the answers, and sometimes was even framing my replies to these. Having thought out my letters so thoroughly in advance, when I came to write them I sometimes forgot to put down all the things I meant to say; it seemed to me as if I were repeating myself.

AFTER a few weeks uptown, I returned, as I have said, to the Village. Because my friends worried about me, we arranged a simple code for telephone conversations. I snapped my fingers when I answered a call, and when I wanted to say "Yes." A few light taps on the mouthpiece meant "No." By this means, a person who asked the right questions ("Do you feel all right?," "Will you be home tonight?," "Have you heard from Stevie?," "I sent you some sea-urchin caramels. Did you get them?") could convey information to me and get information in return.

It was hard, though, on people who dialled my number thinking they were calling another. One night when my phone rang, I lifted the receiver and snapped my fingers. A small girl's voice asked, "Who is this?" I snapped my fingers again, and the child peevishly repeated her question. As I snapped my fingers a third time, she started screaming, "Who is this? Say something. Who are you?" I quickly hung up. Another time, a man who was getting the wrong number and didn't know it rang me up three times. The first two times, I hung up when I heard my caller say, "Phyllis?" The third time, I listened, for there was anxiety in his voice. He was pleading. "Phyllis," he said, "please, Phyllis, this is Benny. Please talk to me. Phyllis, if you won't talk, if you can't talk now, I'll call tomorrow night." I was ashamed of myself for listening, and wondered what the trouble was between Phyllis and Benny.

Sometimes it was I who called my friends. When they answered, I snapped my fingers and we were ready for a chat. I also called Weather 6-1212 and Meridian 7-1212 to get the weather and the time. I liked calling these numbers, because I felt the equal of anyone else who called them.

To my surprise, when I began moving around outside by myself I had no special trouble. Supermarkets, where you select your own purchases, made shopping for food easy. No words were

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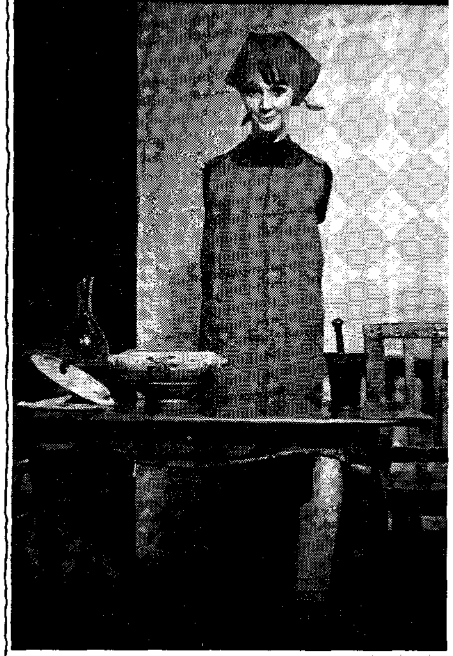

IT DEPENDS ON THE PEOPLE YOU MEET!

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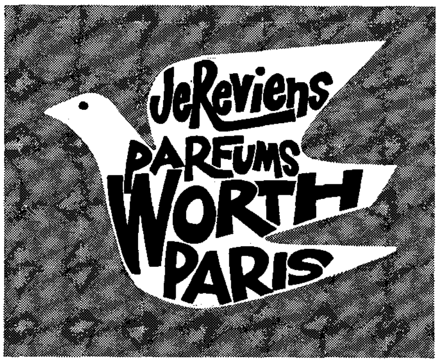

FOR A PACKET OF SCENTED BLOTTING PAPER
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necessary to buy a newspaper. I bought subway tokens by handing over the correct change or indicating with my extended fingers how many I wanted. I wrote out addresses for taxicab drivers, who invariably nodded and kept quiet. This was a revelation to me. On dozens of taxi rides, at that time and later, no cabby ever uttered a word to me. I assume that they, like my friend Charlie, thought I was deaf, or possibly that I didn't understand English. Now and then I thought I was being unfair to them, depriving them, on fake pretenses, of a chance to talk.

I suffered minor frustrations, but this was to be expected. I have always liked to be helpful, in subways and on the streets, to people who need direction. Now and then, I wrote out directions, but usually I just shook my head and shrugged. This often gave me a strange sense of loneliness. At times, too, when I rode in the subway and saw someone staring at me, I would wonder, irrationally, if they suspected my secret.

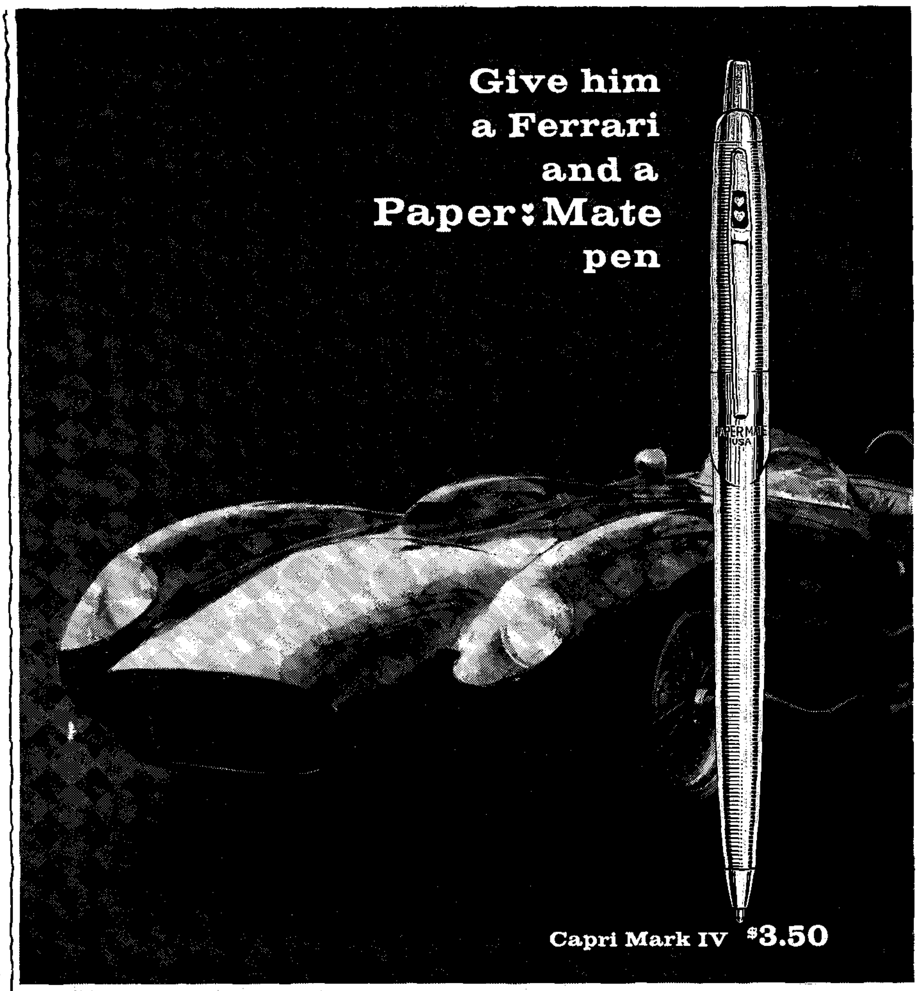
One day, I went to a strange barber and gave him brief instructions on paper: "Haircut. Short. No clippers." He nodded and I settled back, but not for long. The barber was not taking enough off the sides and top. I slid my hand out from under the apron and made a scissorlike motion with two fingers held close to my head. The barber watched me rather superciliously. He touched my head lightly on one side, then on the other and on top. He stood away from me and shook his head. I made my scissorlike signal again, and the barber became agitated. A kind of fury seized him, and I was glad he wasn't going to shave me. He began using his shears noisily on an imaginary head, meanwhile wagging his own and soundlessly mouthing words. In a little while, he had apparently stripped the imaginary head of all hair, and, to judge by his look of disgust, it must have been a frightful sight.

I got out my pad and pen, and wrote, "I can't talk but I can hear. Cut it short."

The barber looked at me and laughed. "Why didn't you say you could hear?" he asked, and laughed again, boisterously.

I was chagrined, but I couldn't think of anything to write to rebuke him. He gave me a few seconds to defend myself, then went ahead with the job in a resigned but angry way.

WHEN the time came for my departure for Arizona, a friend bought my ticket and insurance, and at the start of the non-stop flight to Phoenix I gave the stewardess word that



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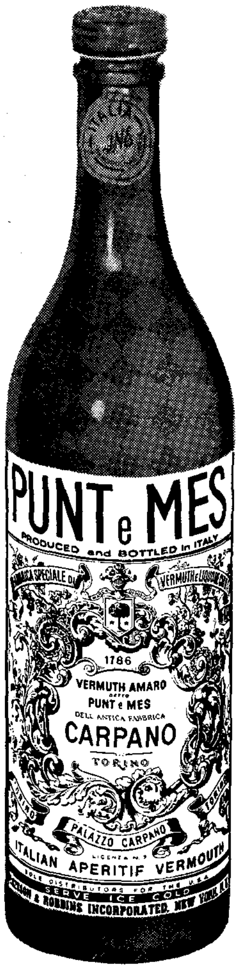

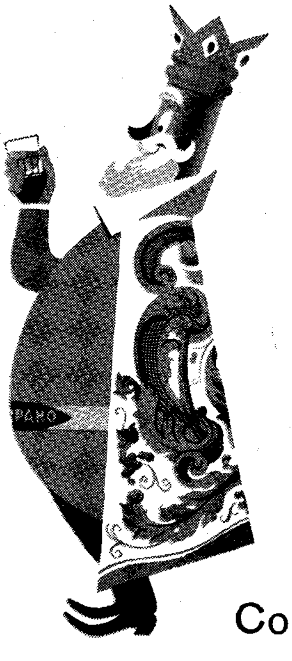

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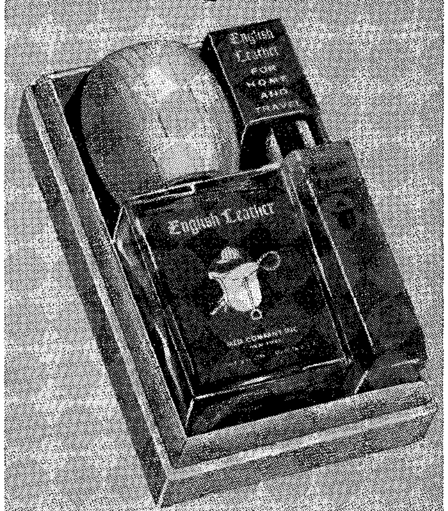

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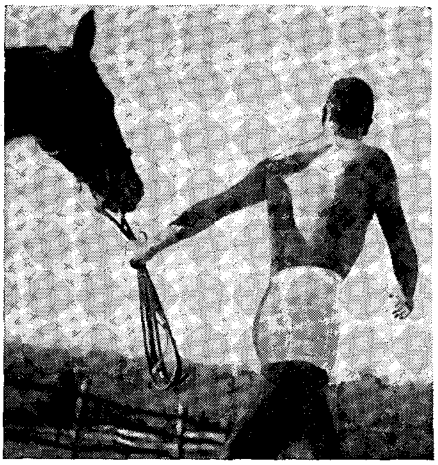
I had laryngitis. By feigning sleep before dinner, and later actually sleeping, I fended off any talk with my seat companion. My wife met me at the Phoenix airport, and we drove to our house in Apache Junction, forty miles to the east, and there, for the first time, I felt a pang of self-pity. My wife opened the door and our two dogs rushed at me, barking excitedly and happily—Jennie, the beagle, and Keela, who I believe is part spitz and part Chihuahua. They leaped on me, and I patted and hugged them, but I had no words for them, and I wished they could understand.

Perhaps they did. During the three weeks I stayed there, they never again barked at me. They came to me to be petted, but they were quiet. Jason, however, had none of their tact. Jason is our myna bird. I think he recognized me when I approached his cage, because we used to have long talks together in Connecticut. Jason lowered his head and looked at me sidewise and said, "Howdy, pardner!" and then, "Well, well. How are you?" I snapped my fingers, but that was a poor substitute for words. I had been reconciled for weeks to the thought that babies could gurgle and whimper and scream whereas I could not even talk back to television pitchmen, but Jason seemed to me needlessly cruel. The longer I stayed, the more talkative he became. I could have sworn he was taunting me.

I got to thinking one day of all the fussy little words and sounds of agreement and pleasure and feigned surprise and wonder and dismay and skepticism that constantly flutter among our spoken words, and, as an experiment, while I was listening to my wife, I put down as rapidly as I could (after indicating to her that I wanted her to keep on talking) a running commentary. When she broke off, I had quite a collection of simulated grunts and head-shakings, and such words as "Fine!," "Really?," "So?," "Hard to believe, isn't it?," "Good!," "Yes," "That's one for the book," and so on.

Yet, for all my critical examination of these and other oral misdemeanors, I myself was often guilty of uttering immaterial observations and unprompted and often pointless remarks. In Arizona, my wife and I did a lot of driving, and the trivial comments I made were hard on her, for I expected her to read everything I put down. Only in the heavy Phoenix traffic did I stop.

But at least I was becoming aware of what a loose pen I had begun to wag. Little by little, I had strayed from my early monosyllabic ways and my disciplined telegraphic style. I defended



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myself against my own accusations of laxity by arguing that I merely desired to keep up my end of conversation. But I knew that the irrelevancies I had recognized and had formerly shunned were now appearing on page after page. I was consuming paper at a great rate. I tried to control my pen, but it often ran away with me. My friends could no longer ask, as one of them had cheerfully asked in my days of reserve, "What's the matter? Cat got your pen?" I began to wonder if I was about to start talking to myself on paper. It was a disquieting thought.

SINCE it seemed unlikely that I would, or even could, mend my ways, I concluded, when I returned to New York, that I ought to concentrate on learning how to talk—to develop what speech therapists call an esophageal voice. The production of such a voice requires two things, principally—control of breathing, and the trick of swallowing air. The breathing must be relaxed, as it is in normal sleep. The intake of air is accomplished by first placing the tip of the tongue against the upper front teeth and then swallowing. When this air is brought up again, it vibrates the throat tissues, producing a sound basically like a burp, which, with considerable practice, can be utilized to form syllables and words.

In my own case, the learning has been a slow process, and the first sounds I produced struck me as distinctly unpleasant. I have practiced assiduously, and over and over again I repeat aloud the word "Patience," but I have some distance to go yet, and even when I reach my goal I think I shall withhold the news from Charlie. His pantomime has come to mean too much to me.

—JOHN FERRIS

•

THE CLOUDED CRYSTAL BALL

[*David Sarnoff in Popular Mechanics, September, 1939*]

While some television dramas may be recorded on film . . . it is not certain that the standards, methods or artistic ideas of the present-day motion-picture industry will control the material presented. Radio has always been an independent force, and has broken new ground in what it has done. . . . Similarly, it is quite likely that television drama will be a new development, using the best of the theater and motion pictures, and building a new art-form upon these.

It is probable that television drama of high caliber and produced by first-rate artists will materially raise the level of dramatic taste of the nation, just as aural broadcasting has raised the level of musical appreciation.

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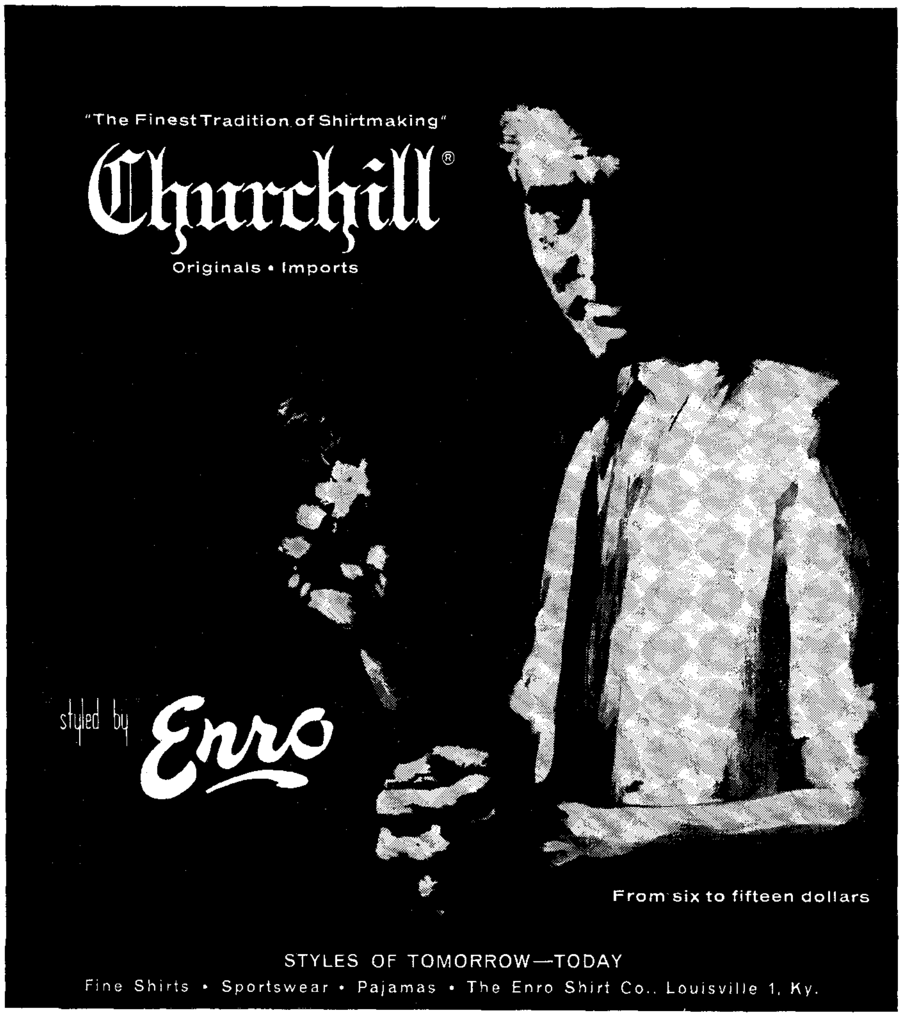
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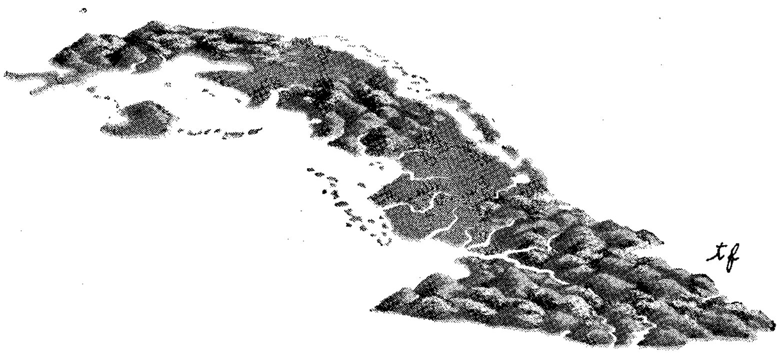
LETTER FROM HAVANA

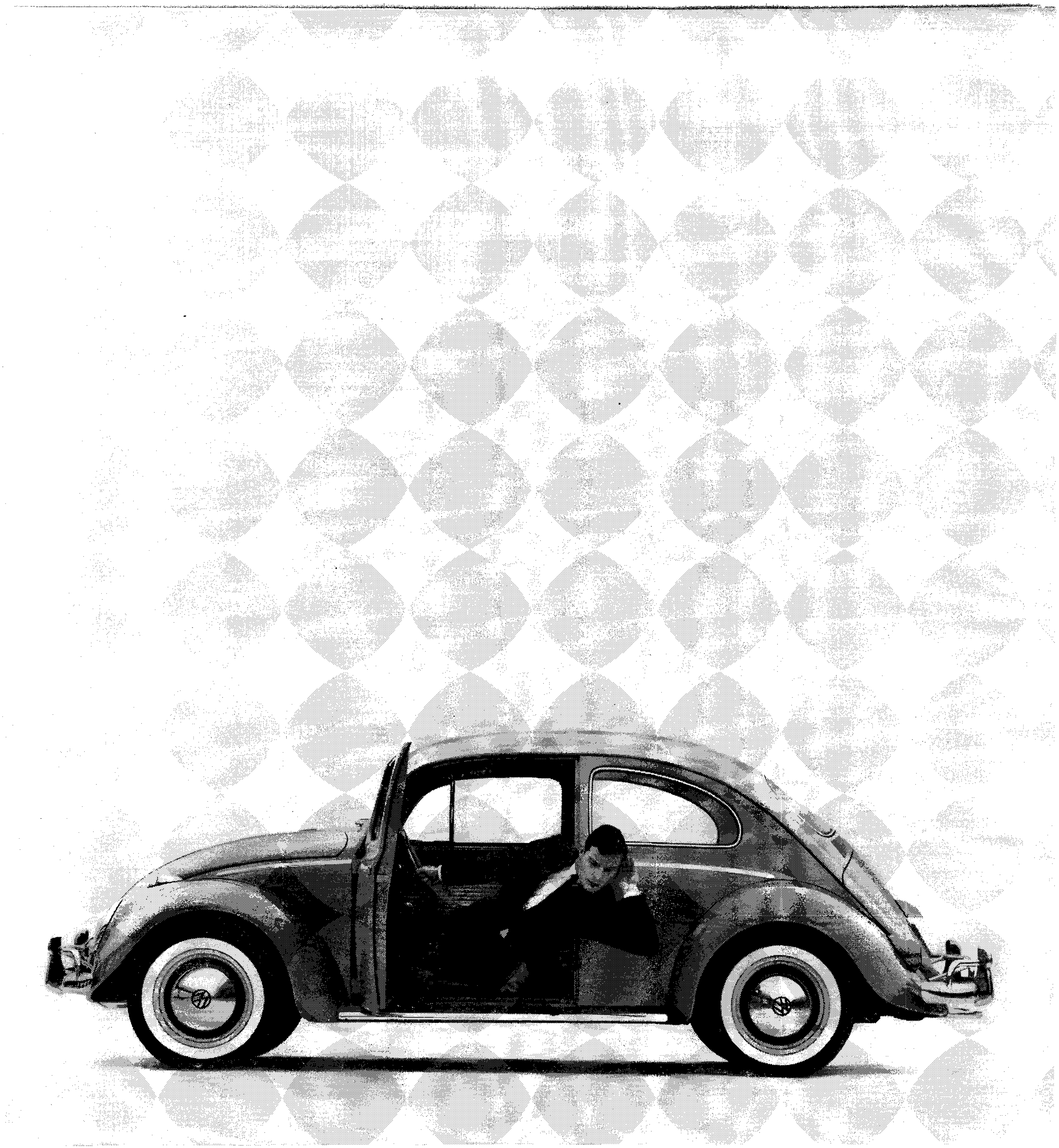
MAY 21



IN spite of the headlines, in spite of all the shouting, Cuba would now be the ideal vacation country for the real snobs, for that vanishing generation of travellers who refuse to hobnob with *hoi polloi* from home on any terms. Because here, for the first time since the British discovered and then ruined the French Riviera, is a country with splendid beaches, good hotels, most of the comforts of home, and not a single tourist. No English-speaking guides, no shady gentlemen with dubious Parker pens for sale, no boys pursuing the visitor with the birdlike Latin-European money cry of "Mister! Hey, Mister!" In fact, one can drive from Pinar del Río to Santiago de Cuba without hearing a word of English. Most of the familiar signs are still there—Goodyear, Sears, Woolworth—but the subtitle "*Nacionalizada*" gives them a darkly different accent. There are gas stations aplenty, but the Shell and Esso shields have been removed from their roadside signposts, and the empty curlicued frames are much more attractive than they were as supports for the signs themselves. Cuba may be only ninety miles from the United States, but now it seems like thousands.

This may appear to be a frivolous description of the de-Americanization of a country, but a certain subtlety or sophistication in viewing man and his many ups and downs may well be the main asset of the Western world right now—the one thing that the Cubans cannot get from the Russians. The Cuban revolution, which was not handled by professionals and which does not have to thank anyone abroad for its success, has not yet rejected the light touch. The invasion issue of *Lunes*, the Monday magazine section of the paper *Revolución*, carried a double-page cartoon spread, captioned "The Tiny Total War of UPIAP" (that is, United Press International and the Associated Press), in which bunches of little soldiers drawn in Parisian cartoon style are shown doing various things that U.P.I. and the A.P. had them doing, erroneously, in their post-invasion reports. "*Memo: A Jack Kennedy, con amor*," the cartoonist Sergio wrote across the top of the drawing, and, below, "Have a Coke." Castro's tractors-as-ransom proposal emerged from one of his rambling discourses after he had remarked that another country might have shot the invaders and that they should be put to work to repair the damage they had done to Cuba. Perhaps Castro had planned it all beforehand, but he certainly did not present the idea seriously; at his mention of tractors, someone in the audience shouted back, "But what about spare parts?," and there was much laughter. In Havana bodegas the next day, people treated the scheme as if it were a joke of their favorite television personality, which is what Castro happens to be—if not by choice, then by necessity. Only on his next TV show did he present the plan in earnest, but even then his public found it very funny. The reports of American wire services about what Cubans are saying rarely take into account this sense of humor, and thus make the people sound more sinister than they should. Admittedly, it is a rather simple form of humor, but it's there, and an appeal to it has often got me out of difficult situations. When appealing to it has not worked—as in a chilling talk I had one evening with a political writer, who looked sorry that he couldn't have me shot without further ado—the reason has usually turned out to be that I was dealing with a Communist. The members of the P.S.P.—the Cuban Communist Party—are at odds with everybody, because they take themselves more seriously than they do the revolution; they seem ill at ease even with the Russians, whose visiting technicians and delegations do not frown upon Daiquiris and sun-tanning at their hotel swimming pools as capitalist decadence, and who, indeed, may have come here from a desk in Washington and a house in Bethesda. What *Hoy*, the Communist daily, likes is someone in the style of Lieutenant Colonel Le Thuc Lich, from Vietminh, who moodily sipped a lemonade at a reception in his embassy here and then showed his guests some bleak sixteen-millimetre movies that he had brought with him. *Hoy* does not joke about the invasion, or about anything else, and it favors for its front page items like a recent story about a baby in Berlin who was hurt when it stepped on an Imperialist Yanqui mine. But though most Cubans may not be taken in by the baby, they know—and *Hoy* knows they know—that it is Communist oil that keeps the lights of Havana burning these days.

Outside the offices of *Hoy*, and away from the depressing newsstands where Chinese magazines with overweight cover girls and pamphlets expounding what Stalin said about Lenin or Lenin about Stalin are gathering dust, Havana five weeks after the invasion has a surprising gaiety. It is not the gaiety of the wide-open city once described in the tourist folders as the Paris of the Caribbean; rather, it is the reckless gaiety of young people who find themselves inexplicably in command and frantically busy as, toting rifles and pistols and dashing around in cars and trucks, they engage in running the country that formerly either choked their every ambition or sent them into exile. It is the Paris of 1790, or the Milan that Stendhal entered as a sub-lieutenant in Napoleon's army. What about those travellers who return from Cuba with reports of "fear and hate"? The answer might well be that a French nobleman or an Austrian duke would have had very little use for the first chapter of "The Charterhouse of Parma." In situations such as this one, it seems to me, the barricades are so high that it becomes impossible for one side to understand even halfway what the world looks like to the other side. The foreign resident and the well-to-do Cuban (accustomed to living like a foreigner in his own country) now find themselves ignored by the hangers-on whom they had thought to be their friends but who in reality dreaded them and were jealous of them, and it is only natural for them to imagine that these people no longer dare greet them for fear of the secret police. (Of course, things are in a state of flux. The invasion attempt and the subsequent arrests may bring lasting changes in mood. After all, Paris in 1793 was very different from Paris in 1790.) In 1950, as a citizen of the Netherlands, I lived for a year in a strikingly similar situation in



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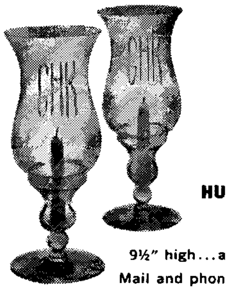

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Java, where the Dutch had just lost sovereignty over the Indies—and, ironically, were blaming the Americans for it. Then I heard the same pathetic or sad stories about faithful servants who no longer "dared" serve, about a plantation being taken away ("But it *belonged* to me, Mynheer"), and about the good old days when life was so pleasant and "the natives were really much better off than they are now." In fact, from the moment I landed in Havana some weeks ago, at the tail end of a tropical storm, I couldn't help thinking often of Java. The two islands are similar in climate and landscape—vegetation as green as a cat's eyes, and palm trees against clouds black with rain, which abruptly starts and just as abruptly stops, leaving a clear sky reflecting blue in the flooded fields. Havana's airport—signs and banners everywhere, young soldiers and even younger officials, a feverish atmosphere of "See how well we're managing without you"—could have been in the Jakarta of ten years ago. But, very obviously, neither East nor West is leaving Cuba alone the way they have left Indonesia pretty much alone.

I HAD my first pro- and counter-revolutionary briefing on the day of my arrival—at cocktail time on the terrace of El Carmelo, still a highly fashionable café in the still fashionable quarter of Vedado. My host was a small, rather used-up old man, a retired professor at the University of Havana; his wife was much younger, and very aggressive. We spoke in French, she continually interrupting him and he almost automatically correcting her language mistakes as they came along. Against a background of waiters busy with screens to keep out a newly pouring rain, she informed me that Cuba had needed a revolution, but not this one. "Life has become so dreary," she said.

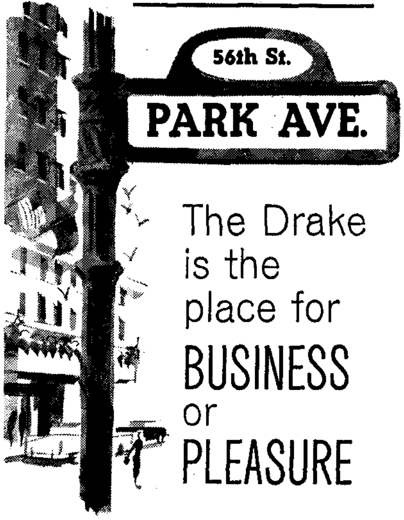
"For instance?"

For instance, El Encanto, the most splendid department store in all of Latin America, had been burned down by its personnel to protest its nationalization.

The professor snorted. Clearly enough, he said, the store had been burned down by counter-revolutionaries with professional phosphorus bombs, not by disgruntled clerks; it had been totally destroyed.

"The owner used to live right across the street from here, but he's now in Miami," his wife said. "And this restaurant used to be so crowded by six o'clock."

"Martí—" the professor began, re-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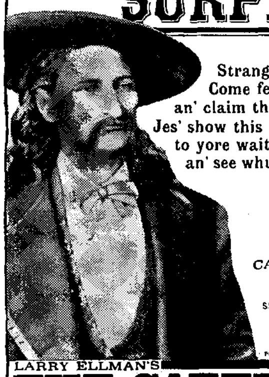

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ferring to José Martí, the Cuban George Washington and Herbert Spencer rolled into one.

"Oh, Martí!" his wife exclaimed with intense boredom.

The professor became indignant. "Shall we speak of Batista, then?" he asked his wife. "This was an *indecent* country," he told me, as his wife stopped listening. "It was repugnant to be a Cuban. There was nothing but deals, nothing but corruption. Two hundred thousand people holding down *botellitas* [phony political offices], deputies receiving lifetime pensions of four hundred dollars a month. This revolution cannot be steered like an automobile, even if we want it to be. We waited four hundred years for this, and there was no more time. I am not surprised at the invasion—I *am* surprised that I should live to hear people like the American President speak about it so cynically."

I have since seen more of the professor and his wife, and have met other members of their family. He is her second husband, and she is a member of a rich family that had clearly always looked down on him as a man without means, holding a daily job for a living, and too clumsy and do-goody to get in on one of the various get-rich games. The professor's brother-in-law is a highly prosperous-looking man, as smooth as only Latins, very rich ones, can be; he still has a car with chauffeur. He is a physician by profession but really a politician, the professor told me—a man from the in-group in the Bastista era. In a way, the revolution has been a very personal triumph for the professor.

The professor's wife lost no time getting me involved in a little plot designed to enable her to visit her nephew, who was one of the captured invaders of April 17th. She had told some official that I had come to Cuba to investigate the treatment of these prisoners for the press, and that she was needed as my interpreter, "since French is his only language." She explained this plot to me during a visit to her house on my third day in Havana. Her sister and the physician were also present. I was very much annoyed; I had come directly from New York, and surely the Cuban government would take a suspicious view of this fantastic story. I said that she should have consulted me first. "Perhaps you're a Communist?" the sister asked. I said no, but still . . . At that point, the physician tried to smooth things over by proposing that we all have lunch at La Zaragozana 1830, a wonderful res-

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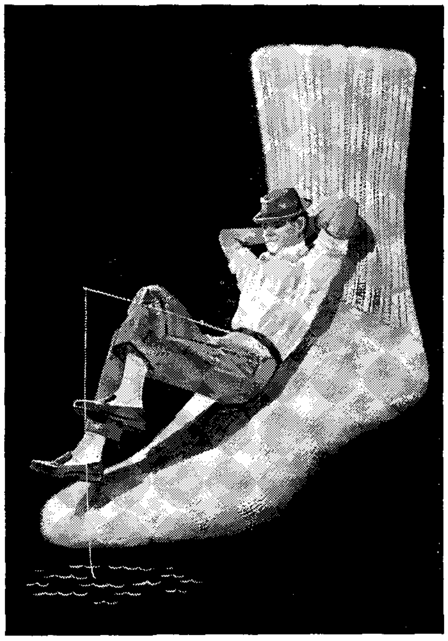
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taurant. I declined, because he somehow implied that I had been holding out for just some little bribe like that. I did not go to see the prisoners with the professor's wife (they now have permission to be visited by their relatives), but I did pay another visit to the professor's house. It was late in the evening, and warm, and he and I sat out on the balcony together. The street lay silent below us as he spoke in a hoarse, hasty voice. "Latin America works for the United States," he said. "That is how the Americans can maintain their celebrated 'American way of life.' " He often used that expression—always in English, always bitterly. "That's why they're so haughty about their democracy," he went on. "That's why they fear Cuba's example." He added, in a whisper, as if to himself, "Ils vont perdre leur *way of life.*"

THE invasion by the Cuban counter-revolutionaries came after a winter of much bombing and sabotage all over the island. Apart from not succeeding, it did a variety of things. Castro's anti-aircraft guns pointing at the sea across the Malecón Drive and all his other military preparations were transformed overnight from a demagogue's tricks into a leader's wise precautions. Thousands of young people who had never forgiven themselves for not having been in on things in the days of the Sierra Maestra guerrillas and the anti-Batista underground now got a second chance at bravery and identification with a cause. The middle-class opposition—estimates put it at anything from fifty thousand to five times that many—was arrested. *Hoy's* theme was: We told you so. Most of the arrested have now been released—though, again, even round numbers are vague—but neither they nor their neighbors have forgotten. I feel certain that a majority of them will now stop marking time—that they will either leave Cuba or make some definite gesture toward trying to live with the revolution. I have spoken with some whose choice in the matter appears to depend on rather trivial personal circumstances; after all, exile has always been a natural element of their background.

In the weeks since the invasion, there has been very little sabotage on the island. Public buildings are guarded by the militia; at some, such as the television station, visitors are frisked, and even have to show their cigarettes. (Incendiary fuses can be hidden in a pack of sixteen *cigarillos.*) I have never seen so many armed people in a town, not even

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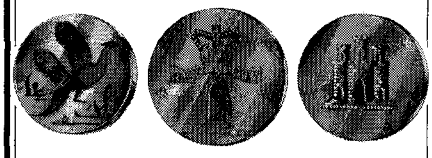
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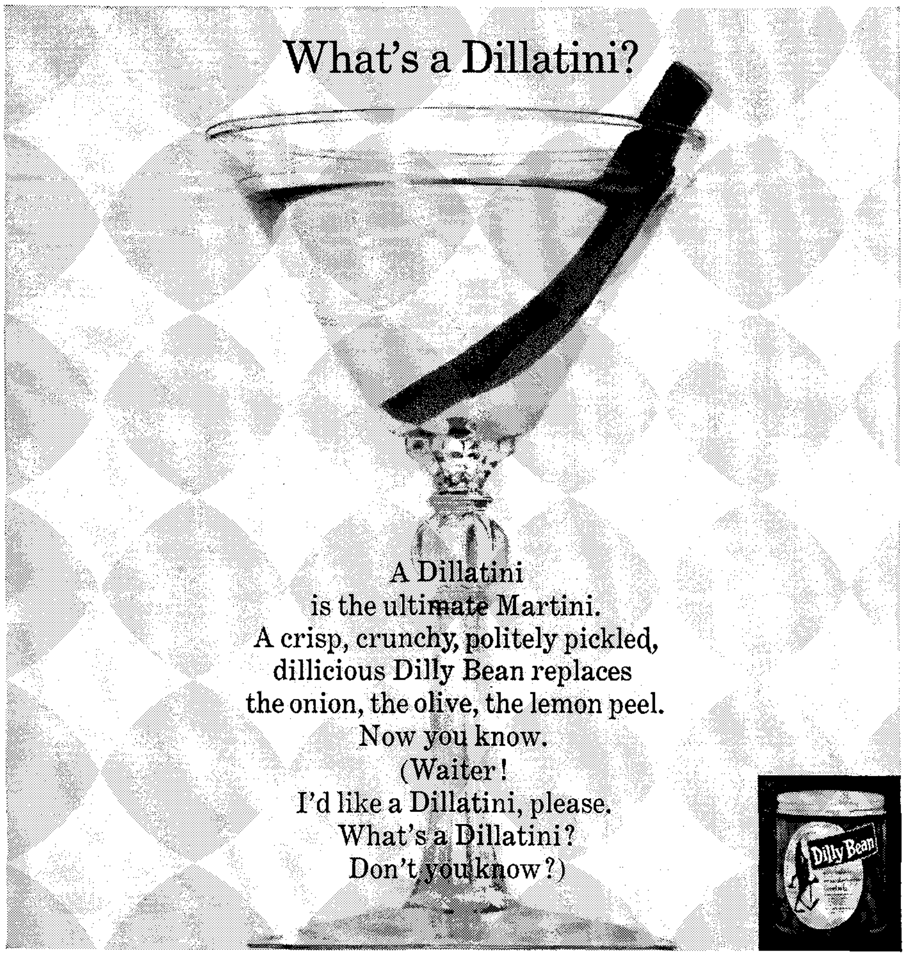
during the last war; in Havana I have met writers, television people, clerks, students, an actress who looks like Françoise Rosay—all of them part-time militia men or women and all carrying rifles, tommy guns, or pistols. Yet because they're so relaxed and un-trigger-happy about it, I have not felt intimidated or Gestapoized. The militia girls, wearing high heels and red fingernails with their tight jeans, look and act too Latin and unsystematic; one evening I was thoroughly frisked at the door of the newspaper *Revolución*, and the next evening no one was on guard there at all. I've stood a foot away from Castro without having been searched or even asked who I was; within the past three weeks I have driven a thousand miles through Cuba and have been stopped only once—when I went through a red light on Havana's Avenue No. 5. On the other hand, I have certainly been aware of intense vigilance; one morning as I was leaving a barbershop on the Rampa, a *miliciano* standing outside gave me a hard look and told me that I had forgotten a parcel in the shop—a convenient service for forgetful people, surely, but if I hadn't willingly gone back and retrieved it he might have become curious about what I was up to. Cedric Belfrage, a middle-aged British writer living here (he was deported from the United States some years ago for his left-wing politics), spent the morning of the invasion vainly trying to get rid of a bottle full of some sort of green liquid without being taken for a saboteur carrying a Yanqui explosive. It was a medicine—part of some test he had to undergo at the hospital—but when the news of the invasion came, no one at the hospital could be bothered with it, and he started back home with the bottle. When he reached his beachside hotel, he found that guards had been posted at every entrance. Suddenly he couldn't face the task of explaining what was in the bottle in Spanish to the militiamen, and he drove off again. He didn't dare empty it, either; finally, in near desperation, he drove to a friend's hotel and got rid of it there.

In addition to Belfrage, I have met several other Anglo-Saxon intellectuals, usually calling themselves Socialists, who have come to live here of late. There is a certain pathos about them. Frowned upon, or worse, by American and other Western officials, they have long dwelt on the fringe of revolution, in some cases ever since the Civil War in Spain. They are not professionals; the hardness of the real revolutionary is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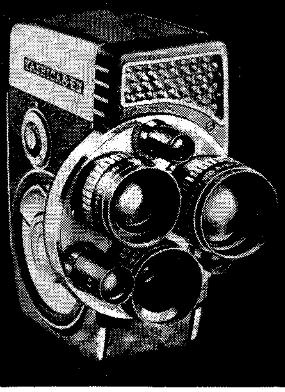

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alien to them. Very Western, very un-Latin, they are extremely well informed about their host country but rather outside its daily life. During their long radical years they have collected so many personal injustices, lost so many jobs, and endured so many rudenesses and threats that they have become more absorbed in their own martyrdom than in the emancipation of the masses. Expatriates of this sort contrast weirdly with another type of Anglo-Saxon visitor in present-day Cuba—the British, Canadian, or Australian reporter stepping into the vacuum left by the Americans. Some of them seem straight out of Evelyn Waugh's "Scoop." I was present in a house where one of them arrived fresh from the plane—an Australian with a beautiful Cockney accent. He was supposed to file a story that same evening. "Give me the name of some new boy," he said to his host. "Some fellow who's knocking at the door." The host produced the name of the new Minister of Sports, a man who had helped Castro by organizing the anti-Batista underground in the town of Guantánamo, some fifteen miles north of the American naval base. "You mean this guy is working for the Americans?" the Australian asked. The name of the Sports Minister was spelled out for him, but then he decided instead to call a girl whose number someone had given him. He got her on the telephone, and was soon off—well organized in one department, anyway. We never learned whether he filed his scoop that evening about the new guy knocking at Castro's door.

Like most revolutions, this one is chaste. "Revolutions are jealous of their sons' and daughters' time and energy," a rather prissy Cuban novelist told me, and a militia girl who must have read the wrong kind of paperbacks at an early age informed me that "my gun is my fiancé." Havana's sixteen thousand whores and pimps have vanished from the streets, and the "blue" movie houses have been closed, although a discreet bordello trade continues along the traditional streets, such as Retiro and Virtudes. The night town is lively, with brightly lit thoroughfares and flashy neon ads, and even the signs bearing messages like "VIVA NUESTRA CUBA SOCIALISTA" look as if they had been designed by Madison Avenue. All in all, there is a lot of Batista's showiness left in Havana's appearance, with the result that the town has so far avoided the drabness with which state economy and communal activities blanket cities like Belgrade. The bodegas—combina-

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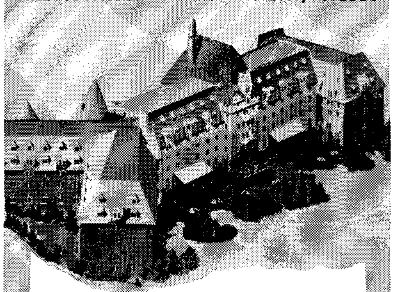

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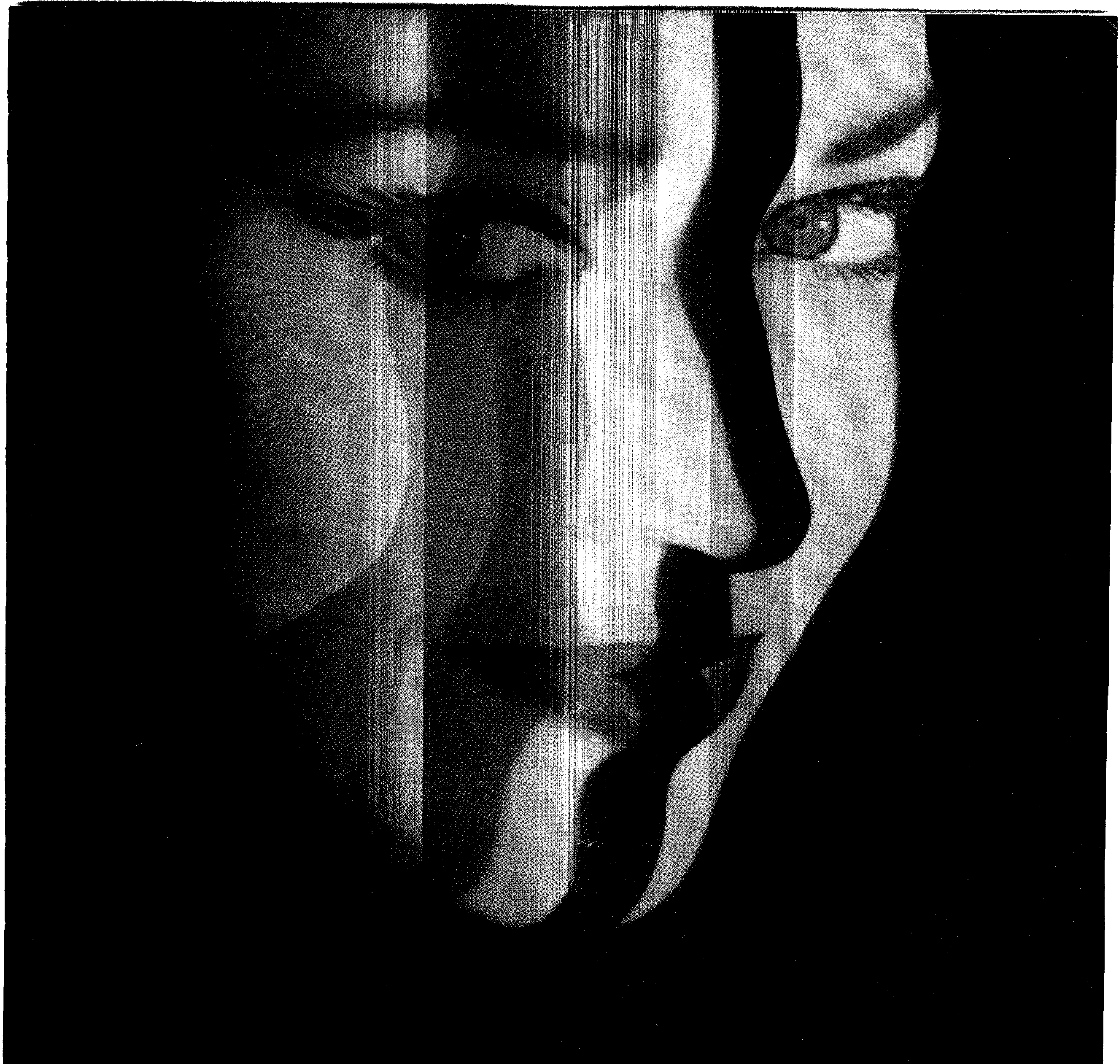

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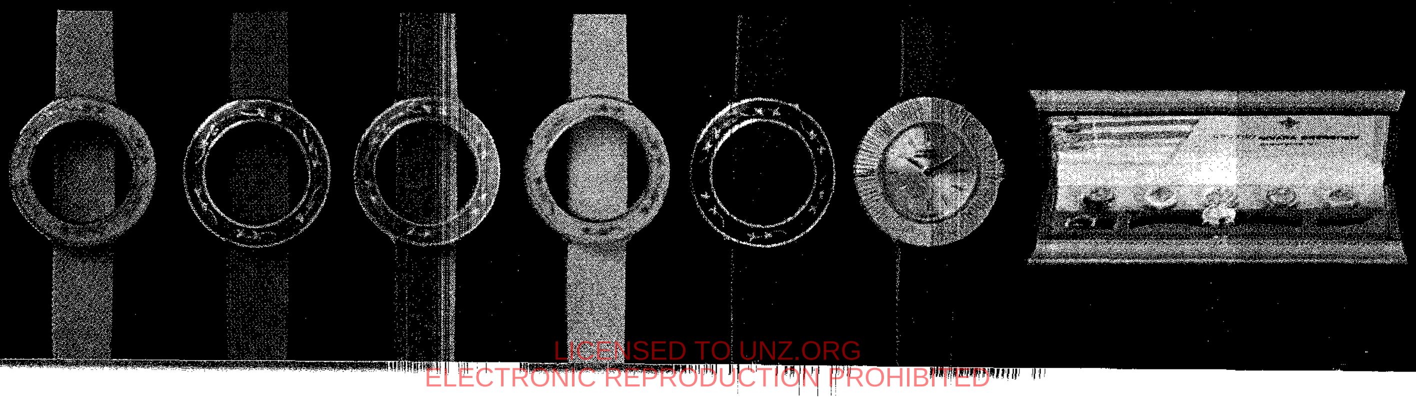

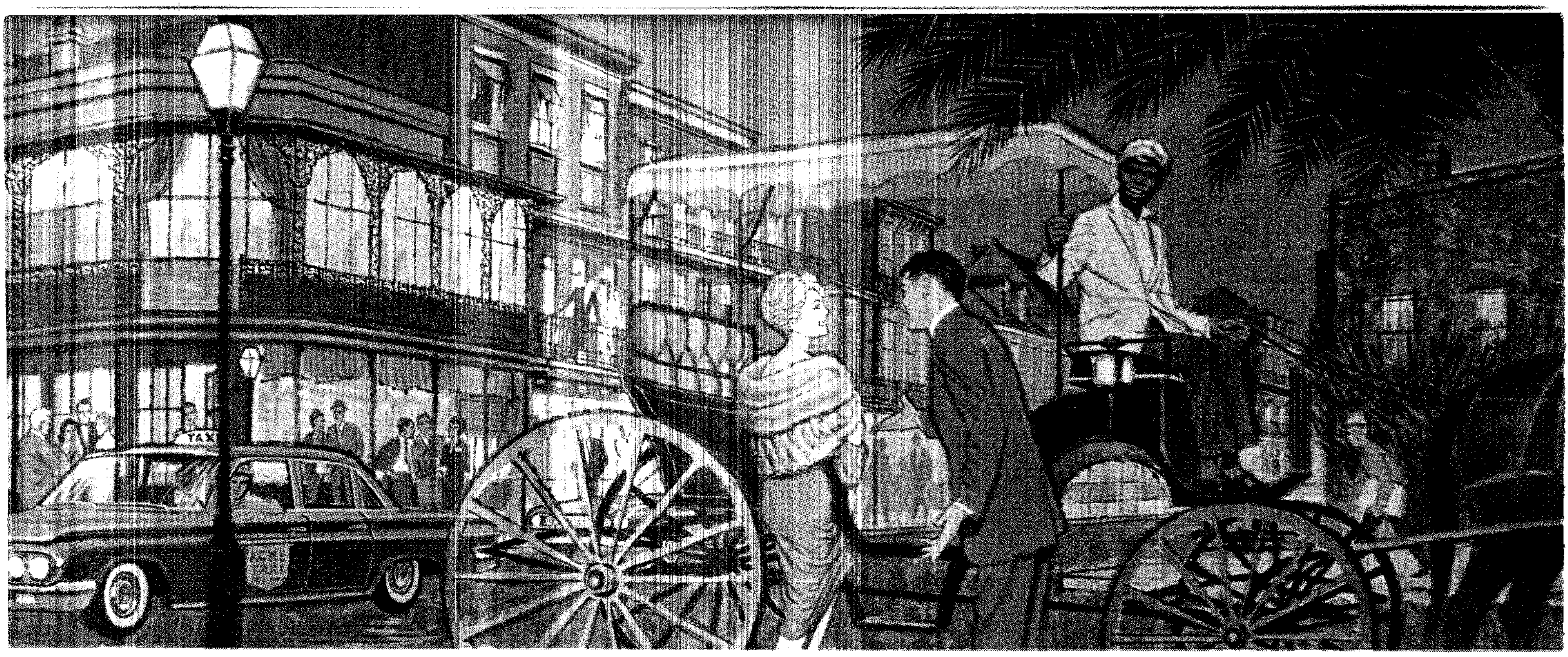

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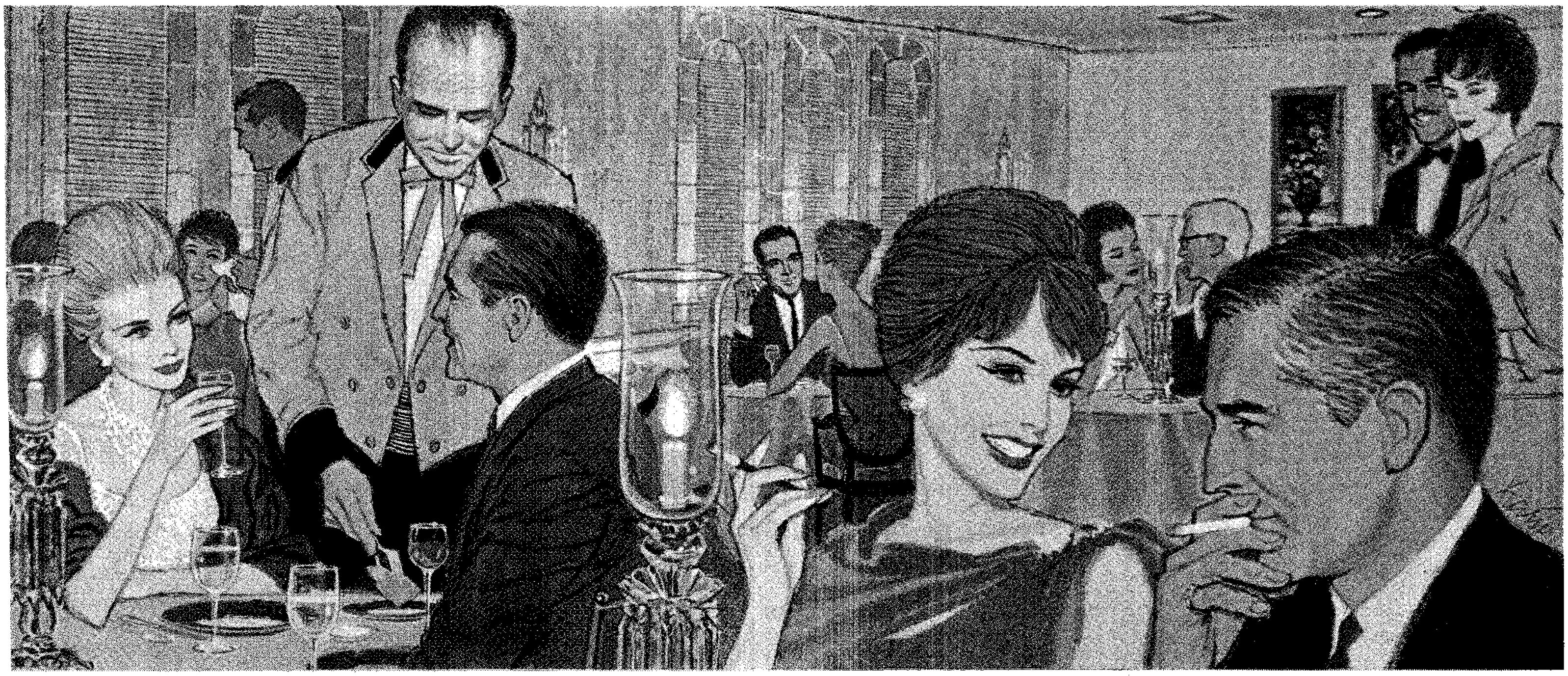

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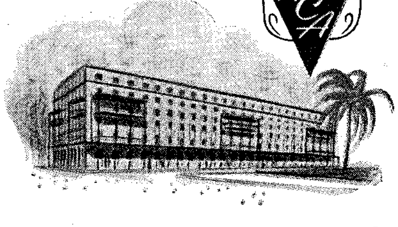

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tion bars, drugstores, and grocery stores—are packed, and stalls offering whole suckling pigs, sausages, fruits, and hard-boiled eggs line the sidewalks. There is no inflation. With the peso and the dollar officially still at par, rice costs about eighteen centavos a pound, sugar five, coffee eighty-five, potatoes five, and a Havana bus ride eight. Sixteen cigarettes cost ten centavos, and gasoline is thirty-three centavos a gallon. Palmolive soap is still in plentiful supply, and so are such choice items as Mennen's Skin Bracer and Dr. Johnson's Agua de Vetiver. As a European, I have become alert to the first indications that the law of supply and demand is going awry—a sudden disappearance of silver coins, of paper towels in restaurant washrooms, and of things like pocket combs and shoelaces. Cuba needs many American products it cannot get now, but it does not show any of these initial signs of a ruined economy. Perhaps I am painting a disturbingly rosy picture, but that is how things look as of this Sunday, May 21, 1961.

Havana's big hotels and night clubs were built for the American tourists who are no longer here. The Habana Libre, née Habana Hilton, now harbors delegations and technicians from the Iron Curtain countries, *milicianos*, and *campesinas*, or peasants' daughters, who are being schooled in sewing, reading and writing, and, eventually, teaching. I wandered through it one evening, my Hilton credit card no doubt turning over in its case. In El Caribe, the hotel's night club, things were dead; an orchestra sat staring out over the empty tables, and a lonely maître d'hôtel made a dash for me, but I eluded him. In the bar outside, two guests were playing dice with a waiter. All over the hotel's shopping area, the *campesinas*, in bright-colored dresses, were sitting in rows against the walls, waiting for buses to take them to a movie. Militia boys stared at them through the glass entrance door. The casino was rather crowded with bored, well-bred Cubans abstractedly losing the money they hadn't much use for anyway. One croupier, beaming with pleasure, insisted on starting a whole new roulette table for me, as earlier, in a gift shop, two ladies had thrown themselves with delight into gift-wrapping an eighty-cent purchase for me; I was the first English-speaking customer they had seen in a month.

The Havana Riviera is livelier; here most Western visitors, various guests of the government, and a few Cuban tourists stay. A room once priced at forty

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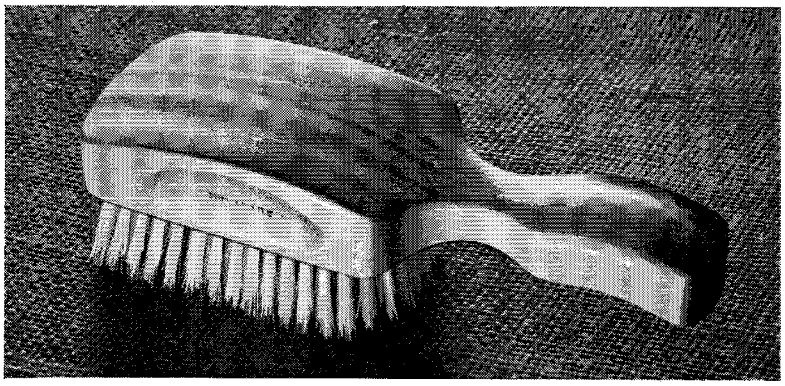

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dollars now goes for eight dollars to a Cuban and for ten to a foreigner. The manager apologized for the slow service in the bar, explaining that half his waiters were part-time militiamen. (Personnel of the Havana Riviera had met face to face on the invasion beach, arms in hand; five waiters landed with the rebel forces and two croupiers were in the militia that stopped the invaders near El Tesoro. Both croupiers were killed.) Sloppy Joe's is a ghost bar; Tyrone Power and Cesar Romero grin into empty space from photographs on the walls; two barmen clean their nails and hope to stave off nationalization. La Floridita is still alive, and still a truly great bar, somehow not out of place even in the People's Havana. It is the only bar in the world I know where one pours one's own amount of Scotch or gin or brandy, from beautifully stoppered bottles, to make a drink. The Tropicana, a night club about as big and elaborate as Idlewild, does not seem to be doing so well. They have raised a sign reading "PATRIA O MUERTE" over the entrance arch, but the few rather languishing visitors I saw there were clearly not ready to choose either one or the other.

On May 16th, the morning papers announced that the *clubs aristocráticos* (as *Hoy* calls them) would be taken over that day by "workers' social groups." I drove over to the nearest one, though not the city's most elegant—the Míramar Yacht Club. Seemingly, life was going on as usual there. It was a lovely cool morning, the sea glittered, cars and cabs unloaded ladies, children, nurses, and elderly gentlemen. The doorman was as unpleasant about the place I chose to park as any of his capitalist colleagues north of the Rio Grande. But then I was shown into the manager's office, and there the scene was from one of those Pudovkin movies. A *compañero* in a blue militia shirt and a tan beret, who looked about twenty, was sitting in a swivel chair behind the desk, beaming. Two others sat on a window sill. The club staff filled the rest of the room, smoking and looking disgusted. I went back three nights later, and found some *milicianos* decorating a pavilion for a workers' dance to be held on May 20th, Cuba's national holiday. The club members were sitting around sipping drinks and looking the other way. On the bulletin board a list of names of new candidates for membership was still posted.

Obviously, Cuba's rich are against Castro, and to me, at least, it is also obvious that the poor are with him. The middle class here has never rep-

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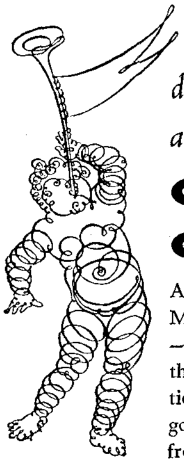
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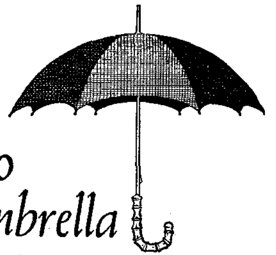
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resented a transition between the two, the way it does in the United States and Western Europe. As part of a colonial class structure, it has reached up to the ranks of the rich but not down to those of the poor. The middle class is divided about Castro, but I couldn't begin to guess percentages, and I haven't resorted to the usual device of polling taxi-drivers. Then there are the intellectuals—the writers and artists, who in Latin countries form a rather specific group. Pablo Armando Fernandez, an editor of *Lunes*, who lived in New York for many years, wrote down the names of twelve of them for me, constituting, he said, a solid chunk of the group. (It's important to remember what a small country Cuba is. Havana is like an eighteenth-century European town, where everyone knew everyone.) All but one of the twelve had lived in exile for some years previous to 1959; under Batista, their own country had nothing to offer them. Their average age was thirty, and they had all known one another even before they converged again on Havana. Two have since turned their backs on Castro and gone into exile again. I have had talks with several of the others. Good things were being done, they assured me; magazines with sophisticated layouts were being published, and plays like Lizarraga's "Santa Juana de America" were being produced. Most of these men did not believe in Socialist realism or any other *dirigisme*, as they called it; they did believe in the revolution, and they hoped (or doubted) that their commitment to it would carry them through the present atmosphere, which has become much more doctrinaire since the invasion attempt. One of them was the Communist political writer mentioned earlier. He started tapping his foot whenever I contradicted him, answered my questions with platitudes, and finally, when we came upon the subject of North Korea's aggression, called me a C.I.A. agent. The leader of the group, much older than the rest, is Nicolás Guillén, Cuba's poet laureate, a short, very dark, gray-haired man who reminded me of Paul Muni as Juárez and who is setting up a "writers' center" in a villa in the Vedado. "Then we can get some work done," he said. "Now we're going in all directions." Guillén clearly likes *le dirigisme*—with him doing most of it—but whether he will succeed depends on developments far from that cool white mansion on the Calle 17.

MOTHER'S DAY may be a Yanqui invention, but that didn't spoil it for the Cuban government, which observed

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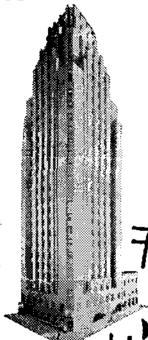

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it by bringing to town for the day fifteen thousand mothers who had never seen Havana. While here, they visited their children, now attending school in the city, and stayed in private homes. All the preceding week, the papers were filled with saccharine drawings and stories about the glories of Cuban motherhood, and Havana's telephones carried a recorded voice which, between rings, urged the caller waiting for his party to take in a *madre campesina* as a guest. Since Cubans are never in a hurry to answer the phone, I heard this Brave New World-style message quite a few times that week. Anyway, the mothers came, and on Sunday afternoon they were packed into the Coliseo Nacional to be entertained. I went, because Castro was to come; it would be my first Castro rally. By saying "*Periodista*" ("Journalist") often enough, I worked my way up near the speakers' rostrum, where it was quite cool; in the center arena of the huge, round building and in the lower tiers of seats the heat was suffocating. Every few minutes, a couple of *milicianos* would dash for an exit with a stretcher bearing a *madre campesina* who had fainted. I have been in Hitler's Sportpalast, but the atmosphere here was more like Madison Square Garden: instead of speakers to warm up the audience, there was an endless succession of singers, television comedians, jugglers, guitar players, and all the other moth-eaten vaudeville acts that no war or revolution seems able to banish from this earth. The mothers and their children appeared to like it—those who didn't faint—and the music was Caribbean and gay. After a long while, a young woman and some young men with sports shirts hanging loose filed onto the rostrum, and an equally sloppy-looking fellow sitting beside me informed me that the girl was Celia Sanchez, a secretary of Castro's, that the beatniks were Castro's bodyguards, and that their arrival meant he was in the building.

At that moment, there was the sound of an explosion in the distance. Then, as Castro and his party entered, there was a second explosion. This was my first (and only) encounter with violence in Cuba. A great commotion arose at the exits behind us. An Indian journalist sitting next to me turned as white as his *sherwani.* Castro stopped and stood still right in front of me, and since bomb throwers traditionally kill an innocent bystander, I prayed for him to move on a bit, which he did not. The audience had gone wild, streaming down into the center arena, waving and dancing and

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screaming "*Paredón! Paredón!*" ("To the wall! To the wall!") Their emotion was a strange mixture of fear turned into defiance and verging on hysteria. They massed below the stand, looking up at Castro, and cheered deafeningly, waving little red-and-white flags. They started singing,

> *"Somos socialistas,*
> *Palante y palante,*
> *Y al que no le guste*
> *Que tome purgante,"*

which proclaims that they're Socialists, onward and upward, and anyone who doesn't like it can take a dose of castor oil. Slowly, some calm returned, and from a microphone on the floor the master of ceremonies, choking with emotion, reminded us and Castro that "these people [the counter-revolutionaries] do not know that he and everyone would give their lives for the revolution." Then he anticlimactically announced a team of folk dancers.

During this incredible row, Castro had looked at once distracted and very sober. He responded to the cheering only with a smile, and not at all to the m.c.'s speech. Then he sat down in a blue chair and began talking to a neighbor. After some more dances, he took his place behind the lectern and started his address. He made no reference to the explosions or the demonstrations but spoke like an earnest schoolteacher; every time he was interrupted by applause, he fiddled with the microphone. His subject was illiteracy. As always, Castro repeated each idea several times in different words—a boon to the foreigners in his audience, if not to his staff, which looked slightly bored. In the center of the arena, the women and children and *milicianos* sat down on the floor, and a light buzz of conversation rose in the hall. The bodyguards on the rostrum lit cigarettes. Castro was tanned, his face without wrinkles, and I thought he looked rather like Humphrey Bogart with a beard. He has the attributes of the great orator—the voice, the pleasure in hearing himself, the gift of deliberately building sentence upon sentence, like a mason constructing a wall (Churchill does this superbly, but Castro uses no notes), and the magnetism, or star quality, as they say on Broadway. He seems possessed, or obsessed, by the need to get his thoughts across. He talked to the mothers for only an hour and a half—the equivalent for him of a few off-the-cuff remarks—and vanished with a wave of his arm, without waiting for the applause. Outside, scores of buses were lining up

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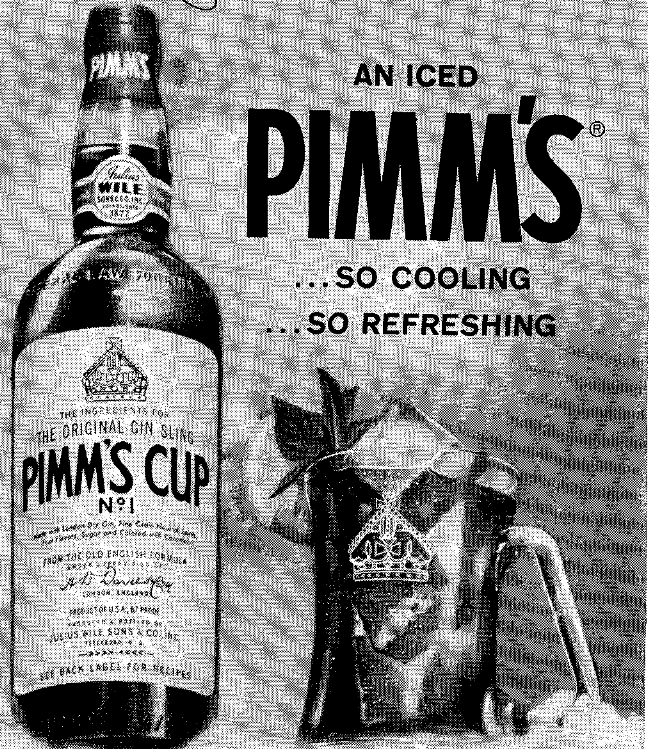

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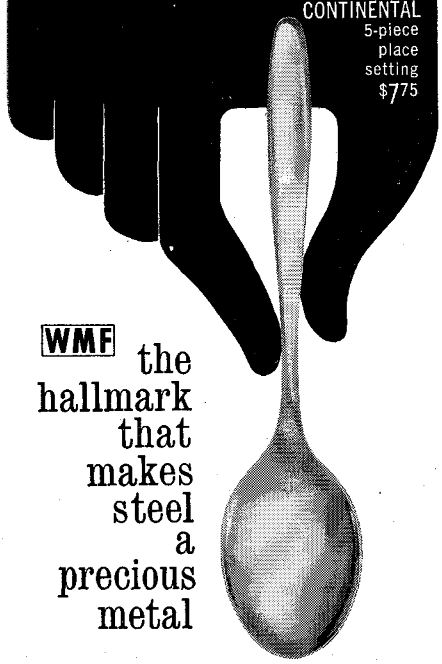

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to cart the mothers off to their next destination—bed, one hoped for their sake.

THE following morning, I was taken on a conducted bus tour of the invasion beaches, together with some two dozen visitors from South America and one Jamaican. For some reason, this kind of expedition always has to start before dawn, and ours was no exception; when all the honored guests and comrades were finally seated, it was still well before seven. We set off along the coast toward Matanzas; the sea lay still and clear on our left, with the unbelievable translucence that only tropical waters have. Breakfast was in Santa Cruz del Norte, at a hotel with a terrace looking out over the Gulf of Mexico; I was alone in wanting to sit outside, so it was served in the dining room, enlivened by flies and brightened by the imperialist music of Artie Shaw on the jukebox. (Seeburg, Inc., the manufacturers of the jukebox, might be interested to know that the proceeds, according to a sticker, were destined for I.N.R.A., the Agrarian Reform Institute.) A four-hour drive followed, through fields, towns, and villages; past slowly rolling freight trains loaded with sugar cane; past the sugar mill called Australia, where black smoke rose slowly into the air now heavy with heat (it was sugar-harvest time); past I.N.R.A. trucks, I.N.R.A. prefabs, and I.N.R.A. fields; past neat fences made of wire strung along rows of little trees; past posters everywhere—posters urging the population to build, to defend, to celebrate the first of May (no longer valid), to kill invaders (*idem*), to make sure that something like the El Encanto fire would not happen again ("Your eyes are a weapon of the revolution"), to drink Ironbeer beer, to affirm Unity and Conscience, and, above all, to *AlfaBetiCe*—to teach or to learn how to read and write in 1961, "the year of education."

With us was a young *teniente* (the only rank in the militia), who showed me on my map where the landings had taken place and what had happened. The landing force, he pointed out, had not got even as far as El Tesoro, the nearest habitation, at the edge of the Ciénega de Zapata, the coastal swamp. We reached El Tesoro at one in the afternoon and waited around for an hour for lunch. El Tesoro is a complex of cabins and pavilions built in 1960 and called a motel, although most of its future users will probably arrive by bus. The dining room and bar are all in lacquered tree trunks, old-Cuban style—

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as quaint and uncomfortable as any American roadside-restaurant owner could wish for. There was a bullet hole in one window from a strafing counter-revolutionary plane, and, again, plenty of flies; there were screen doors, but it was too hot to keep them closed. Presently, a Cadillac showed up, loaded with French journalists who made a lot of noise and took snapshots of each other, and I was discovered by the Jamaican on our bus, a Mr. Blake, who didn't speak a word of Spanish. He bought me a beer (ice-cold, Jean-Paul Sartre will be glad to learn) and told me that he was the editor of the Kingston magazine called *Newday*. He had twenty-five employees, he said, was thus a capitalist, and thought Jamaica was God's own and only country. Since all the reports on Cuba that he had read contradicted one another, he had come to see for himself. In Miami, he had been put in a Jim Crow hotel, which made him wonder "what is the matter with the American people."

The *teniente* took Mr. Blake and me in tow and lectured to us in English while dragging us to the far corners of the Larga and Girón beaches. (They are roughly an hour's drive south of El Tesoro.) At one point, he produced two militia girls, schoolteachers from Jagüey Grande, who had been in the fighting; they carried rifles, had their hair done up in curlers, and looked shy. At Playa Girón, the site of a beach colony, masons were still replastering the walls, which were full of bullet holes. It was seven in the evening before the lieutenant could be parted from his battlefields, and even then he stopped the bus a few miles farther on and invited us to march up to the remnants of a plane that had been shot down in a field some five hundred yards off the road. I stayed in the bus, telling him that I'd seen enough shot-down planes in my lifetime, and he didn't speak to me after that. Finally, we started on the return trip to Havana, first along the Caribbean (at times driving through vast masses of crabs running across the road), then inland. It grew dark, and the headlights of the first oncoming cars were like pools of liquid light in the dusk. The passengers fell silent, the air turned cool. At bridges and crossroads, *milicianos* sitting on walls with their legs dangling waved at the bus. Several times we stopped to pick up hitchhikers. In Matanzas, the driver lost his way, and the lieutenant got out to engage a crowd in a discussion about the shortest way out of town and back to Havana, where we arrived well after midnight. (Driv-

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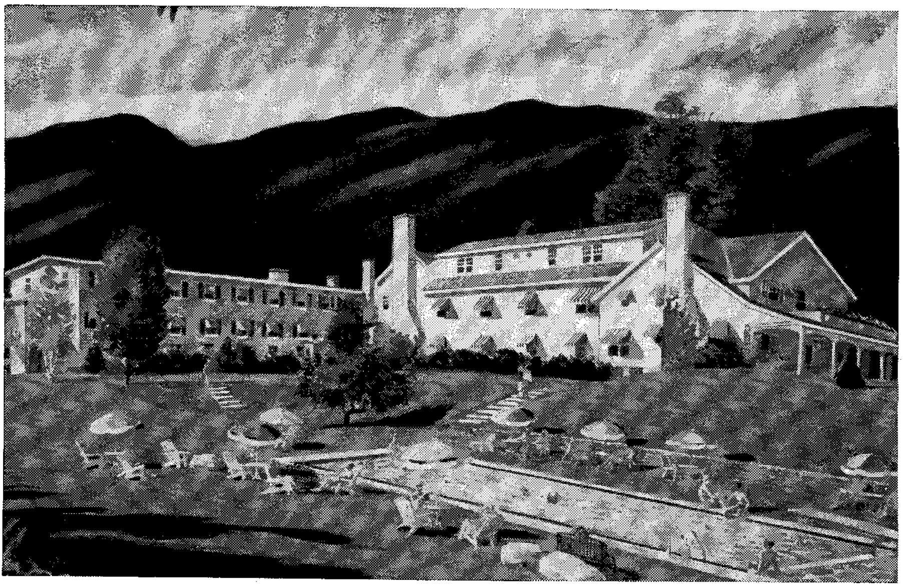

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ing alone, I have since learned not to ask the way of a Cuban unless he is definitely rooted to his spot, whether because he is a traffic policeman or because he is shaving on his veranda in pajamas. If he is footloose, he will invite himself and maybe a few friends to pile into your car and take you wherever you want to go.)

LATER, driving around in a rented car of my own wherever fate and my map led me, I came upon a coöperative I.N.R.A. farm called Mamborel, near the small town of Güines. Mamborel grows rice, cane, and vegetables. All three members of the local I.N.R.A. staff insisted on showing me around. There was the filthy old settlement—not much more than a collection of African huts—and then the new I.N.R.A. one, consisting of concrete prefab houses with kitchens and bathrooms, a school, a store, a library, and all that. The village had two teachers—one for children and the other to teach the peasants how to live in houses, for until recently these people had never seen a tap, let alone a toilet. The buildings were painted in various colors and looked fresh and charming. These farms are not true coöperatives but are closer to collectives, and if it is said that the peasants would rather receive land of their own, I am ready to believe it. We had lunch afterward, and while we ate I learned that the three I.N.R.A. men were all in their early twenties—thin, eager, very hard-working. The one in charge commuted daily from Havana by bus; he was married and was waiting for a house to be built for him in Güines. I asked the two others what they did with their evenings. The movies, the bodegas, and walking, they said, and one of them had a sweetheart, a *miliciana*.

At about ten that evening, I got to Colón, a town in the heart of Matanzas Province. It was dinnertime, and the restaurant of the Santiago, clearly the leading hotel in Colón, was packed. I had my rum-and-soda and my chicken and rice, and then stood outside awhile at the intersection of two main streets. The air had the mildness it acquires only below the Tropic of Cancer. Couples walked up and down, as they do in all towns in all countries. Right next to the restaurant, in a notary's office with its door and window wide open, a wedding was taking place. The bride was in white, and quite pretty; the bridegroom had sideburns and looked extremely young and frail. The room was jammed, people made jokes, and I felt sorry for the couple, sorry for the lack

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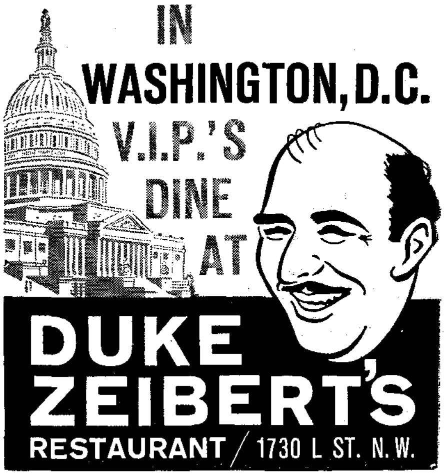

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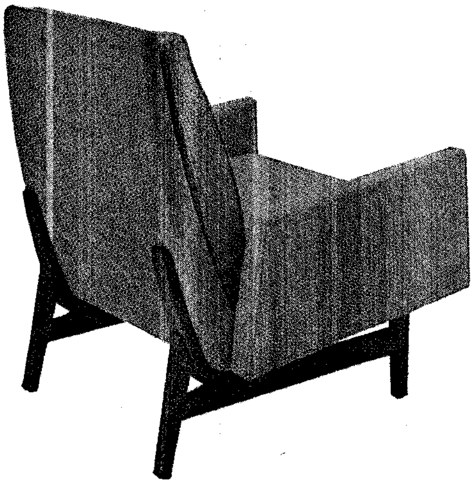

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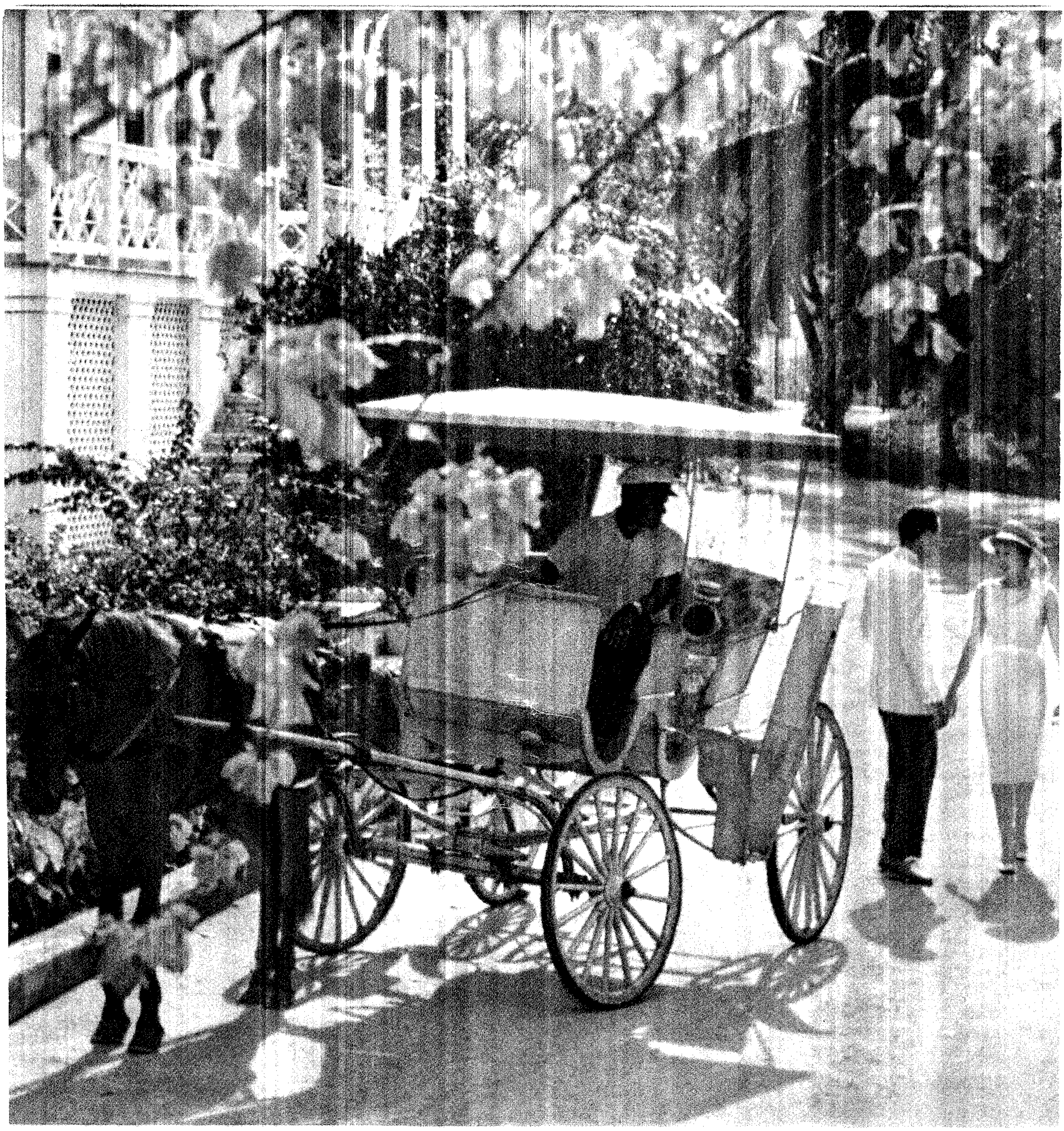

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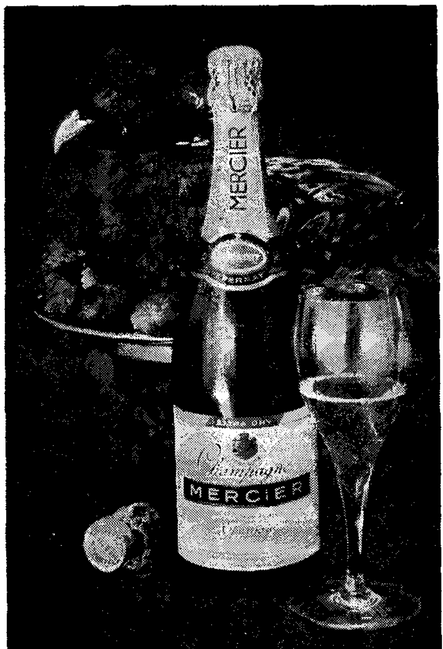

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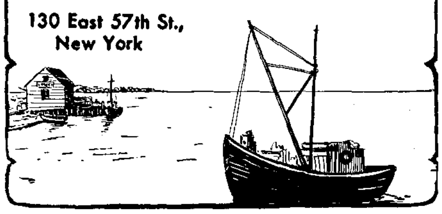

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of ceremony. For a moment, I thought of giving them a present, but then I realized that that was exactly what a sentimental Northern tourist would do. The mother took an endless time signing the register. Afterward, the whole party was somehow packed into three taxis and sent off. The notary stood in his doorway looking after them—an old man with a Spanish name and a Chinese face. (Cuba mixes the blood of three continents.) I asked him why the wedding had been held so late; the boy had been working in the cane fields all day, he answered.

I went back to my car, which was parked opposite a cigar-maker's workshop. The proprietor and his wife were at work there, and a child was sitting near the doorway. I watched the pair working for a while, and the man invited me in to try a cigar. Then he insisted on my taking four more. Although Colón is a town of some size, my national origin created great astonishment. The woman got up and brought a fan over to show me, on which was painted a portrait of Camilo Cienfuegos, a rebel leader who was with Castro in the Sierra Maestra in the early days; he led two columns of guerrillas down from the mountains and halfway across the island, right under Batista's nose. He was killed in a plane crash in December, 1959, and has since become a kind of people's hero; his portrait stands on the mantelpieces of farmhouses as if he were a saint. When it turned out that I knew who he was, the cigar-maker's wife began to cry.

The cigar-maker would not be paid, although I tried hard, for the family and their room looked so very poor. So finally I went to a corner stall and bought a bag of chocolates, which I took back to his wife. We all shook hands, and then I got into my Hertz *Nacionalizada* Anglia and drove back to Havana.

—Hans Koningsberger

•

Let's Have Lots of Ripe Olives

Wasn't this what made the cookouts great in Mona Lisa's day? As Mona Lisa *must* have known to smile so knowingly—Ripe Olives really roundout a cookout!
—*Adv. in Better Homes & Gardens.*

Cat's out of the bag at last.

•

A ring of fascinated annoyance sounded in his voice. It was a new conception; who would be peering through his bedroom window? Correction: he and his *wife's* bedroom window.—*From a story in Rogue.*

Better make it "the bedroom window of his wife and he."

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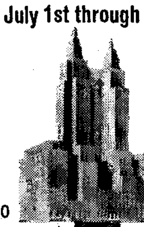

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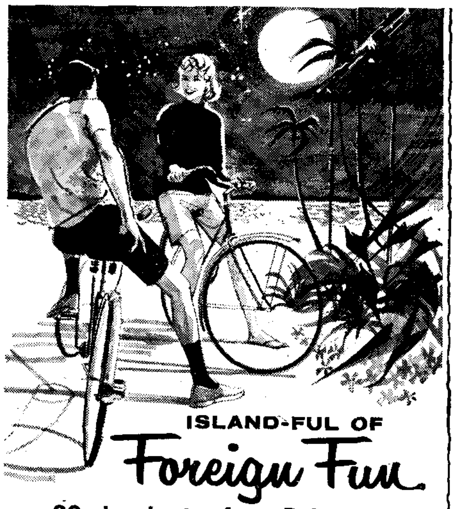

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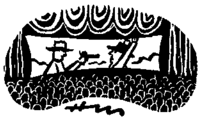

"THE YOUNG SAVAGES" is an old-fashioned sentimental thriller, with up-to-date trimmings in the way of documentary techniques and pungent language, about juvenile violence in the streets and stores and vacant lots of East Harlem. It revolves around the stabbing to death of a blind boy, a member of a Puerto Rican gang, on the steps of the decaying brownstone house he lives in, and the killing takes place before our eyes a few minutes after the picture starts. The stabbers are three boys of a rival gang from an adjoining Italian neighborhood. The lawyer from the district attorney's office who is assigned to the case happens to be a graduate of the Italian neighborhood, which makes him all the more determined to get a conviction for first-degree murder. The district attorney himself, with one eye on the governorship, wants the conviction, and so do the newspapers. The lawyer spends a good deal of time talking to the members of both gangs and listening to their stories, and pretty soon, as is to be expected, nothing seems quite as clear-cut as it did in the beginning, and no one quite as easy to line up. The end is a courtroom scene in which the lawyer introduces some startling new evidence and turns into a kind of emotional Perry Mason.

There is something shabby, if not downright indecent, about the use of such matters as race hatred and juvenile crime purely for melodramatic effect, and there is something just as shabby, I'm sure, about enjoying the melodrama. Nevertheless, I did enjoy it, although I realized, even while it was going on, that I was being taken in by one trick after another. The principal actors are Burt Lancaster, as the lawyer; Shelley Winters, as the mother of one of the stabbers; Edward Andrews, as the self-seeking district attorney; Pilar Seurat, as the sister of the dead boy; and an assortment of gifted kids, some of whom are Stanley Kristien, John Davis Chandler, Luis Arroyo, Chris Robinson, and Raphael Lopez. Mr. Lancaster is all right; the others are more than all right.

THE hero of "White Nights," a rather glum piece of work, is a shy, friendless young man who spends

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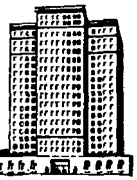

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his solitary evenings wandering along the murky streets and beside the canals of the unidentified Italian city he works in. The heroine is a girl of Slavic background who also wanders about, hoping to find the man she loves and promised to wait for when he left her mysteriously the year before. Except for one gay evening on the town with the girl, dancing to the rock-'n'-roll music of a jukebox, rowing happily on one of the canals, and running around in the falling snow, the young man puts in most of his time listening to the story of the girl's life and love (some of which is shown in flashbacks), patting her shoulder, and reviving her when she faints from misery. The movie does succeed in conveying the dreamy, unreal feeling of loneliness, but in spite of what appears to be honest effort on the part of the director and everyone else, the characters and their behavior are not convincing. The script is an adaptation—both literary and geographical—of a short story by Dostoevski, and perhaps that is the trouble; perhaps he just doesn't transplant well to Italy. At any rate, Marcello Mastroianni (the exuberant reporter of "La Dolce Vita") and Maria Schell, who are good actors, never seem quite at home in the leading roles. Loneliness wouldn't take that young man that way, I kept feeling. Why would he stick to the deserted streets when there was so much doing on the crowded ones? He is shy and vulnerable, certainly, but he doesn't seem to be particularly gloomy or introspective. Miss Schell tries to swoop Slavically between tears and hysterical laughter, but she doesn't seem awfully Slavic. The photography of dark, wet pavements and misty lights, while effective and appropriate to the subject, soon grows tiresome, and is awfully hard on the eyes.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

Knowing you are very busy . . . From the early day to night . . . I am hoping that my letter . . . Your attention will invite . . . So if you can spare a moment . . . From the many things to do . . . I have just a little matter . . . you . . . cmfwy cm c cmfwy That I would discuss with you.—*John C. Metcalfe in the Houston Post.*

Cut the bardic tone, Metcalfe!

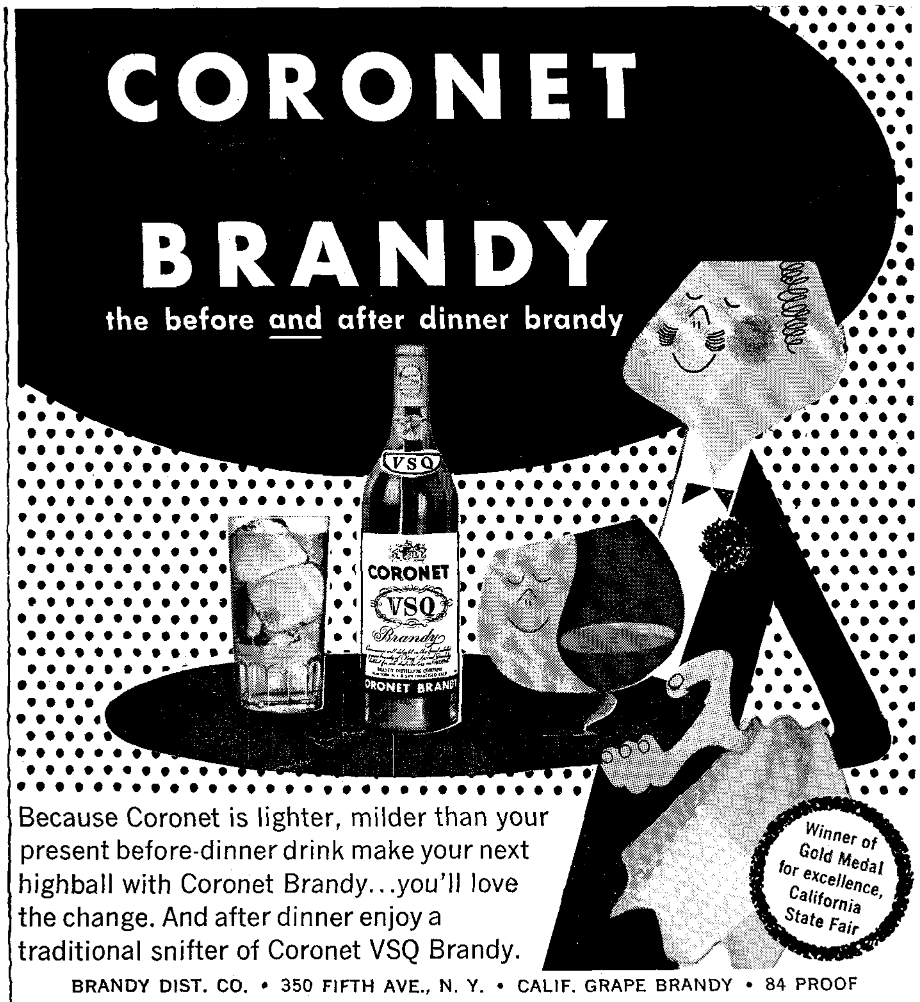
•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the New Haven Register*]

RUB-ADUB-DUB

McLEAN, ILL. (AP)—Jerome Robinson's basement was flooded with three feet of water.



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BOOKS

Stop, Look, and Listen

ASIDE from a handful of investigating congressmen, who obviously are blessed with extraordinary powers, few Americans, I suspect, would find it easy to say precisely what an American is. In a country so large, so breathtakingly miscellaneous, and relatively so new to history, the national character is bound to be an elusive quality. A Vermonter seems very different from an Alabamian. The East Coast and the West sometimes appear to regard each other with a bland incomprehension that is more than continental in scope. A resident of New York occasionally may have the uneasy feeling that he has more in common with an Englishman, or even a Martian, than with an inhabitant of the windy Western plains. We are all, to some degree, foreign to one another, and uncertain of the exact definition of our solidarity. Doubtless that is why it is always a pleasure to read the observations of a visitor from abroad. Alien to us all, he can help us see what we have in common.

Most of the qualities one would wish to find in a foreign observer are handsomely conjoined in Dan Jacobson, whose "No Further West" was recently published by Macmillan. Mr. Jacobson combines a sensitive eye with a sensible, forthright, and cautiously speculative mind. Unlike many literary visitors, the author of "The Price of Diamonds" and "A Dance in the Sun" does not deal entirely in surfaces—striking though he finds them—and perhaps the most engaging result of his difficult honesty is that he considers the totality of America almost as puzzling as Americans do. The general applicability of his remarks is the more remarkable in that his impressions of America are drawn from a single state, and that a very peculiar one—California. This is not to imply that he is indifferent to the special features of that region. Indeed, it is with something approaching terror that he encounters the highways of the state, with their endless vistas of used-car lots, and such monstrosities as a drive-in shaped like a Mexican hat and a veterinary hospital upon whose roof a "a neon dog wagged its neon tail." This first glimpse of the state drives him straight into italic type. "*You don't know what it is like!*" he insists, and his declaration is intended as much for the natives as for his friends in England. The Eastern reader might detect in this initial outcry an echo of the broken phrases he has heard from returning acquaintances who totter off the plane from California and darkly hint at Coastal horrors for which no words are adequate. But Mr. Jacobson is after larger game than drive-ins, lunatic religious organizations, and Forest Lawn (a Los Angeles mortuary establishment whose full local name, I have been told, is Ferst Lahn Memerrial Perk). When he has recovered from his baptismal shock, he brings his attention soberly to bear on the more typical and national aspects of the state. Prominent among these is the suburban sprawl that has followed in the exhaust of the omnipresent automobile. In his attempt to analyze this curious social growth, Mr. Jacobson can find no helpful precedent in all his experience of the structured societies of South Africa and England. The old categories will not hold. What can "town" mean, he wonders, when the municipality is merely a strip on an endless cluttered highway, with only signs declaring "You Are Now Leaving . . ." and "You Are Now Entering . . ." to serve as divisions between one incandescent nightmare and its adjoining twin?

> What did it mean to be homeless, when "home" was one more wooden tract house behind a single wooden fence stretching the length of the tract, as if the whole estate were some kind of temporary camp? What did it mean to be "lost" when you did not know what could be found among the jumbled catalogues of things spilled out along the highways?

Unable to organize his suburban experiences under familiar and comprehensive headings, Mr. Jacobson does something more interesting. He employs the narrative and evocative arts of the novelist to create a series of lively and pointed vignettes of the locality. And from these an American reader can readily compile his own list of those American things that terrify, perplex, appall, and repel the foreign visitor and dominate his early impressions of the country. The highways figure prominently and repeatedly. As accomplishments of engineering skill, they inspire Mr. Jacobson's admiration; sometimes, in fact, he seems almost perversely attracted by the cloverleaf intersection. The uncontrolled commercial exploitation of highway frontages, however, appears to fill him with a sort of baf-

fled revulsion, as well it might. And the innumerable automobiles that dart along these roads reduce him momentarily almost to incoherence. The inhabitants, he reports,

> all drove motor cars which were of a size and a gaudiness that can be described—as they seemed to have been created—in terms of sheer fantasy only. My own fantasy is that the designers of these cars asked of themselves, before all else: What would a *nouveau-riche*, detribalized and probably drunken Arab chieftain who had just made a fortune out of oil (and a little slave-running on the side—the side nearest his heart) most want *his* car to look like when he took out an equally detribalized Arab chieftain for a spin after attending the Riviera party that celebrated the wedding of a Hollywood film-star to a Costa Rican tanker-millionaire? The technical success of these designers is witnessed to, I suppose, by the number of Arab chieftains who do in fact drive just such cars; but it was disconcerting to find that so did everyone else in California.

Mr. Jacobson is perhaps overly severe. He might have pointed out that the colorful American automobile adds a welcome note of hilarity to the highways and helps take one's mind off the accident rate.

It is edifying to observe that, of all the novelties that obtruded upon the author's view of America, advertising loomed most hugely. The highways themselves were perceived through a dazzle of beckoning "arrows, circles, dotted lines, cascades of simulated water, and the waving arms of little neon men." The radio was a revelation. Its commercials were "of a wild absurdity . . . that passed beyond belief." With morbid relish, Mr. Jacobson offers examples: "And here we have a 1950 Chevvie station-wagon, heater and radio, cream panelling, for only $300. What? A 1950 Chevvie station-wagon, with heater and radio and cream panelling for only $300. Yes, sirree, that's what I said." And the military strength of the United States was upheld by six female voices singing:

"To be strong in the air
We need *MEN*
In the Air Force."

Television only augmented his dismay and embarrassment, for "one saw as well as heard the unfortunate people who sang and danced and pleaded in the name of deodorants and breakfast foods: one saw the comic children squeezing the bread between their fingers ('Oh Marm, it's squee-e-e-e-zing fresh!')."

Legislators and other learned persons sometimes express concern that American novelists, playwrights, and artists present an unwholesome picture of the

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AT ALL BOOKSTORES
Oxford University Press
NEW YORK 16

country, and so tend to delude foreigners, who are unfamiliar with the ordinary life of the nation. Perhaps they will find material for fruitful second thoughts in Mr. Jacobson's declaration that

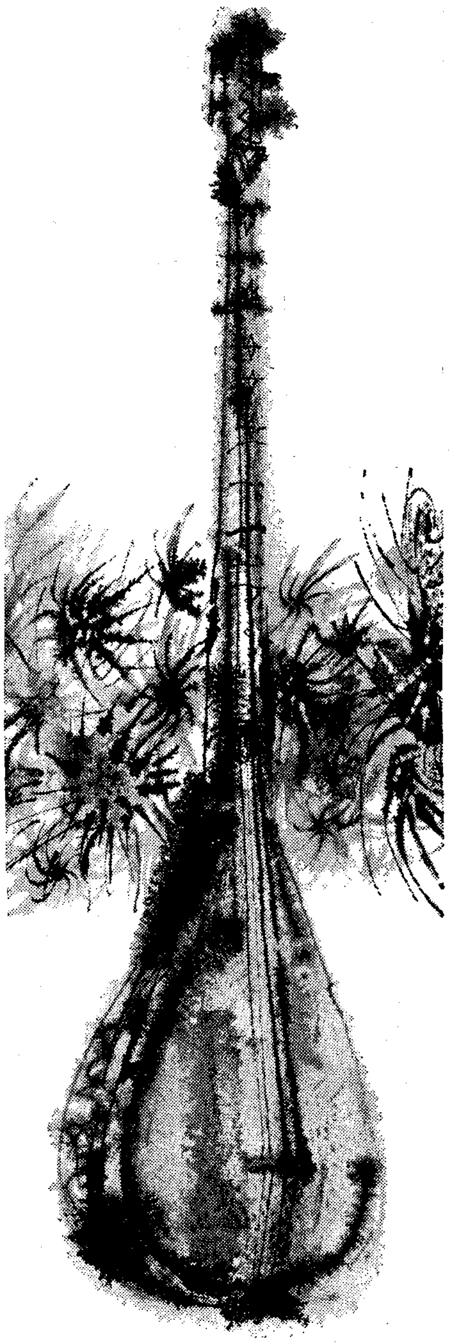
> If the Americans were determined to convince a visitor that individually and collectively they are a nation of infinitely manipulable morons and idiots—lost to all reason, without manners or ideas, devoid of even the crudest aesthetic sense, victims and users of a totally debased language—a nation whose style is a grossness and whose tone a loudness—if, as I say, that is the impression the Americans want to make on a visitor, then they really have cause to be grateful to their advertisers.

As it fortunately happened, Mr. Jacobson was not in California as a tourist. He had been awarded a fellowship to teach "creative writing" at Stanford, and the length of his stay permitted him a peek behind the billboards. In the later chapters, evidence of his initial trauma appears only in the tones of mild wonder in which he observes the difference between what Americans actually are and the way they are represented in advertising and the mass media. The most obvious characteristic of these representations, he writes, is their loudness, but "the most remarkable characteristic of the sort of Americans we saw under different circumstances and in different places was their quietness." Then he adds:

> I suppose it is the measure of the way one can be misled by the noises of the media that I should have been positively surprised when I found out, for example, that so many Americans were extremely fond of gardening—that most quiet of pastimes. But then, when a well-known novelist called a book of his "The Quiet American" neither I nor anyone else saw something slightly ridiculous in the title. Now I wonder why he didn't call the book "The Brown-Haired American," or "The Blue-Eyed American."

The actual quality of the national life, he writes, "is a secret many Americans seem anxious to keep." This is not accurate. We are not a secretive or even a notably reticent people. The difficulty is merely that small private virtues do not produce a loud public clamor. We can hardly be expected to erect large billboards by public subscription and advertise, in letters of synthetic fire, how very QUIET we are.

Observing so little correspondence between our commercial uproar and our domestic lives, Mr. Jacobson is inclined to wonder whether advertising and the mass media produce any real effect on the American mind. Well, the effect is there, all right, but it is likely to emerge on unexpected occasions and exhibit an



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– Harold Rosenberg, Book Find News

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almost Byzantine complexity, to the occasional confusion of the most observant visitor. The American reader will find diversion in the author's sober record of a conversation with a certain Henry La Visse:

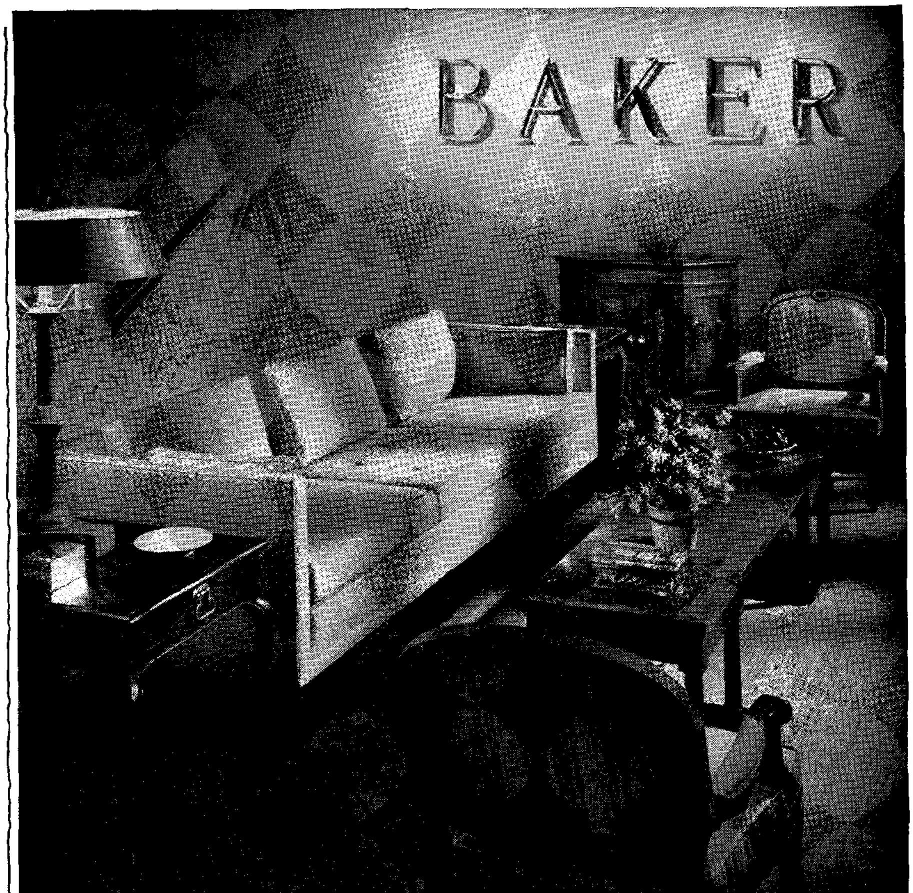
> I told him that I thought his car remarkable in every way. "Well," he said, "that's what we Americans like. You'll learn what we like. Power! Speed! Size! That's what we want, and that's what we get."
> "You've certainly got them in this car."
> "I sure have. And if I didn't, you know what I'd do with this car?"
> "No," I said.
> "*I'd dump it.* See. That's what we Americans are like. If it hasn't got it, *we dump it.*"

Now, this, of course, is not the sort of thing one American would say to another. It is not even, I submit, the sort of thing an American would say to a foreigner if there were another American within snorting distance. Mr. La Visse, that amiable and helpful social analyst, almost certainly was speaking not from personal experience or predilection but from a dreamy vision of what he thought a stranger must be told about his nation. And where do you suppose he acquired this vision?

The passages I have selected from "No Further West" give little indication, I am afraid, of the author's frequent, generous praise of America and Americans. If I have thereby misrepresented his book somewhat, it is because compliments, however gratifying to one's national pride, are seldom as informative as criticism. An exception must be made, however, for Mr. Jacobson's ingenious explanation and defense of the American passion for self-descriptive statement, which often has been confused with mere bombast:

> Explicitness in formulating ideas and intentions is a habit which can be traced back carelessly to the country's very first settlers making up an idea of America before they had even seen the continent.... It persists—to choose here comparatively minor matters—in American social manners, which are not in the least crude or simple as people sometimes say they are, but explicit, rather; it persists even in the patience with which the Americans put up with the nonsense of the advertisers. The atmosphere of the country is one that encourages statement, statement, statement, of any kind.

The conditions of American history, the colonial wilderness, the westward expansion, immigration, the overwhelming success of American technology—all these things, he says, "encouraged nothing but chaos, disorder, and disruption; but the history of the country has given the people a weapon [statement] to use against chaos, disorder,



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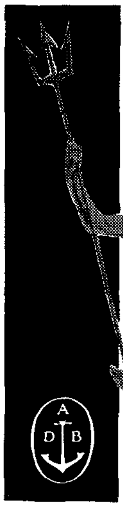
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and disruption; and they have used it, and it seemed to me used it with remarkable success." Our merit, he argues, is that "through explicit statement and self-consciousness the Americans have made a particular contribution to solving or at least dealing with a problem that vexes more countries than the United States." To say that Americans have coped with many of the dilemmas of an industrial society by means of perpetual statement is, I think, both a true remark and a melancholy sort of compliment. It is discouraging because it presupposes that a runaway technology will continue as it currently exists—an independent force to which the people of industrial countries must accommodate themselves as best they can. One would like to see Americans do something better, and perhaps we shall. After all, the technical virtuosity that has produced a society of abundance is so very recent a development that its past and present can offer no certain guide to its future. In matters of technology, the industrial nations of the world are all *nouveaux-riches* and have much to learn. It would be a splendid thing if America, which was the first country to inundate a majority of its inhabitants under a flood of goods and goodies, should also be the first to control and direct the torrent toward sensible human ends. There is already in America a vague but widespread consciousness that there are important areas of life to which access cannot be gained with an electric can opener. There is likewise a growing awareness that the mechanical ingenuity that can fling down roads, billboards, and houses in utter defiance of the natural landscape cannot also insure that the result will be a community. The despair that is often aroused in visitors and citizens alike by the faces of American suburbs and cities ought to be tentative and leavened with hope. The possibility exists that our future will be shaped not by an endless proliferation of gadgets blindly built, blindly bought, and blindly used but by a spirit of restraint and selection that could do much to restore balance to our lives and a measure of tranquillity to our poor, savaged countryside.

—DONALD MALCOLM

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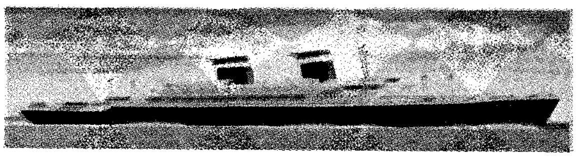

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